# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1994 • $4.95

CHRISTIAN SLATER INTERVIEW

ELLE MACPHERSON TAKES OVER SEX IN CINEMA 1994

PLUS JOSEPH HELLER PAUL REISER QUENTIN TARANTINO

BABEWATCH! FABULOUS NEW PHOTOS OF PAM ANDERSON

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# PLAYBILL

YOU CAN BE obnoxious and arrogant, rebellious and weird, or just plain cool. But in today's world, pal, you have to have attitude. Even veteran Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** was impressed by his discussions with actor **Christian Slater** for the *Playboy Interview*. Slater has been in rehab and has appeared in 19 movies. He has dropped ecstasy—and dropped out of school. He's had run-ins with the law and with beautiful costars. The worst part: He's only 25. But that doesn't stop him from trashing directors or boasting about his next flick, *Interview With the Vampire*. Filmmaker **Quentin Tarantino** knows about violence, whether he's directing his new smash, *Pulp Fiction*, or witnessing a transvestite connect with the wrong end of a bat. Read the *20 Questions* conducted by West Coast scribe **Margy Rochlin.** Musicians **Liz Phair** and **Courtney Love** are raunchy, outspoken performers reshaping rock and roll's macho image with acidic lyrics and ironic innuendo. As Associate Editor **Christopher Napolitano** relates in *Rock Girls*, they're part of a new distaff invasion that takes a spiked heel to your eardrum. Does Phair's real-life behavior support her artistic licentiousness? Read *If You Like Liz Phair,* by **Shane Du Bow.** Du Bow is a former PLAYBOY intern—but that wasn't his first stint as an apprentice. He was also once Phair's college squeeze.

Yes, you can be married and hip. In fact, **Paul Reiser** says his union to a former waitress is a romantic legend that will help future stand-up comics get laid. Reading like an episode from his hit TV show, *Mad About You*, our *Playboy Profile* of Reiser by **Steve Pond** (**David Levine** did the portrait) is the private side of a newlywed who still thinks like a bachelor.

Now for a really bad attitude: There's a lunatic on the loose. The FBI calls him the Unabomber; we call him *The Scariest Criminal in America*. The article is by reporter **Michael Reynolds,** who met with the FBI to profile the psycho who's been planting bombs in devious packages for more than a decade, with lethal results. Curiously, he has recently targeted academics—and has given new meaning to the term dead-letter box. **Marshall Arisman** conjured up the artwork.

We've also included some lighter mood-enhancers this month. As debate crackles over whether the Internet will be censored, cartoonist **Keith Robinson** imagines the worst in an illustrated feature, *On the Net*, and anticipates a new demon: cybersex harassment. The threat of a conventional sex harassment charge makes flirting more delicious for Yossarian, hero of **Joseph Heller's** masterpiece *Catch-22*, who has returned for a long-awaited encore. In an excerpt from *Closing Time* (Simon & Schuster), Yossarian, bedridden once again, contemplates old age, sickness, death and the ever-near ass of a beautiful nurse (illustration by **Larry Rivers**).

Speaking of front-row seats, movie critic **Bruce Williamson** returns with the seasonal feature *Sex in Cinema*. One development that pricked Williamson's interest: male actors flapping the dragon on-screen. Thankfully, the ladies—notably **Elle Macpherson**—are not to be outdone. You'll notice our fashion layout *New York Snow Job* (photographed by **Chuck Baker**) also makes good use of freeze-frames. It's a rundown of winter's most electric and toasty activewear. A more sedate alternative—dressy cold-weather protection—can be found in *Over the Top Coats*. In our pictorials, we introduce a new Playmate, **Donna Perry,** and welcome back another, **Pamela Anderson** from *Baywatch*. While Miss November is just breaking into acting, Pamela Anderson (photography by **Stephen Wayda**) is smoking through *Baywatch* and beyond with a rep as a modern, American Bardot. She remembers where it all started—and we're glad to have her home for the holidays.

GROBEL

ROCHLIN

NAPOLITANO

POND

LEVINE

DU BOW

REYNOLDS

ARISMAN

ROBINSON

HELLER

RIVERS

WILLIAMSON

BAKER

WAYDA

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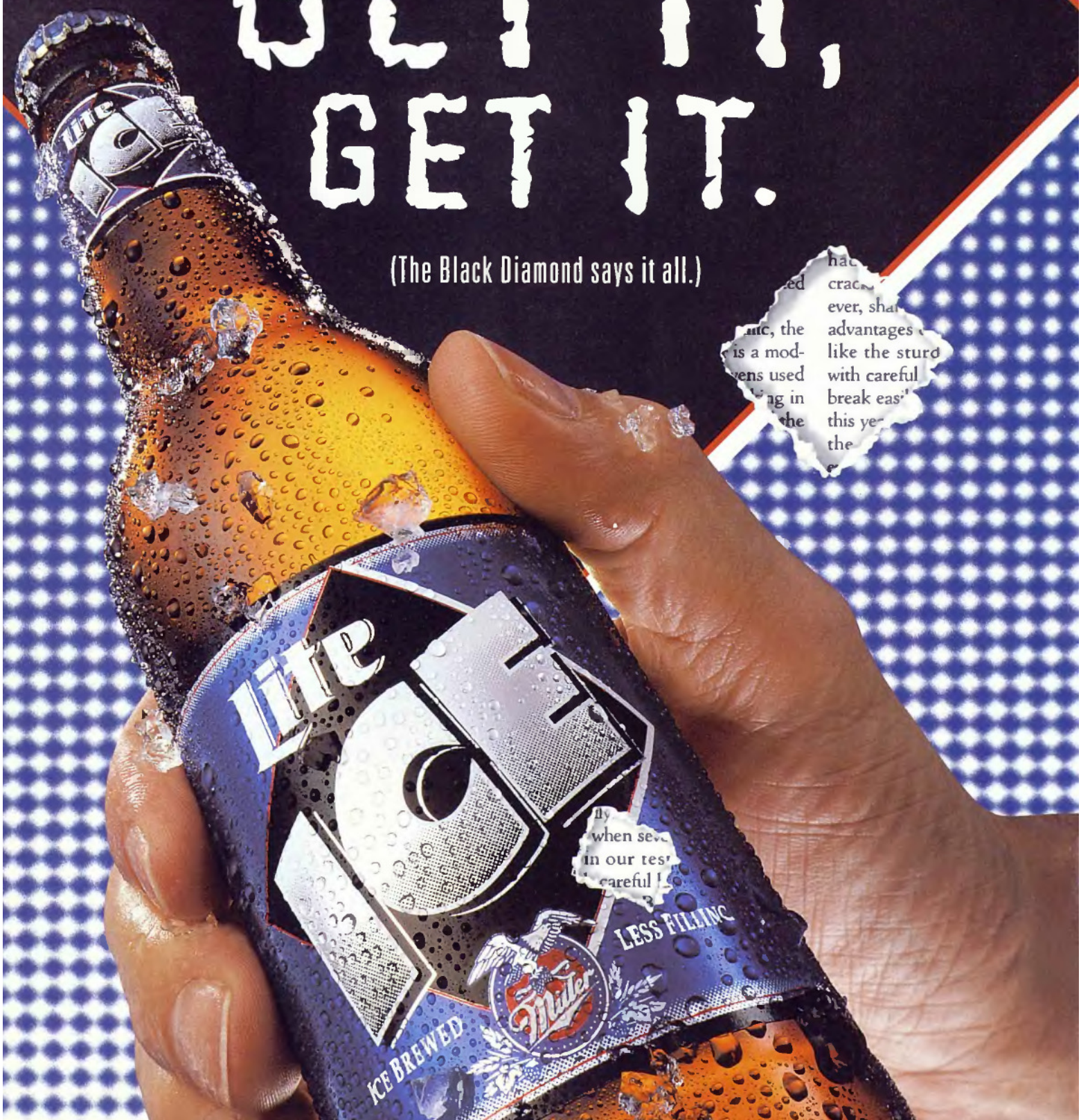

# PLAYBOY®

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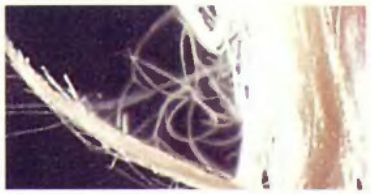
**COVER STORY**

We knew Pamela Anderson was special when we spotted her in Labatt's beer ads. Miss February 1990 credits her *Home Improvement* and *Baywatch* success to her PLAYBOY appearances. And now the most famous lifeguard in the world is seen in 140 nations weekly by 20 percent of the earth's population. Our cover was styled by Fanny Freeman and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Thanks to Alexis Vagel for styling Pam's untamed hare and makeup.



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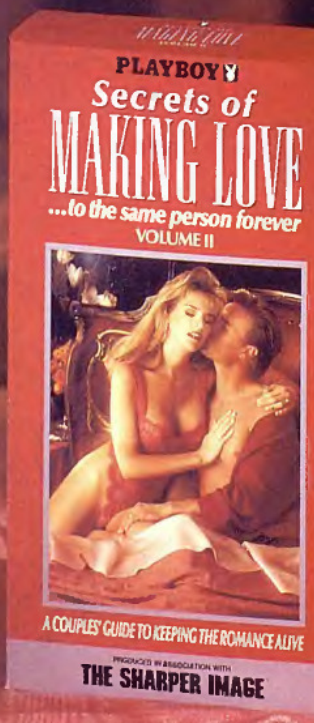


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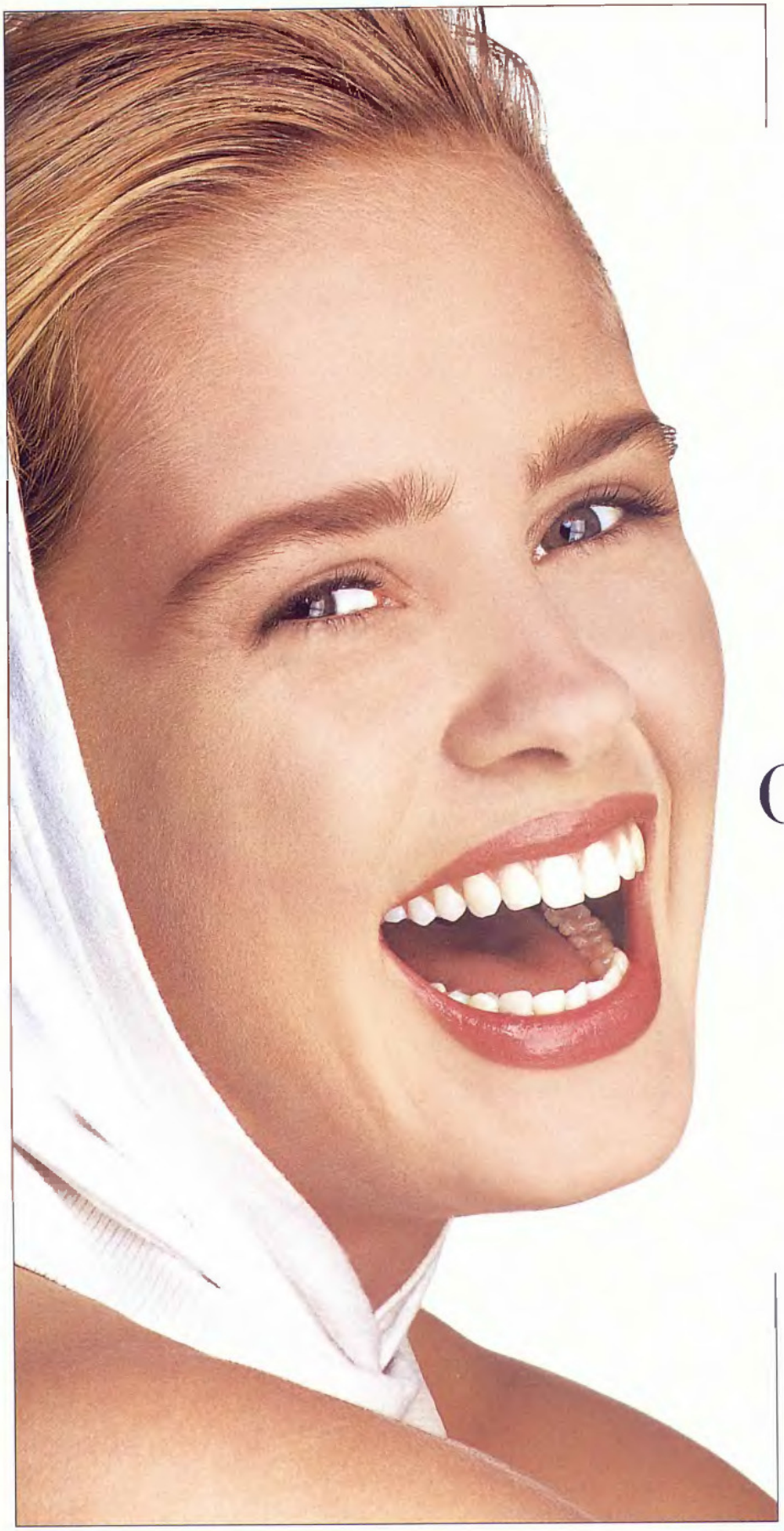

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### NEON DEION

I had no idea who Deion Sanders was when I flipped to the *Playboy Interview* (August). But now I'm glad I do. He has accomplished a lot and he says no to drugs. I cheer his originality.

Amy McCarthy
Highland Village, Texas

As a faithful Braves fan, I am disturbed by Sanders' waste of talent. Unfortunately, his ego overshadows his value as a team player.

Herschel Harrison
Blairsville, Georgia

Sanders' mother needs to have a talk with him. If I went into a restaurant in baggy pants and tennis shoes, with my hat on backward, and was treated like dirt, I'd deserve it.

Wallis Parnelle
WallisP@aol.com
Austin, Texas

### 20 QUESTIONS

Contributing Editor David Rensin's *20 Questions* with Dana Delany (August) was oh-so-tasty. Isn't there some way to persuade Delany to do a pictorial?

Sean Hayes
Palm Beach Gardens, Florida

I've always liked Dana. She has that girl-next-door look and a delightfully sexy outlook. Ask her again to pose.

Mike Bucy
mrbucy@aol.com
Valparaiso, Indiana

### DR. DEATH

No one should be able to stop a competent adult from giving back the gift of life. Dr. Jack Kevorkian (*Getting to Know Dr. Death*, August) has learned something the rest of the medical establishment hasn't. Doctors ought to be servants of their patients, not judges of them.

Michael McGarr
Palmdale, California

I used to count on PLAYBOY to be on the sane side of an issue. I think Dr. Kevorkian is absolutely right. Moderation never changes anything.

Karlene Morris
Ogden, Utah

I don't believe that Dr. Kevorkian left the standard medical profession just to get his name in print. I think his motivation was honest. There should be death with dignity. Kevorkian has a sensitivity that is missing from both church and state.

Brian Hofer
Elk Grove, California

### MEDIA

I admit I had never heard of Kurt Cobain at the time of his suicide, so I eagerly read Mark Ehrman's *Media* column (August) in hopes of gaining some insight. So what did I learn? That Generation X is angry and likes to whine about it.

Linda Common
Walden, New York

I commend Mark Ehrman on his column. The aging people who run the media are out of touch. Ehrman noticed and responded.

Eric Vette
calvin@Axe.cit.wayne.edu
Detroit, Michigan

Mark Ehrman's column on Kurt Cobain's suicide was one of the better ones, probably because it wasn't written in the midst of the media frenzy. Cobain was a talented musician, but his personal life was a mess. Baby-boomer idols died accidentally or after they peaked. Ours betrayed us.

Kris Gallimore
Thunder Bay, Ontario

### MARIA CHECA

Brava, Colombia. You have produced a small masterpiece in Playmate Maria

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Checa (*Roll On, Colombia*, August). *¡Muchas gracias!*

Paul Pierce
Davisville, West Virginia

Could this be the most beautiful woman in the world? Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley did a really great job.

Holly West
Cleveland, Tennessee

It was obvious from *The Great 40th Anniversary Playmate Search* pictorial (January) that Maria was Playmate material. Congratulations.

Robert Urdinola
Laurel, Maryland

*¡Que linda!* Now, here's a Colombian export worth treasuring. More Maria.

Daniel A. Monjar
Raleigh, North Carolina

As a connoisseur of petite women, I was awestruck by Maria Checa—an example of the perfect woman.

Brian Christensen
Sioux City, Iowa

**TALK-SHOW BABBLE**

Julie Rigby's *A Man's Guide to TV Talk Shows* (August) said more in four pages than all the hosts of daytime talk shows combined. These shows accept personal opinion as fact. Rigby's chart ought to help make us more discerning in our viewing choices.

Vance Krites
Wooster, Ohio

**THE JOE SHOW**

I'll be honest with you. Often, I don't read the fiction in PLAYBOY. But I read Terry Bisson's *The Joe Show* (August) with interest. It was funny, though the ending bothered me. Could you ask him to write a sequel?

Thomas Ceckitti Jr.
Columbus, Ohio

**BUTT OUT**

Robert Scheer is right on the mark with his August *Reporter's Notebook*, "Butt Out." We've had enough of this puritanical nanny-state intolerance that permits a self-appointed group of experts to tell us that everything pleasurable is no good.

Charles Dyer Jr.
Tulsa, Oklahoma

In his August column, Robert Scheer is misinformed about statistical matters. An established technique called meta-analysis, common in social science research, uses existing studies because data are expensive to collect. This is not "cooked data." Scheer notes that a "mere" 3000 people die from the effects of secondhand smoke each year. That indicates that the effect is small in absolute terms, not that it is statistically irrelevant. It would certainly not seem to be unimportant either to the victims or to their families.

Mark Walker
Memphis, Tennessee

**NYPD NUDE**

What a stunning pictorial of Carol Shaya (*New York's Finest*, August), a woman with brains, poise, determination and beauty.

James Best
Hopewell, Virginia

We've got a lot of crime down here in Birmingham. Think y'all could send us a couple of law enforcers on the order of Carol Shaya?

Sam Langhorne
Birmingham, Alabama

As an avid female fan of PLAYBOY and a police officer, I was thrilled to see Carol

Shaya on your August cover. So many people believe the old stereotype of a female police officer: big, burly, probably homosexual and suffering from penis envy. Carol helps show that under the blue polyester and badge is first and foremost a woman. We can be both beautiful and brave.

Kim Bowerman
kimb@freenet.scri.fsu.edu
Tallahassee, Florida

Looks like I might have to do some jaywalking in the Bronx. Way to go.

Brian Ferguson
Diamond Bar, California

Who said women in law enforcement can't be beautiful in and out of uniform? I hope Carol Shaya doesn't get any grief for posing. It should be her decision.

B. Thomas Diener
Albuquerque, New Mexico

I don't even need to open the issue. Carol Shaya is the most spectacular woman I've ever seen. Best cover ever.

Noel Mlynsky
Las Vegas, Nevada

**MEN**

Applause to Asa Baber for having the imagination to use *The Godfather* as a parenting tool (*Men*, August). If more parents were interested in using modern media properly, there wouldn't be such an outcry about media violence.

Timothy Chapman
Lindenwold, New Jersey

If we do not try to teach our children that the world can improve, it won't. Don Corleone was ruthless and uncaring outside his own family. There is only one family—humanity—and we're all members.

Chris Tuslow
San Diego, California

**PENSACOLA REVISITED**

It is refreshing to see at least one national publication treat the citizens of Pensacola as the innocent bystanders that they are in this terrible ongoing saga between the abortion clinics and the pro-life fringe. Now another abortion provider and his escort have been gunned down. Craig Vetter's *Death at the Clinic Door* (July) uncovered those fanatics, including the terrorist Paul Hill, who has been charged with this latest brutal crime. It is my deepest hope that the country will see these people for what they really are, and that PLAYBOY will continue to treat Pensacola with kindness.

Joel N. Cotton
Pensacola, Florida

**ELECTRONIC PLAYBOY**

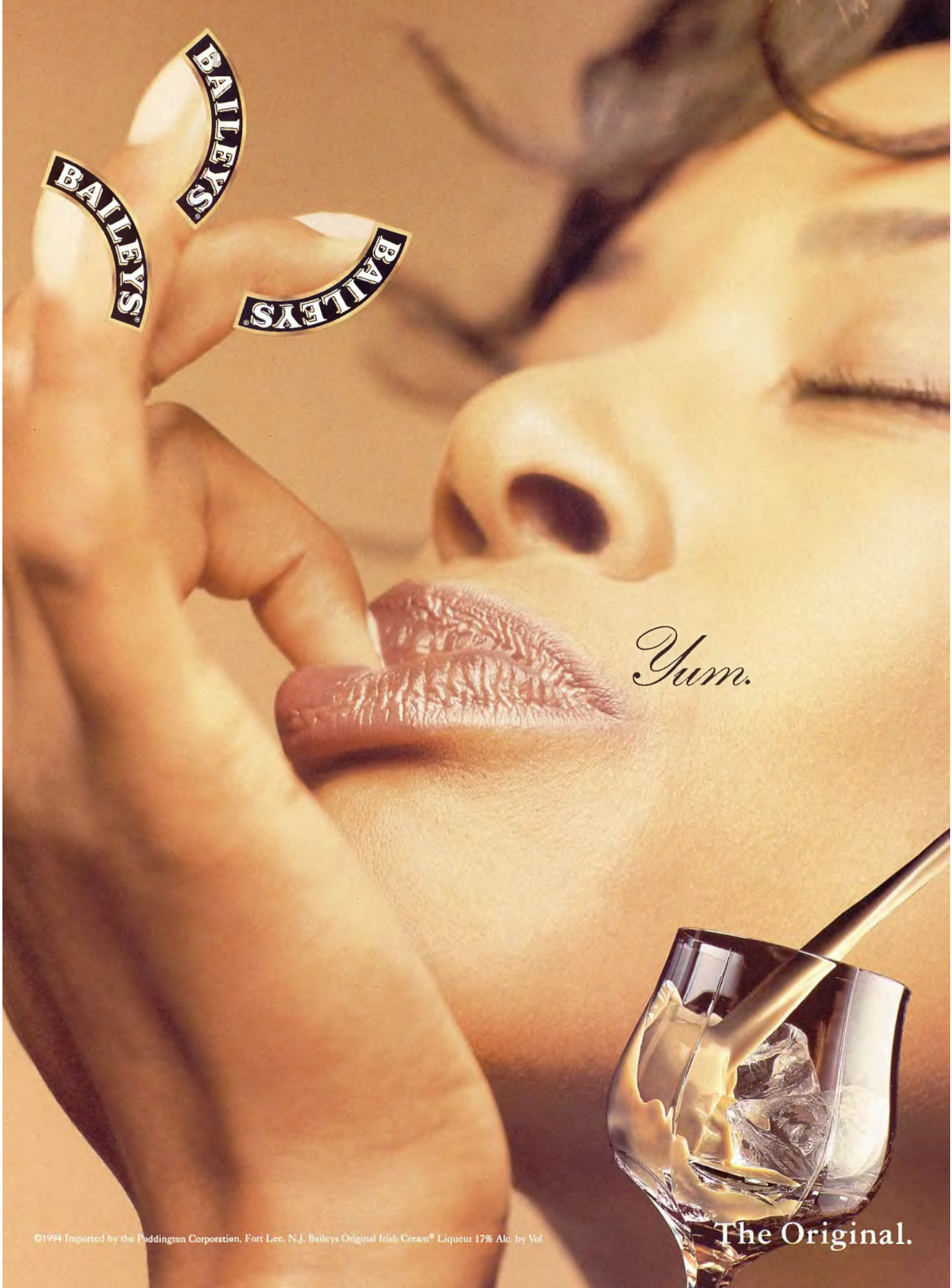
I was surprised to discover e-mail addresses in *Dear Playboy*. Publishing someone's e-mail address is no different from publishing a phone number or address. It leaves the person vulnerable to unsolicited and unwanted e-mail.

John Thoo
Davis, California

*We're quite sensitive to issues of privacy. If you don't want us to publish your e-mail address, let us know when you write.*

I just got the *Playboy Interview* CD-ROM, and it seems to me that this is what the technology was invented for. It doesn't matter how whizzy the interface is or how much pseudo interactivity is thrown in. What counts is what's on the disc. I had five three-ring notebooks full of photocopies of *Playboy Interviews*. I finally got to clear the shelf.

Andrew Bonime
76337.1146@cis
New York, New York

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# YOUR BASIC® CATCH

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Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine—av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

### URINE NEW JERSEY

Hoboken, New Jersey's booming tavern trade is accompanied, unfortunately, by a trickle-down menace: public urination. The 30 to 40 arrests per week for lack of continence are threatening to cause the municipal court to overflow. Offenders' excuses tend toward the elaborate, with a preponderance including heartfelt notes from doctors attesting to the poor bladder control of the defendant. However, as the judge pointed out to one lawbreaker, a bladder problem doesn't explain why he was urinating on a mailbox. This yellow peril is equal opportunity—a surprising number of offenders are women. Regardless of gender, those found guilty are given a $250 fine. Given the volume of business, Hoboken might want to invest in a fleet of portable johns so that its fair streets may be once again unpuddled.

### FAT CHANTS

Two former Benedictine monks who served as directors of the choir of the Santo Domingo de Silos Abbey are asking the record company for $5 million in royalties earned by the smash-hit *Chant*. The monks contend they arranged the scores that were sung and have registered those arrangements with the proper authorities in Spain—and that it was because of their efforts, rather than through divine intervention, that the CDs took off. Juan Mestres, an attorney for EMI-Odeon, which issued the CDs, remarked, "My opinion is that claiming to have arranged this 1000-year-old music is not realistic."

### BUMPER FOOL

It's going to be harder to get ahead in the exciting and glamourous world of sumo wrestling. Aspiring sumo competitors have tried everything to get around the 5'8" height requirement. Some even have been known to pound themselves on the head to produce height-enhancing bumps. But Koji Harada, 16, thought to go that extra step and had six inches of silicone implanted on top of his head—which gave him a sort of Conehead quality. The Japan Sumo Association ruled that Harada will be the last wrestler allowed to use implants since it fears others may be inspired to try something really stupid to make the grade.

•

Gee, Bub, then no one will want it: A pickup truck in Sheboygan, Wisconsin—driven by a guy whose mother obviously never told him about sharing—was spotted with a bumper sticker that reads THEY CAN HAVE MY PENIS WHEN THEY PRY IT FROM MY COLD, DEAD FINGERS.

### THE O.J. WATCH

It could have been a flack's worst nightmare. O.J. Simpson attended a board meeting as a director of the Forschner Group—a Connecticut-based company that markets Swiss Army and Sabatier knives—three days before the murder of his ex-wife. Don Dwight, a spokesman for the firm, told *The Washington Post*, "We are obviously retracing his visit carefully in light of what's happened. No one recalls him leaving with [a gift box of] knives. Directors were given a choice of Forschner products, and O.J. selected a watch."

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

### PENT-UP PETS

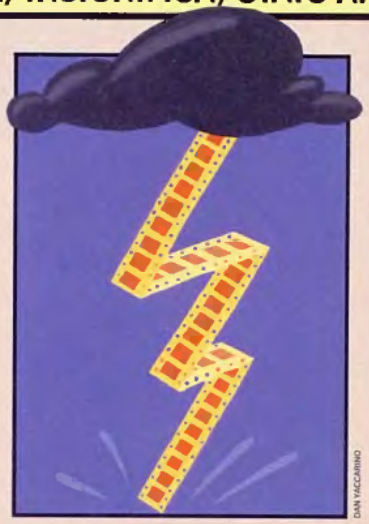
How do pets handle the dog days of summer? Not well, especially if they suffer from what New York City veterinarians call High-Rise Cat Syndrome. The disorder occurs when pets—for no known reason—jump or fall out of multistory dwellings. Apparently, cats are the most common victims; one New York vet sees 150 to 200 survivors a summer. Other afflicted animals include high-rise dogs, ferrets and the occasional turtle or iguana. Theories abound regarding the syndrome: The pets chase intruders or real or imagined animals, they lose their balance or just have poor depth perception. A research paper concluded that the worst injuries occur in cats that fall five to nine stories. It seems that the flying felines achieve a "terminal velocity" of 60 miles per hour after five stories; beyond that, their speed remains roughly the same. However, cats that fall farther often escape serious injury. After nine stories, they are able to wiggle themselves into a soft-landing position that seems to protect them. In June, for example, a cat fell 46 stories into a planter and emerged virtually unscathed.

### CHARDONYET

Religious freedom may be on the rise in Russia, but the quality of church spirits still has a long way to go. Apparently, the sacramental wine used liberally in Russian Orthodox services is almost undrinkable. When Alexi II, patriarch of Moscow, declared that the wine was unfit to embody the blood of Christ, several Christian winemakers from California's Napa and Sonoma counties heard the call and launched a mission of mercy to help church leaders start their own wineries. The dearth of good wine affects more than just religion: Another American vintner who recently visited Russia was asked about the effectiveness of his wine in staving off radiation

# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS




### FACT OF THE MONTH

According to *Beating Murphy's Law*, by Bob Berger, the odds of a first-time screenwriter selling one of the 30,000 screenplays registered with the Writer's Guild each year are 140,000 to 1.

### QUOTE

"Let's get this mother out of here."—THE LAST WORDS SPOKEN ON THE MOON, UTTERED BY ASTRONAUT EUGENE CERNAN OF APOLLO 17

### SCREEN SMOKE

In a University of California–San Francisco study of 62 feature films made between 1960 and 1990, the number of times that tobacco was used: 611. Percentage of on-screen smokers who were major characters in the Sixties films: 38; in the Seventies: 29; in the Eighties: 26.

### LADIES ON-LINE

Approximate percentage of female subscribers to the Echo (East Coast Hang Out) computer service network: 40; percentage of women on Prodigy: 40; on America Online: 30; on Genie: 23; on Delphi Internet Services: 15; on Compuserve: 10.

### SAND DOLLARS

Amount of phony U.S. currency produced by counterfeiters overseas (mostly terrorist organizations in the Middle East) in 1993: $120 million; amount counterfeited in the U.S.: $24 million.

### DIRTY DAIRY TRICKS

In a recent survey, percentage of Californians who have admitted to drinking milk directly out of the carton: 59; percentage who said that they put the carton back in the refrigerator even after emptying its contents: 31; percentage who said they have blown milk out of their noses: 39; percentage who said that they have made milk a part of their sex lives: 14.

### PUMPING WATER

Number of quarts a physically active person can sweat per day: 5 to 10; number of quarts a sedentary person sweats: 0 to 2.

### SPACED OUT

Amount of the $120 million mission by Luna Corp, Inc., a private company, to send to the moon in 1997 a remote-controlled vehicle that will be devoted to scientific pursuits: $30 million; amount devoted to an amusement park's virtual reality experience planned for the paying public: $90 million.

### KITTY HAWKED?

Number of routes on which airlines during the past five years replaced jets with smaller propeller planes: 375. Percentage reduction in operating costs achieved by using propeller equipment: 30.

### THE FAT RISES

Decline in ad dollars spent last year for such products as diet soda, sugar substitutes and margarine: $309 million; increase for such products as ice cream, butter, fast food: $1.6 billion. Percentage of Americans who said they were committed to maintaining a fit lifestyle in 1988: 42; percentage in 1993: 30.

### HIGH PERFORMANCE

For the years 1987 to 1992, average annual number of attempted carjackings in the U.S.: 35,500; number per year that were successful: 18,600.

### THE COST OF TRASH

Number of types of promotional products given away each year: 15,000. Yearly cost to corporations or groups for free-to-the-public promotional products emblazoned with their logos: $5.2 billion.

—BETTY SCHAAL

sickness. "It's common knowledge there that the rehabilitation of soldiers who went to Chernobyl was vastly helped by red wine," says Patrick Campbell of the Laurel Glen winery. "They believe in it like they believe in the Virgin Mary."

### SIN SELLS

For the first time, everything you ever wanted to know about sin but were afraid to ask has been put between two covers. The tome, *Catechism of the Catholic Church*, recently became England's most unlikely best-seller. Perhaps finding it an excellent and exacting guide to guilty pleasures, book buyers in the country that started a religion around the right to divorce drove the catechism as high as number 12 on best-seller lists, sandwiched between the cartoon-inspired *I Was a Teenage Worrier* and *Fever Pitch*, a fan's look at a London soccer team.

### 3-D MOVIE OF THE MONTH

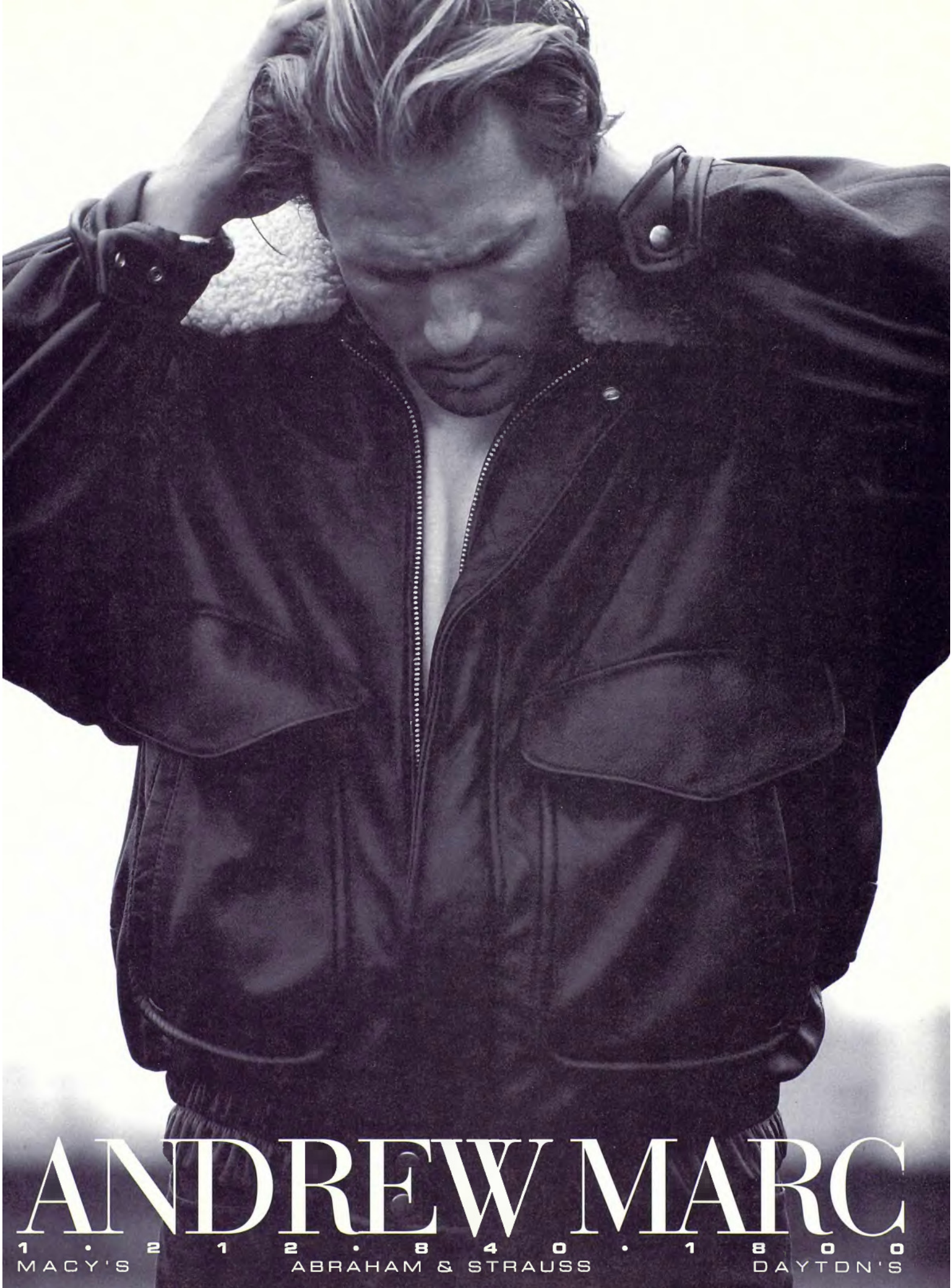
First they brought us *Upstairs, Downstairs*; now it's just downstairs. The BBC filmed a British couple making love three times a day for three weeks—from the inside. This feat was accomplished with what David Letterman might call a vagicam—a stainless steel camera the size of a ballpoint pen (wince)—which was inserted into the woman. Another minicam was strapped to her husband's penis. It's unclear what special effects capabilities these cameras possess, but we suspect zoom and wide-angle might cause too much wow and flutter on the other end.

### CALORIE COUNT

Attention, IRS agents: George Puzak, a Minneapolis parks-and-recreation board member, requested reimbursement for official travel at the rate of 29 cents per mile—even though he travels those miles by bicycle. Minnesota state representative Phyllis Kahn apparently also bills the state for official travel by bicycle, but at a lower rate. She figures the rate covers the bananas and yogurt she consumes as fuel, plus a penny per mile in bicycle depreciation.

### BALLOT BOX

You probably read about the teacup-size tempest caused when 63-year-old Brazilian president Itamar Franco was seen holding hands with and kissing 27-year-old Lilian Ramos in the presidential box during the annual carnival celebration in February. Photos taken at the event show Ramos waving to the crowd, a gesture that hiked up her dress and revealed that she was not wearing underwear. Franco deftly responded to the ensuing criticism of his taste and judgment by saying, "How am I supposed to know if people are wearing underwear?"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MACY'S
ABRAHAM & STRAUSS
DAYTON'S

# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ANY ROMANTIC comedy that moves from Pittsburgh to Venice, Rome and the Amalfi coast gets a plus for all that upscale scenery—especially when shot by master cinematographer Sven Nykvist. ***Only You*** (TriStar) is a pleasant, light travelog starring Marisa Tomei as Faith, a young teacher about to get married but dogged by doubt. Faith just can't forget that the man of her dreams is supposed to be named Damon Bradley—according to a Gypsy fortune-teller and a Ouija board that spelled it out for her when she was 11. When Damon's name pops up during a phone call, she pursues the elusive dreamboat to Italy, taking along her wisecracking sister-in-law (Bonnie Hunt). She's too fixed on Damon to settle for a Boston shoe salesman abroad (Robert Downey Jr.), though he is clearly Mr. Right. Far superior vintage comedies, including *Roman Holiday* and *Summertime*, are the role models for *Only You*. But Tomei and Downey add flip contemporary flavor to make this every bit as young at heart and wholesome as its forebears. ¥¥½

•

Meryl Streep in an action movie? Well, hang on tight for ***The River Wild*** (Universal). That *is* Streep running the rapids as a former white-water guide on a raft with her husband (David Strathairn) and her young son (Joseph Mazzello). They are a Boston couple undergoing marital problems, which are nothing compared with the problems that develop with a pair of traveling river rats (Kevin Bacon and John C. Reilly) they encounter en route. Bacon oozes menace and sexual innuendo as a fugitive who steals, flirts and kills with relish after taking the family hostage. Director Curtis Hanson wrings suspense from Denis O'Neill's screenplay, but Streep cranks up what might have been a formula thriller to new heights, as a woman with brains more than equal to her brawn. ¥¥¥½

•

After wowing audiences at Cannes, writer-director Darnell Martin's ***I Like It Like That*** (Columbia) ought to repeat its success Stateside. The work of an African American woman with major-movie backing, *I Like It* looks small but stands tall as a lively, sassy, urban love story about a married couple in the South Bronx. Lauren Vélez and Jon Seda costar as Lisette and Chino, who have three kids and plenty of trouble. She's black, he's a Hispanic whose mother (Rita Moreno) encourages his relationship with a scheming vamp named Magdalena (Lisa Vidal). While Chino serves time in jail for looting, Lisette gets a job with a Latino record company operated by a guy (Griffin Dunne) who is more than willing to help her have a go at infidelity. Family values are defended by Lisette's transvestite brother, Alexis (Jesse Borrego), who provides much of the comic relief. To keep Martin's ethnically oriented marriage-go-round in motion, Vélez and Seda project the kind of gut-level sexual chemistry that some overpaid movie stars seldom achieve. ¥¥¥

Downey and Tomei an *Only* duo.

Marisa seeks Mr. Right,
Meryl gets her feet wet,
city and country folk raise hell.

•

A culture in crisis is the subject of ***S.F.W.*** (Gramercy Pictures), which stands for So Fucking What, a phrase repeated often during this corrosive, dark comedy. Based on Andrew Wellman's novel (developed from a short story that won PLAYBOY's College Fiction Contest in 1989), the movie, written and directed by Jefery Levy, has the jumpy rhythm of a music video. It is essentially a sharp take on the media exploitation of fame for any reason—and *S.F.W.* studies the nationwide obsession with a feisty kid named Cliff Spab. Vividly played by Stephen Dorff, Spab earns instant celebrity during 36 days of headlines and television news coverage as one of five hostages held by masked gunmen at a convenience store. Spab becomes the public's favorite as a white suburban smartass who utters remarks such as, "My hobbies include can collecting and dry-fucking cheerleaders." The terrorists, who wield a video camera as well as deadly weapons, are not identified, and they don't really matter. *S.F.W.* flashes forward and back, from the bloody hostage crisis to its equally chilling aftermath. Here's a disturbing vision of our time, when fame is fleeting and "bored shitless" young people believe that nothing really matters. ¥¥¥

•

Director J. Michael McClary presents a dark picture of the American dream as a disaster in ***Curse of the Starving Class*** (Trimark), based on Sam Shepard's play. James Woods plays Weston Tate, a loser beset by gambling debts and drunkenness. Weston's wife, Ella (Kathy Bates), plans to sell their ranch and escape to France. Both are bamboozled out of the property by a shyster lawyer (Randy Quaid), while their teenage children (Kristin Fiorella and Henry Thomas) scrap on the sidelines of this nonstop family feud. Unremittingly downbeat, *Starving Class* will probably be best remembered for Woods' nude scene. Outraged at having lost everything else, he strips off his clothes to face a cruel world as naked as the day he entered it. ¥¥½

•

As the small-town lover-boy Linda Fiorentino calls "my designated fuck," Peter Berg hesitates when she tries to lure him into a life of crime. "I'm sorry the law doesn't make it easier for you to steal and deal drugs," her lawyer commiserates. There's much more to come in ***The Last Seduction*** (October Films), director John Dahl's street-savvy film noir (already shown on HBO prior to its autumn theatrical opening, a pattern established by Dahl's previous *Red Rock West*). Fiorentino brings heat to her role as a two-timing dame named Bridget, who leaves her husband (Bill Pullman) holding the bag while she runs off with the proceeds from a huge drug sale. Under an assumed name, she settles down to hatch new schemes involving sex, blackmail and murder. Berg and Pullman are perfect foils for Fiorentino, who scratches out her niche as one of those movie bad girls you can't forget. ¥¥¥

•

Never mind that Woody Allen, as writer and director of ***Bullets Over Broadway*** (Miramax), casts Rob Reiner as a bohemian playwright who insists that "the artist creates his own moral universe." This may be Allen defending his personal life. But he impishly uses the idea to justify a bundle of big, broad, hilarious showbiz gags about the bad old days

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Englund: There'll always be a Freddy.

## OFF CAMERA

We caught up with ferocious Freddy as *Wes Craven's New Nightmare* opened nationwide, marking the tenth anniversary of the now-classic horror series. How does the classically trained **Robert Englund** feel about being the top ghoul for an entire generation? At 45, he declares: "I'm honored to be compared with such people as Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney and Vincent Price. Since *Nightmare*, my fans have changed—now punk-rock and heavy-metal people want my autograph. Some guys even ask me to sign their girlfriends' cleavage, which I do." What's more, he gets to travel a lot to science fiction and horror film festivals, where Freddy is a big draw. "In Europe," says Englund, "I wind up on panels with Stanley Kubrick."

As for the have-sex-and-die theme running through every *Nightmare*, Englund laughs it off. "Wes stuffs his movies with these cautionary tales of adolescent fear—the idea, as you're growing up, that sex is bad. That's Craven's mythology, and we have a lot of fun with it." His seventh *Nightmare* in the can, Englund sees the series as "a sort of testing ground for new talent. People like Johnny Depp and Patricia Arquette have been notable among my teen victims—notches on my gun."

Before he found fame as Freddy, Englund was a TV star (in *V*) and had supporting roles in films with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Jeff Bridges and Susan Sarandon. "I was America's favorite white trash, always running around with a switchblade and stocking cap."

The newest movie, *Nightmare*, is a movie within a movie in which he sometimes plays himself. "He's sick and tired of showing up on bubble-gum cards. There may not be another *Elm Street*, but I wouldn't be surprised if we see Freddy again."

when gangsters mingled with actors on the Great White Way. Set during Prohibition, *Bullets* concerns a budding playwright (John Cusack) whose financial backer is a Mob boss named Nick (Joe Viterelli). Nick wheels and deals to get his dopey, well-kept chorus girl (Jennifer Tilly) a big part in the play, and he's the kind of entrepreneur who interrupts a business meeting to bellow over the telephone: "I'll pull his guts out through his windpipe. I *want* it to look like arson!" The fun has barely begun as Allen weaves a collection of clichés into a flashy showpiece for Cusack, Tilly, Jack Warden, Tracey Ullman, Mary-Louise Parker and Chazz Palminteri. As the chorine's ever-present bodyguard, Palminteri steals scene after scene as a thug who turns out to be a writer who repairs plays—a hit man in more ways than one. Topping them all is Dianne Wiest, dynamite as the nominal star who calls herself "some fading Broadway legend" and hams through the proceedings with unbuttoned brio. The material is thin, and Allen doesn't quite know how to wrap up the loose ends. But you will probably be laughing too hard to quibble. ¥¥¥

•

In another first-rate movie from China, director Zhang Yimou's ***To Live*** (Samuel Goldwyn) brings back Gong Li, the gorgeous and gifted superstar of four earlier works by Zhang. This time, Gong Li ages gracefully as the long-suffering wife of a puppeteer and gambler (Ge You) through decades of tumultuous political history. Periods of civil war plus an uneasy peace under the watch of fanatic young Red Guards make *To Live* a fascinating lesson in how one couple learns to suffer, survive and endure. The movie demands patience, but viewers won't go away empty. ¥¥¥

•

Adapted by writer-director Frank Darabont from a Stephen King novella, ***The Shawshank Redemption*** (Columbia) has more humanity than shock value. But it is still a brutal, two-fisted prison movie that rivets attention. Tim Robbins plays a young banker wrongly convicted of killing his wife and her lover, and Morgan Freeman is a lifer who teaches his new friend how to survive jailhouse anarchy. There are pungent, dramatic high points throughout—rape, getting even with a guard (Clancy Brown), the murder of a young inmate (Gil Bellows) who has evidence that the authorities want to suppress. Yes, it has all been done before, back in the heyday of Bogart and Cagney behind bars. Yet *Shawshank Redemption*, named for the hellhole state prison, pays off as a vivid, surprisingly upbeat, brilliantly played drama that rejuvenates an old form. ¥¥¥½

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

*capsule close-ups of current films*
*by bruce williamson*

***The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*** (Reviewed 9/94) Drag bus trip through Australia's outback. ¥¥¥

***Barcelona*** (9/94) Two Americans take Spanish belles by storm. ¥¥½

***Blue Sky*** (10/94) Army angst, but Lange and Jones lighten it up. ¥¥½

***Bullets Over Broadway*** (See review) Woody puts on a glitzy show. ¥¥¥

***Café au Lait*** (10/94) A pregnant Parisienne and her two loves. ¥¥½

***Curse of the Starving Class*** (See review) James Woods loses it. ¥¥½

***Eat Drink Man Woman*** (9/94) Widower cooks things up for daughters. ¥¥¥

***Forrest Gump*** (9/94) Hanks hits again as a sweet, dim-witted winner. ¥¥¥¥

***Fresh*** (9/94) Street kid beating the odds against rival drug lords. ¥¥¥

***A Good Man in Africa*** (10/94) Connery at large in an emerging nation. ¥¥¥

***I Don't Want to Talk About It*** (10/94) The man who marries beneath him, so to speak, is Marcello Mastroianni. ¥¥¥

***I Like It Like That*** (See review) True romance blooms in the Bronx. ¥¥¥

***Killing Zoe*** (10/94) Bloody hell. ¥½

***The Last Seduction*** (See review) Her body heat leaves scorch marks. ¥¥¥

***Only You*** (See review) Dewy-eyed girl in pursuit of her dreamboat. ¥¥½

***Princess Caraboo*** (10/94) She's either a royal fugitive or a fake. ¥¥½

***Pulp Fiction*** (9/94) Star-studded gangland epic from Tarantino. ¥¥¥¥

***Quiz Show*** (10/94) TV corruption vividly recapped by Redford. ¥¥¥¥

***Rapa Nui*** (Listed only) Spectacular Easter Island history lays an egg despite Jason Scott Lee's best efforts. ¥¥

***The River Wild*** (See review) Streep runs the rapids with style. ¥¥¥½

***S.F.W.*** (See review) The media blitz satirized to hell and gone. ¥¥¥

***The Shawshank Redemption*** (See review) New jailhouse epic with a jolt. ¥¥¥½

***Sleep With Me*** (Listed only) Newlyweds messing with infidelity in L.A. ¥¥

***Spanking the Monkey*** (8/94) A college boy scores with his sultry mom. ¥¥¥

***Time Cop*** (Listed only) Jean-Claude Van Damme turns back the clock. ¥¥

***To Live*** (See review) Through the years with a Chinese couple. ¥¥¥

***Trial by Jury*** (Listed only) William Hurt, Armand Assante and Joanne Whalley-Kilmer can't save a melodrama about courtroom corruption. ¥

***True Lies*** (Listed only) Arnold tangos through the carnage. ¥¥¥¥

***What Happened Was*** (10/94) A tentative first date goes horribly wrong. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss
¥¥¥ Good show
¥¥ Worth a look
¥ Forget it

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INTRODUCING

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# VIDEO

## GUEST SHOT

Back in 1966, lusty lingo such as "screw you" and "hump the hostess" in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* didn't fall on deaf ears. Liz and Dick's on-screen squabbling inspired the Motion Picture Association of America to create a brand-new alphabet—ranging from G to X—and the film industry has been letter-ridden ever since. At home, MPAA president **Jack Valenti** shelves the rating game for good old-fashioned viewing on the ten-foot screen in his den. "*A Man for All Seasons* is my all-time favorite," he says, reciting a list that includes *Shane*, *Paths of Glory*, *Patton* and, surprisingly, the perennially profane Richard Pryor. "Pryor is a genius, beyond merely good," raves the codemaster general. "He's un-Xeroxable!" Speaking of which, does any X-rated fare earn Valenti's seal of approval? "*Midnight Cowboy* is a great film," he says. You were expecting *Debbie Does Dallas*? —DAVID STINE

### VIDBITS

Just in case you missed them on TV, Live Home Video has unleashed ***Nightmare Bay*** and ***The River of No Return,*** two 90-minute episodes ($14.98 each) that helped launch the jiggly series *Baywatch*. The double bill stars regulars David Hasselhoff and PLAYBOY's own Erika Eleniak as two of L.A.'s most rad lifeguards. . . . Did you know that the New York subway system was actually completed on time and within budget? These and other factoids highlight ***Subway: The Empire Beneath New York's Streets,*** A&E's history of the Big Apple's underground—from original one-track charmer to today's 238-mile hellhole ($19.95). . . . Also from A&E comes a special addition to the *Biography* series. ***Hillary Rodham Clinton: Changing the Rules*** follows you-know-who's rise to the you-know-what House, despite continuing eruptions from God-knows-which bimbo. Features interviews with first-lady-faithful Betsey Wright and actress-turned-f.o.b. Mary Steenburgen.

### VIDEO K.O.

It's been a while since Sly resurrected Rocky. For home viewing with a punch, here's a rundown from the ring:

***Somebody Up There Likes Me*** (1956): What *doesn't* Stallone's epic owe to this biopic of legend Rocky Graziano? Paul Newman sealed his career playing the good-natured palooka who soared to middleweight fame. Co-stars Sal Mineo and newcomer Steve McQueen.

***Requiem for a Heavyweight*** (1956): Live TV version of Rod Serling's moving tale of a washed-up boxer. Jack Palance scores as the gentle giant who keeps his pride even as he goes down for the count.

***Raging Bull*** (1980): Scorsese–De Niro collaboration turns the tawdry tale of prizefighter Jake La Motta into a work of art. Filmed in gritty black and white, with Bob putting on formidable pounds as the later La Motta.

***Champion*** (1949): Kirk Douglas stars in this complex tale of a hotheaded fighter who messes with the Mob. Best for its fabulous Forties clichés—dry martinis, cigarette smoke and lots of bleached-blonde dames sitting ringside.

***Body and Soul*** (1947): John Garfield plays the good-hearted but driven Charlie, a boxer in danger of losing his soul to the almighty dollar. Another postwar classic.

***The Great White Hope*** (1970): James Earl Jones plays turn-of-the-century boxing great Jack Johnson, who comes to blows with bigotry on and off the canvas. From the Broadway play, it features Jane Alexander's screen debut.

***The Champ*** (1979): Jon Voight stars in this remake of the 1931 Wallace Beery classic about a boy who still believes in his has-been dad. A sobfest, with first-timer Ricky Schroder leading the tears parade. —ELIZABETH TIPPENS

### VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Talk about behind-the-scenes peeks. The newest installment of PLAYBOY's *Wet & Wild* series gives you an exclusive look into ***The Locker Room,*** where ten Playmates prove that hitting the showers can indeed be a beautiful thing. To order, call 800-423-9494.

### LASER FARE

The latest modern classic to hit disc: Rob Reiner's hilarious 1984 mockumentary, ***This Is Spinal Tap,*** has arrived in stores in a fancy Criterion Collection package from Voyager. Michael McKean, Christopher Guest and Harry Shearer join Reiner on the commentary tracks, and extras include Tap music videos and production stills. . . . Also from Voyager: ***The World's Greatest Animation,*** a two-disc CAV set including the ten Academy Award–winning animated shorts from the past decade—plus five more nominees. Includes the Claymation "documentary" *Creature Comforts*, wherein zoo inhabitants muse on their lives. It's a hoot. Or a roar. Or a—oh, never mind. You probably blew that one in the Oscar pool, anyway. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

## VIDEO MOOD METER

| MOOD | MOVIE |
|---|---|
| MUST-SEE | ***Schindler's List*** (Spielberg's stirring Oscar sweeper and Hollywood's first Holocaust blockbuster; Neeson triumphs as the heroic Herr), ***Jurassic Park*** (Steve's other side: fluffy dino fare, sure—but with teeth). |
| ART HOUSE | ***Sirens*** (uptight clergymon Hugh Grant ond wife go down under to tame racy ortist; nude poser Elle Mocpherson deliciously distracts), ***Blue*** (young French widow Juliette Binoche dogged by memories; sensuous, sad, subtitled). |
| THRILLER | ***Mother's Boys*** (prodigal mom Jamie Lee Curtis returns to make life rotten for ex-fomily; seriously dysfunctional stuff), ***The Wicker Man*** (cop Edward Woodward uncovers evil rituals in Scotland; super 1973 sleeper repriced for sale). |
| COMEDY | ***Four Weddings and a Funeral*** (Grant ogain, here as Brit smitten with Yank Andie MocDowell during matrimony season; enchanting), ***Serial Mom*** (she cooks, she cleans, she kills—she's Kathleen Turner, via tackmeister John Waters). |
| DRAMA | ***When a Man Loves a Woman*** (Andy Garcio copes with wife Meg Ryan's bottle battle as family crumbles; sudsy, but fine Meg), ***The Crow*** (slick, spooky avenging-undead-superhero flick made spookier by Brandon Lee's untimely demise). |

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## BULLY WOOLLIES

Last winter was brutal for many of us, so menswear designers have prepared for the elements this season with a lineup of fuzzy, oversize overcoats that are equally sharp on the streets and at the stadium. This new extra-warm outerwear has a bonus: It feels great, which means your dates will appreciate it as much as you do. Alpaca, a soft, fine wool from an animal related to the llama, is one of the more luxurious ways to go. With its simple lines and natural shoulders, Vestimenta's short alpaca topcoat ($800, shown here) is a versatile option, as is Salvatore Ferragamo's full-length double-breasted chocolate-brown alpaca version ($1055). For a tailored look, Joseph Abboud has updated the classic belted polo coat using a combination of wool, alpaca and mohair ($795). This animal attraction comes in other fibers and textures as well. Emporio Armani's camel-colored jacket is made of faux shearling ($575). And there's also a tan stadium coat in fuzzy wool with brown leather toggles, from Ermenegildo Zegna's EZ Collection ($695).

## HOT SHOPPING: NEW YORK'S EAST VILLAGE

The hip street scene of the East Village (a.k.a. Alphabet City) includes pockets of cutting-edge fashion for those in the know. Check out these underground stops: X-Large Store (151 Ave. A): Co-owned by Beastie Boy Mike D, this store's happening streetwear includes oversize work pants and beefy wool jackets. • Alphabets (115 Ave. A): Cool, one-of-a-kind gifts including pinup-girl cuff links, French pocketknives and brightly printed silk ties and boxers by Gene Myer. • Style Swami (70 E. 1st Street): Designer Alpana Bawa artfully spins rich-hued Indian textiles into bold vests and embroidered reversible shirts. • Swish (115 St. Marks Place): American-made skateboard-influenced streetwear, plus remixed DJ tapes and videos. • Jules (65 St. Marks Place): A French bistro with live jazz on Fridays and Saturdays.

### CLOTHES LINE

Currently in favor with a new generation of fans, **Tony Bennett** has had 45 years to perfect his classic style of singing and dressing. In fact, Bennett is so cool that during last winter's early-morning earthquake in Los Angeles, he joined robe-clad guests in his hotel lobby while wearing a Brioni suit. The crooner recently added finishing touches to his custom Brioni tux. He describes it as "subliminal and different," because it has no satin lapels or stripes. Other Bennett favorites: a navy Aquascutum of London overcoat, Bally shoes and Yohji Yamamoto ties. "I don't make a move unless the tie is just right."

## FANCY FOOTWEAR

Wearing a cool shirt isn't the only way to rev up a basic tuxedo—great shoes go a long way, too. Instead of the classic patent-leather look, for example, consider Kenneth Cole's Lean Two, a sleek, polished oxford with two eyelets ($139). Salvatore Ferragamo's Academy, a black suede oxford with two gold equestrian-rivet eyeholes ($285), is another clean, sharp shoe; the sophisticated silk lace-up and slip-on styles from To Boot by Adam Derrick ($225 and $195) are other stylish ways to go. For guys such as the hopelessly tardy Hugh Grant in *Four Weddings and a Funeral* who don't have time for laces, there are Susan Bennis Warren Edwards' silk faille loafers trimmed in patent leather ($495), soft chenille slip-ons by Philippe Model ($235), and Bally's Aries, a suede slip-on with an elasticized upper band ($245). And for practical types, Cole-Haan offers the Etude ($198), an all-patent-leather loafer that also goes well with jeans, chinos and other casual pants.

## LIP SERVICE

To keep your kisses moist this winter, keep lip balm handy. Among our favorites are the original Chap Stick—which was introduced in the 1880s—and the updated versions in cherry, orange, strawberry and mint flavors (around $1). Blistex' sweet-smelling Daily Conditioning Treatment with aloe vera and cocoa butter comes in a tub; if you prefer a stick, Blistex offers Ultra Protection lip balm with SPF 30 (both about $2). The new Medicated Vaseline Lip Therapy ($1.60) contains a number of medicinal ingredients, sunflower-seed oil and vitamins to help soothe already-chapped lips. Kiehl's Lip Balm, which comes in a tiny jar, is the favorite among fashion models (about $5). And Ralph Lauren even offers a designer SPF 15 lip balm stick in his Polo Sport collection ($10).

MARTIN HOFFMAN

### STYLE METER

| WATCHES | IN | OUT |
|---|---|---|
| STYLES | Sports watches worn casually or with suits; antiques; utilitarian looks | Ultrathin evening looks worn by day; faux antiques; clunky computer watches |
| DETAILS | Silver metals; uncluttered cream or blue faces; chronographs | See-through or moon faces; digital displays; clip-on calendars |
| BANDS | Metal link; rubber; sharkskin or water-resistant leather | Fake, embossed skins; surfer neons; loud printed fabrics or plastics |



Where & How to Buy on page 156.

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### VIC GARBARINI

WE KNEW Bill Wyman wouldn't be on board for the Rolling Stones' first album on their new label, but where is Keith Richards? On ***Voodoo Lounge*** (Virgin), his churning guitar, and with it, the elastic groove that has been the Stones' heartbeat, have been tidied up and shoved in the background by co-producer Don Was. Nobody expected anything compelling at this late date, but it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing. And the Stones know it. In recent interviews, Keith questioned the need for a producer, while Mick even referred to the album's lack of groove. Trust your instincts, guys. When they do, as when Keith, Charlie and new bassist Darryl Jones get loose on the magnificent *I Go Wild* or the rumbling *You Got Me Rocking*, the result is the best music the Stones have made since *Start Me Up*, more than a decade ago. Elsewhere, ballads like *Out of Tears* show Jagger awkwardly attempting to transcend 30 years of pouting and leering. For fifty-somethings, the Stones prove they can get it up. Now they just have to remember what to do with it.

FAST CUTS: Virgin has also released eight Stones albums from the Seventies, nicely remastered by Don Was. Feeling rootsy? Try the somewhat overrated ***Exile on Main Street,*** whose rawness anticipated punk. Or try ***Some Girls'*** postpunk simplicity. You want compelling? Go directly to the vibrant ***Sticky Fingers.*** Feeling frugal? Wait for the inevitable boxed set.

### ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Hipsters ridicule the Spin Doctors because the band's members consider themselves to be hippies. But having the gall to sell 6 million copies of their debut album can't have helped. Despite the carping, their music is rarely annoying and often fun. Figure them as white bohemians doing for funk syncopation what the original hippies did for blues shuffle. On ***Turn It Upside Down*** (Epic), homely ditties such as *Laraby's Gang* (about their diehard fans), *Cleopatra's Cat* (metaphysical pussy) and *Hungry Hamed's* (breakfast) make up for the loose talk about large funky booties. Groove bands get a lot shallower than this one.

Groove bands get a lot shallower than the funk-lite of El DeBarge, too. A decade ago, DeBarge was the smart choice for black pop's next great love-song man. It didn't work out that way, but the likes of Babyface and Jermaine Dupri help his unreal tenor reclaim its genius on ***Heart, Mind & Soul*** (Reprise).

JOE FOURNIER

*Voodoo Lounge*: The Stones roll again.

Can the Stones still get it up? Motown remasters Marvin Gaye's greatest album.

Read the lyric sheet and you'll suspect he's a refugee from a greeting-card factory. Listen to him sing those same words and you could find yourself falling in love and digging a groove.

FAST CUTS: Recorded in the Forties and Fifties, Slim Gaillard's ***Laughing in Rhythm: The Best of the Verve Years*** (Verve) is the hep, hilarious testament of jazz' greatest comedian. If the words Flat Foot Floogie mean nothing, you're missing out.

Etta James' ***Mystery Lady: Songs of Billie Holiday*** (Private Music) is torch music that does more for Billie's reputation than it does for that of Etta, her often misguided devotee.

### CHARLES M. YOUNG

If you don't follow underground music, you may remember Killing Joke only from the chant-rock gem *Eighties*, which was a minor hit and by far the hardest sound on MTV in its softer, formative years. That was as close as Joke came to success in the States, but in its 15-year history, the band has created a considerable body of raging punk and industrial rock that has been pillaged for riffs by more commercially successful bands, such as Ministry and Nirvana. On its tenth album, ***Pandemonium*** (Zoo), Killing Joke combines the relentless drum-machine thunder of Ministry with the moaning trance of Led Zeppelin circa *When the Levee Breaks*. Bass player and producer Youth has spent a lot of time producing dance music suitable for raves (the Orb, Brilliant), and he sets up a groove here that nails you for more than an hour. Guitarist Geordie Walker packs so much crunch into his licks that Kellogg's should spray him on cornflakes. Singer Jaz Coleman does the punk catharsis thing as well as anyone now howling, though his lyrics offer a good deal more hope than, say, Nine Inch Nails'. And all of them have an appreciation for Middle Eastern scales that gives the whole project a wonderfully eerie quality. Better than coffee when you want to wake up.

FAST CUTS: Bebe Buell, ***Retrosexual*** (Skydog): With the possible exception of Marilyn Monroe, Buell gets my vote for coolest Playmate, here creating an early punk sound as brutal and raw as anything by her famous ex-boyfriends Steven Tyler and Stiv Bators. Buell growls and screams with authentic intimidation as she looks back in anger (and hilarity) at a very full rock-and-roll life. *Little Bit o' Whore* rates as one of the great anthems of relationships under capitalism.

### DAVE MARSH

The newly remastered version of Marvin Gaye's ***What's Going On*** (Motown) is really the greatest album ever made. Quite simply, this record not only remains unsurpassed but also contains several elements against which today's post-soul music can still be measured: The nonpareil lightness of Marvin's soulful voice, Dave Van dePitte's sumptuous yet understated arrangements, the brilliant way in which the tracks have been interwoven and the stark and cogent use of social issues as metaphors.

*What's Going On* re-emerges accompanied by Gaye's other Seventies albums on the four-disc box ***Marvin Gaye Classics Collection.*** Remastering even redeems his postmarital epic, *Here My Dear*. The set includes the great coitus opera *Let's Get It On*, the definitive soundtrack *Trouble Man*, the edge-of-coherent *I Want You*, and an album of rarities, *Love-Starved Heart*. Because it's new, *Love-Starved Heart* may make the deepest impression—though nothing, not even *What's Going On*, cuts a sensually deeper groove than *Let's Get It On*. *Love-Starved Heart* reminds us that, when *What's Going On* came out, Gaye probably ranked as the most underrated soul man of the Sixties. These outtakes and throwaways suggest how great Gaye had already become before he made his masterpieces. Working within the restrictions of Motown, he

found his greatness harnessed. But while he became even better once he'd spit the bit, Marvin Gaye's magic shone even under Berry Gordy Jr. As much as anyone this side of James Brown, he sowed the seeds that gave us Seal, Terence Trent D'Arby and even Prince and Snoop Doggy Dogg—an entire future, marked by his tragic absence.

FAST CUTS: ***Keb' Mo'*** (Okeh): A real find. A neo-country bluesman who possesses the energy, sass and invention of early Taj Mahal.

***Heart and Soul: The Hank Crawford Anthology*** (Rhino/Atlantic): An aptly titled assemblage of the greatest tracks by the most sonorous soul-jazz sax player of them all. Perfect grooves with the blues at their heart.

War, ***Peace Sign*** (Rhino/Avenue): The world remains a ghetto and War remains one of its truest and loveliest voices, from the dense, angry groove of the title track to the doo-wop of East Los Angeles.

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NELSON GEORGE

House of Pain has returned with a flavorful second album titled ***Same As It Ever Was*** (Tommy Boy). There isn't an obvious hit like *Jump Around* in this collection, but its 15 tracks are rock solid. Chief rapper Everlast is in fine, furious form with a roaring delivery that chews up lyrics with gusto. Typical of the album's aggressive stance are *Over There Shit* and *Runnin' Up on Ya*, on which Everlast impressively rips through his rhymes. Underground rapper and producer Diamond D flows beautifully with Everlast on *Word Is Bond*. Most of these rough and rugged tracks were created by Lethal, with some additional production work by Cypress Hills' D.J. Muggs. All in all, *Same As It Ever Was* is one of the year's best, rap or otherwise.

FAST CUTS: The promising folksinger Jeffrey Gaines has an innocent tenor voice and a heartfelt, though occasionally overwrought, way with metaphors. ***Somewhat Slightly Dazed*** (Chrysalis/EMI) suggests the tone of his bemused writing style. Live, Gaines usually accompanies himself on guitar, so the full band arrangements on some of these songs seem to confine him. Still, *Safety in Self*, *Talent for Surrender* and *Elliot* reveal Gaines' continuing growth as an artist.

Des'ree is a silky voiced, socially conscious U.K. songstress who checks in with a competent second album, ***I Ain't Movin'*** (Epic). The arrangements may seem a little too pop for the mainstream adult soul audience that she's after, but Des'ree's strong performances of *Crazy Maze*, *Feel So Good* (a cover of a Perri Sisters song) and the title track should help her find U.S. fans.

# FAST TRACKS

## ROCKMETER

| | Christgau | Garbarini | George | Marsh | Young |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marvin Gaye *What's Going On* | 7 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 7 |
| House of Pain *Some As It Ever Was* | 8 | 4 | 9 | 7 | 8 |
| Killing Joke *Pandemonium* | 6 | 8 | 8 | 4 | 8 |
| Rolling Stones *Voodoo Lounge* | 7 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 6 |
| Spin Doctors *Turn It Upside Down* | 7 | 5 | 8 | 4 | 6 |

**LAST CHANTS DEPARTMENT**: And you thought only the monks were making a mint chanting? Did you get Rhino Records' *Chantmania*? Recorded by the **Benzedrine Monks,** it's an EP of chanted versions of **R.E.M.'s** *Losing My Religion* as well as *Do Ya Think I'm Sexy*, *(Theme from) The Monkees* and *Smells Like Teen Spirit*. Smells a lot like **Weird Al** to us.

**REELING AND ROCKING**: Fox TV is reportedly working on an unauthorized film bio of **Madonna's** early years, from her arrival in New York in 1978 up to the success of *Like a Virgin*. . . . Speaking of Madonna, she has expressed interest in the starring role in *Mob Girl*, the autobiography of **Arlyne Brickman,** who first hung with the Mafia, then turned states' evidence. Rumor has it **Marisa Tomei** and **Demi Moore** also are interested in the part. . . . A **Stones** concert film with a story line is being worked out with director **Ben Stiller.** Stiller and **Brad Pitt** would appear in the film as two fans following the band, hoping to get backstage. . . . Look for **Marianne Faithfull** on film in *Moondance*, playing an anthropologist. Her autobiography is due any day and a new album will be in the stores in January. . . . **Billy Idol's** slated to play the villain in *The Hostage City*.

**NEWSBREAKS**: Chicago's Tony award–winning Steppenwolf Theater Co. has opened its season with a musical adaptation of *A Clockwork Orange*. Music director and percussionist **William Schwarz** will present the **Third Coast String Quartet,** along with **Jeff Bek** on oil drums, saw blades, water jugs and hidden synthesizers. If you're in Chicago before October 30, check it out. . . . A U.S. college tour featuring several of the artists on Rock the Vote's CD *Propaganda: The New Voice in Alternative Music* will have a national act headlining. . . . Look for **Carleen Anderson's** debut album, *True Spirit*. Why? She's the goddaughter of the Godfather of Soul, **James Brown**. . . . **RuPaul** is recording a new album and will do some ballads this time. . . . **Robbie Robertson** is working on the soundtrack for a documentary on American Indians and writing songs with **Eric Clapton.** He'll be producing Clapton's next album, due out next year. . . . **Cracker** has recorded *When the Levee Breaks* for the forthcoming **Led Zep** tribute album. . . . **Mary J. Blige's** second album is expected before the year ends. . . . **Shado Art Productions,** currently out of Columbus, Ohio, is bringing large, stylized arena shows back down to reasonable size. It calls its productions performance rock. The current work-in-progress, *Evolution*, will premiere in Cleveland next spring and then tour the New York club scene. If the show catches on, you may see it in a club near you. . . . For a piece of **Michael Jackson's** past, keep on the lookout for *Big Boy*, the first record he ever made. It has been rereleased in a limited edition, and for $30 you'll get a CD, a cassette and a song history. . . . **Babyface, Jimmy Jam** and **Terry Lewis** are all working on the next **Boyz II Men** album, which is due this fall. . . . Another fall release, a two-disc, 40-plus song compilation of **Steve Goodman's** music, is being readied. It will include live tracks, demos and other rarities. . . . **Ann** and **Nancy Wilson,** who used to cover **Led Zeppelin** songs in the early days of **Heart,** are now working with **John Paul Jones** on recording a live acoustic album. . . . **Digable Planets'** sophomore album is due any day. . . . Finally, **Ted Nugent** was named to Michigan's International Year of the Family Council by Governor **John Engler.** Says Nugent, "Now there's an F-word we can all be proud of." Please, Ted. —BARBARA NELLIS

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"Mr. Jenkins finds the nightclub a welcome change from the country club. And when shaking his groove thing, he sips refreshing T&Ts."

# JAZZ

## By NEIL TESSER

### HEIRS APPARENT

LIKE MOST young musicians, trumpeter Wallace Roney and saxophonist Joshua Redman—two of the hottest players in jazz today—have to fight the inevitable comparisons to their mentors. Take Roney, told by no less than Miles Davis, "You play all my stuff perfectly." In fact, Roney has re-created the Davis sound for various projects. His new *Mistérios* quite consciously updates Miles' Brazilian-flavored *Quiet Nights* of three decades ago.

RONEY

Roney thinks he has found the balance. "I'm grateful to Miles. He's the reason I'm playing, the reason jazz is where it's at. But I don't like it when critics turn that into a negative. I try to be a forward-thinking player. That's what I loved about Miles."

REDMAN

Tenor sax man Joshua Redman isn't one for comparisons, either. "The last thing I'd want is to be known as 'the next whoever,'" he says. "I could never live up to that. I do think I have my own voice."

Some of the scrutiny regarding Joshua stems from his father's fame. Tenorist Dewey Redman starred with both Ornette Coleman and Keith Jarrett. "I never lived with Dewey, so his music influenced me from afar. But I would still be a fan of his work, even had I been Joshua Jones," says Redman *fils*—who in 1991 graduated Phi Beta Kappa and summa cum laude from Harvard.

Are there extramusical benefits of sudden fame? Redman admits a "plethora of opportunities has changed, if not improved" his sex life. Says Roney, steeped in his musical mission: "I can't even think about that."

### NEW RELEASES

The lush backgrounds and hothouse melodies of Wallace Roney's ***Mistérios*** (Warner) embrace his most romantic trumpeting to date. The strong Brazilian influence helps restrain the rarefied melodies. Mostly it works—to the extent that Roney can stick to the spirit of Miles Davis without mimicking Davis' style.

Labelmate Joshua Redman is more his own man on ***Mood Swing.*** Last year he led an all-star group featuring Pat Metheny. This disc finds his new quartet working out on tunes that range from bluesy bop to free jazz. It also boasts his most impassioned solos yet.

Another great young player, saxophonist David Sanchez, a 26-year-old native of Puerto Rico, takes an impressive bow with ***The Departure*** (Columbia). The album makes good use of the Panamanian pianist Danilo Perez, whose own new album—the splendidly conceived and deeply fathomed ***Journey*** (Novus)—returns the favor by placing Sanchez in the spotlight. Both players worked in Dizzy Gillespie's last band, and they represent a new breed of Latin-jazz musicians who are equally at home in their unadulterated native music and in the postbop mainstream.

In his own way, pianist Eddie Palmieri helped pave the way for such artists. Inspired by Bud Powell and McCoy Tyner, Palmieri had convincingly grafted jazz onto his innovative Cuba-Rican keyboard style by the mid-Sixties. But ***Palmas*** (Elektra/Nonesuch) takes the full plunge, with a quartet of percussionists and a three-horn line patterned after Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. The format, reduced from Palmieri's salsa big band, makes his own message all the clearer.

Another Latin-jazz grad, Chick Corea, went on to master a bewildering array of styles and idioms. On ***Expressions*** (GRP) he returns to the solo piano format for the first time in 23 years, with spectacular results. On a dozen standards, Corea leads with his left: The bass lines drive as never before, and his playful improvisations now have jaw-dropping heft. More solo piano wizardry distinguishes ***Sir Roland Hanna,*** volume 32 in Concord Records' Maybeck Recital series. No pianist has a surer grasp of the solo idiom, or of the keyboard as a little orchestra.

On ***The Underground Railroad to My Heart*** (Soul Note), baritone saxist Fred Ho digs deeper in his quest to unite jazz with his Asian roots. He finds pay dirt. You can also choose between two strong albums by the World Saxophone Quartet: ***Breath of Life*** (Elektra/Nonesuch), which adds vocals and organ to explore reggae and blues, and ***Moving Right Along*** (Black Saint), which jumps with naked power.

Finally, Mose Allison returns on ***The Earth Wants You*** (Blue Note). His drawling vocals and hyperkinetic piano solos sound like they did in the Fifties. But his recent advance into senior citizenry now spurs his sardonic commentary, and makes the title song a lot darker than it first appears.

## HOLIDAY SETS

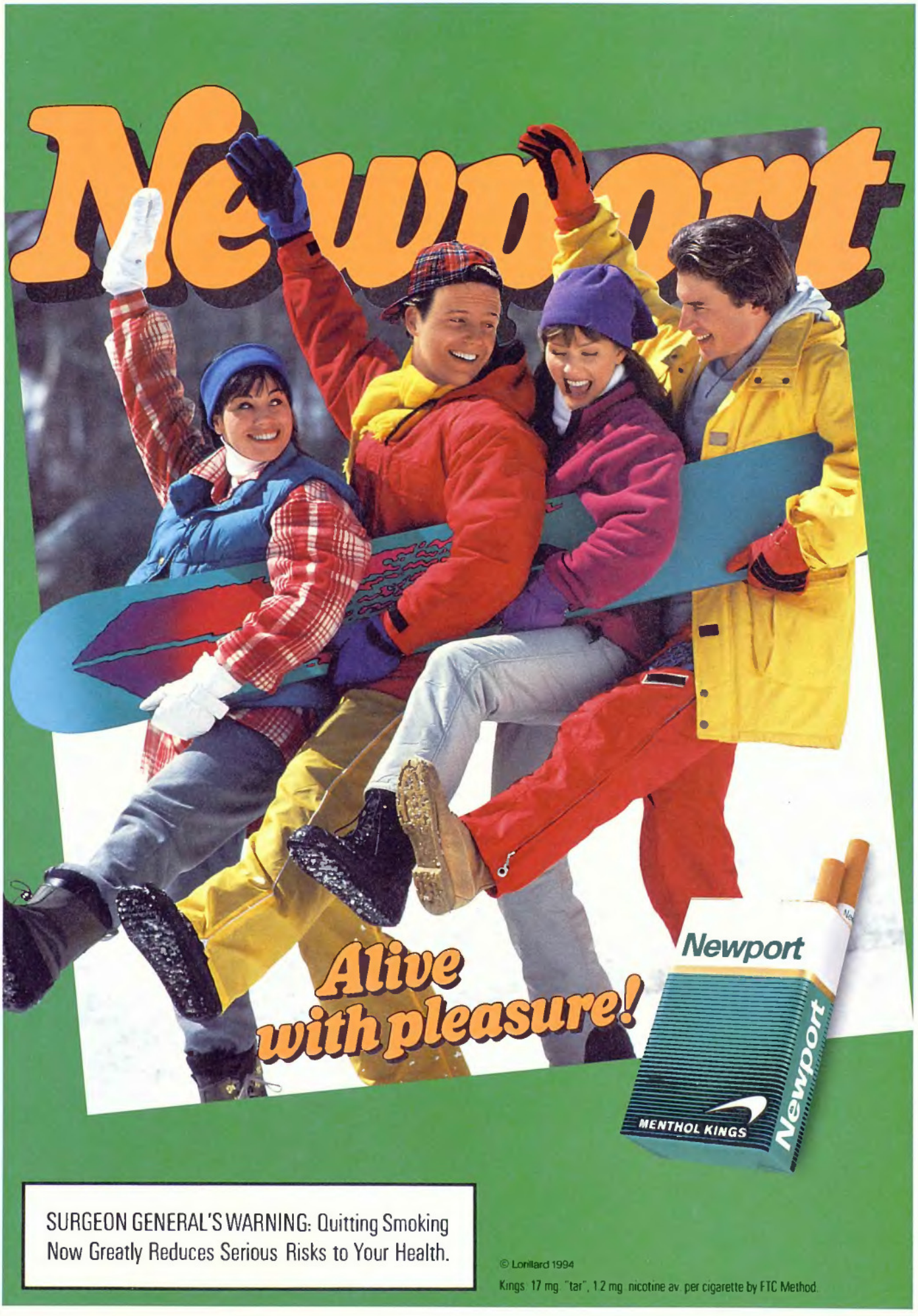
Maybe you think it's too early to think about the holiday season. But the record companies don't—they're marketing multidisc boxed sets now. We've done some advonce perusing for you, and the following three sets stand out:

***The Complete Bud Powell on Verve*** reopens the window on the principol architect of bebop piano—and one of the most troubled artists of the century. Just 16 when he arrived on the jazz scene, Powell quickly odapted the new sounds of Charlie Porker and Dizzy Gillespie to the keyboard. But his powerful attock ond complex logic forged a style all his own, which today stonds equol to those of both Gillespie ond Porker.

Powell suffered from a degenerative psychiatric condition, ond mony of the later trocks here lack the white-hot intensity of his debut. But this five-CD set still contains plenty of miracles, ond the innovative liner notes offer unexpected insights. (As the set's title suggests, you'll find every false start and busted take Powell did for Verve, so keep your CD remote control handy.)

Another five-CD box gothers ***The Complete Solid State Recordings of the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra,*** which 25 yeors ago won kudos for the originolity of Jones' orrongements. If today the songs sound at all dated, blame the many subsequent big-band writers who hove borrowed so extensively from them. These dates form the heart of the band's legocy. Their reissue reflects the usual high standards of Mosaic Records (35 Melrose Ploce, Stamford, Connecticut 06902).

When Joe Henderson storted winning Grommys, fans argued thot the awards were long overdue. ***The Milestone Years*** (Milestone) confirms this. The year's second big Henderson reissue, its eight CDs troce the tenorist's explorotion of rock and world-music elements in the Seventies.

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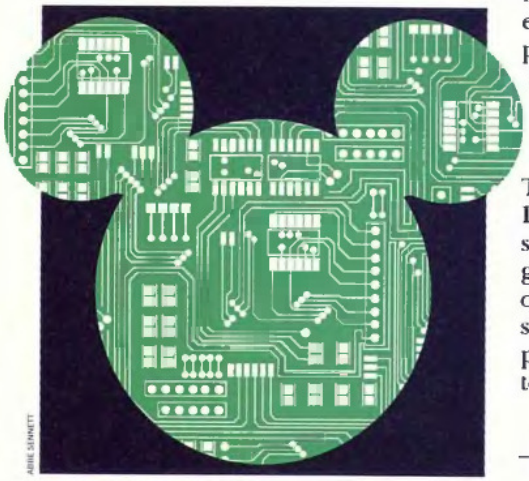
## EPCOT SHARES THE FUTURE

Techno junkies eager to get their hands on gadgetry of the future will want to check out Innoventions, the newest attraction at Epcot in Lake Buena Vista, Florida. Officially open to the public this past September, the 100,000-square-foot venture offers visitors the opportunity to experience the latest in computer, television, virtual reality, home automation and automotive technology. Many of the items on display are prototypes of products that will be available in two to three years. You can test a Dick Tracy–type wrist phone by AT&T, for example, as well as computer systems by Apple and IBM and current and future video games by Sega. Other initial participants in the venture include General Electric, General Motors and Oracle (a software company that will give novices an introduction to the information superhighway). Products and exhibits are expected to change every six months to reflect the latest advancements. That includes Disney's own Innoventions attraction—a virtual reality ride aboard Aladdin's magic carpet.



ABBIE SENNETT

## LOOK, UP IN THE SKY

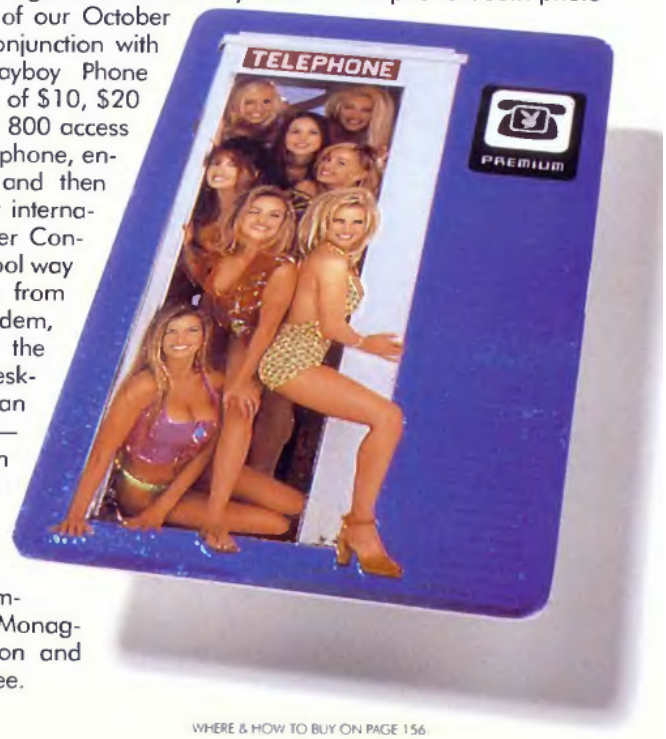
It may sound too good to be true, but you'll soon be able to talk with friends, family or colleagues anywhere in the world by simply calling them on your pocket phone. Iridium, Inc., a company backed by 14 major investment groups—including Motorola, Sprint and Bell Canada—plans to launch 66 satellites that will link a worldwide network of portable phones, computers, fax machines and pagers as well as—get this—solar-powered telephone booths. The $3.4 billion wireless communications system, which is expected to begin commercial services in 1998, "will move the world into the 21st century," according to Iridium's John Windolph. In addition to allowing for communications between future wireless devices and existing cellular and standard phones, Iridium's low earth orbit (or Big Leo) satellites will have the power to interface with one another, handing off conversations when they drift out of a caller's range. For those of you already packing a portable, that means no more roaming codes—a convenience that won't come cheap. The first-generation of Iridium phones will be priced near $2500, with calls costing as much as $3 per minute.

## DOOM'S DAY

Since it exploded onto the computer scene a year ago, Doom has become the most popular PC game in the country. Robin Williams and Steven Spielberg are rumored to be Doom enthusiasts. Some corporations have had to crack down on employees who tie up company computers with their Doomfests. There's even talk of a movie. So what is Doom? It's an ultraviolent, demons-versus-good-guys game with some amazing graphics. Whereas computer scenes once were limited to jerky, two-dimensional, comic-book imagery, Doom's programmers developed animation techniques that put players in smoothly flowing virtual worlds with depth and perspective (as well as death and destruction). In an equally smooth marketing play, the first module of the game was offered as shareware (free software) over the Internet, giving it extensive distribution estimated to be in the millions. (You can still pick up Doom in /pub/msdos/games/id at ftp.uwp.edu on the Internet, or in the Gamers Forum on Compuserve.) "With Doom we were just cutting our teeth," says Jay Wilbur, business manager of Id, Doom's developer. Id will release Doom II in retail stores in October, with an impressive 500,000-unit preorder. Id promises more realistic, bloody action as it continues to hone computer graphics. In fact, you'll find its next shareware offering, Quake, on the Net next year.

## WILD THINGS

Because prepaid phone cards are becoming a hot collectible, we've introduced our own slick versions featuring images such as the Playmates-in-the-phone-booth photo that appeared on the cover of our October 1993 issue. Developed in conjunction with Peoples Telephone Co., Playboy Phone Cards are available in values of $10, $20 and $35. To use one, dial an 800 access number from any touch-tone phone, enter your personal ID code and then place your local, domestic or international call. • American Power Conversion has come up with a cool way to stash the unsightly cords from your computer, printer, modem, CD-ROM drive, etc. Called the Power Manager, it's a $120 desktop accessory that looks like an oversize portable CD player—complete with a flip-up lid. On the front of the lid are buttons that power all of your equipment; beneath it is enough storage space to hold cords from up to five computer peripherals. The Power Manager also offers surge protection and comes with a lifetime guarantee.






WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156

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# BOOKS

## By DIGBY DIEHL

TIM O'BRIEN is one of our most eloquent chroniclers of Vietnam. In his novel *Going After Cacciato*, which won a National Book Award, and in books such as *If I Die in a Combat Zone* and *The Things They Carried*, he has conjured up war imagery that burns. His powerful novel ***In the Lake of the Woods*** (Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence) follows the war home.

O'Brien's protagonist, John Wade, returns from the war with symptoms of posttraumatic stress disorder: night sweats, flashbacks, nightmares, emotional outbursts and alcoholism. But he marries his college sweetheart, goes through law school and establishes himself in Minnesota politics. He does not talk about the war. When he's 43, the polls show him to be close to winning election to the U.S. Senate. Then his darkest secret—one he has managed to hide from his wife and even the Army—makes the headlines: Wade was one of 105 men under the command of Lieutenant William Calley in the Vietnamese village of My Lai on March 16, 1968.

After a humiliating defeat in the election shatters his career, Wade retreats with his wife to a cottage on the edge of Lake of the Woods in northern Minnesota. Two days later, she disappears. Despite a search effort that lasts for weeks, no trace of her can be found, and suspicion turns to Wade. As he sorts through the alcoholic blur of the night before his wife's disappearance, he is not certain of his innocence. He can't remember.

What he does remember in horrifying detail are the screams of women and children as they were pushed into ditches and shot at My Lai.

Although much of *In the Lake of the Woods* takes place in the tormented mind of John Wade, the action of the novel is periodically interrupted by chapters of "Evidence," as if to separate reality from nightmare. These chapters consist of brief quotations from the My Lai court-martial, fictional statements from Wade's mother, portions of the police record and relevant citations from literature. Despite what Wade did, he is portrayed as a tortured human being, not a monster.

The mountain of books written about Elvis Presley since his death 17 years ago would seem to preclude anything of substance being added to his story. There certainly are no startling revelations in Joe Esposito's ***Good Rockin' Tonight—Twenty Years on the Road and on the Town With Elvis*** (Simon & Schuster), but Presley's former road manager (along with Elena Oumano) offers a straightforward, intimate portrait that rings truer than anything we have read yet. Elvis is here with all his infidelities, appetites, generosity, talent and capriciousness; he is a man filled with contradictions.

O'Brien's *In the Lake of the Woods*.

Vietnam's legacy in fiction, wild nights with the Memphis Mafia and the spy who came in from the cold.

Highlights of this memoir include tales of wild nights with the Memphis Mafia, Elvis' courtship of Priscilla, his experimentation with LSD and his bizarre trip to meet with President Richard Nixon in the White House. But Esposito's unvarnished, detailed description of Elvis' death provides a sobering end to his ride with the King. He sums up his friend as a good man who was "caught up in a world that few of us could navigate successfully."

Two new reports from the Cold War shed light on some shadowy areas. Ben Rich, former head of the secret technology team that developed the U-2 spy plane and the F-117A Stealth bomber, tells amazing stories in ***Skunk Works: A Personal Memoir of My Years at Lockheed*** (Little, Brown) with the help of Leo Janos. As the CIA's unofficial "toymakers," Rich and about 150 designers and technicians provided technomarvels that have helped maintain American military dominance to this day. For example, Rich notes in a surprising postscript that although the public thought the U-2 program died when Gary Powers was shot down, there has not been a day since 1956 that the U.S. has not had U-2 surveillance flights somewhere.

David Corn has done an impressive job of penetrating the intelligence community for ***Blond Ghost: Ted Shackley and the CIA's Crusades*** (Simon & Schuster). Shackley's almost 30-year career as a spy spanned most of the Cold War, and he was in the thick of covert action around the globe. He recruited spies in Germany in the Fifties, waged a secret war against Cuba for the Kennedy brothers, supported U.S. military and political efforts in Laos and Vietnam and helped topple Allende in Chile. This is an enticing tale of one man's cloak-and-dagger life, which Corn suggests is symbolic of the CIA's pervasive influence.

### BOOK BAG

***North of Montana*** (Knopf), by April Smith: A highly touted novel—with good reason—about a female FBI agent in Los Angeles. Ana Grey solves a high-profile drug case while battling the male bureaucracy in this witty, well-written debut.

***1000 Great Guitarists*** (GPI Books), by Hugh Gregory: A comprehensive guide to the world's finest guitar players, including memorabilia, discographies and biographies of artists Ry Cooder, B.B. King, Jimi Hendrix and 997 others.

***Soldier of the Year: The Story of a Gay American Patriot*** (Pocket Books), by José Zuniga: A sergeant chronicles his experiences in the Army—and the hypocrisy and homophobia that drove him out.

***How Computers Work*** (ZD Press), by Ron White; ***How Microprocessors Work*** (ZD Press), by Gregg Wyant and Tucker Hammerstrom: The hows and whys of computers and microprocessors are clearly explained for the average consumer and for the avid techie.

***Job Shift: How to Prosper in a Workplace Without Jobs*** (Addison-Wesley), by William Bridges: The guidebook for work in the 21st century when jobs—as we know them—will no longer exist and when the only route to success will be to make our careers self-manageable.

***Beyond Uhura: Star Trek and Other Memories*** (Putnam's), by Nichelle Nichols: Lieutenant Uhura of the Starship Enterprise jumps on the tell-all Trekkie book bandwagon that William Shatner started with his behind-the-scenes memoir. Nichols says the media hyped her off-screen relationship with *Star Trek* creator Gene Roddenberry.

***The Complete Book of Beer Drinking Games, Revised & Expanded*** (Mustang), by Andy Griscom, Ben Rand and Scott Johnston: This classic is your guide to raucous fun.

***Fear of Fifty*** (HarperCollins), by Erica Jong: A fearless and witty autobiographical memoir that is also a philosophical guide to women in the Nineties.

***The Graham Greene Film Reader: Reviews, Essays, Scripts & Letters*** (Applause), edited by David Parkinson: No novelist understands movies better, as one can guess from his screenplay for *The Third Man*.

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# FITNESS

## By JON KRAKAUER

Do you worry about your weight? Most people do. In our culture, flab isn't just considered ugly, it's widely believed to be a sign of some shameful character flaw. Doctors, though they mean well, contribute to fat anxiety by bombarding us with grim warnings that obesity leads to heart disease, cancer and early death. The upshot is that dieting is big business. Americans spend an estimated $40 billion every year on weight-loss books, products and services.

In the opinion of a small but growing number of medical authorities, most of that money is wasted. For the majority of people, diets don't work. In fact, dieting usually does more harm than good. We've all seen the trimmed-down Oprah Winfrey, Tommy Lasorda and Kathleen Sullivan on television, offering their newly reduced selves as proof that shucking unwanted pounds is simply a matter of coming up with the cash for the latest miracle diet. But what wonder-diet promoters don't tell us—what until recently nobody had told us—is that within three years, 70 percent of dieters gain back every pound they had managed to lose. Within ten years that number jumps to 95 percent. "If you consider only the short-term data," says Dr. Michael Schwartz, an endocrinologist at the Seattle Veterans Affairs Medical Center, "the success rate of weight-loss therapy doesn't look so bad. But long-term studies clearly show that the weight inevitably comes back."

And the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in our cells. Like height or skin pigment or eye color, adiposity (scientific lingo for fatness) is genetically determined. Whenever you attempt to weigh less—or, for that matter, more—than your chromosomes have decreed you should weigh, your body takes steps to restore the natural order. As soon as a dieter's weight drops by more than four or five percent (seven to nine pounds for a 180-pound person), the brain detects a subtle change in blood chemistry and prompts the central nervous system to alter the metabolism: Fewer calories are burned, the body starts building stores of fat and the dieter develops an overwhelming craving for french fries and hot fudge sundaes.

Karl Kaiyala, a researcher who studies adiposity with Dr. Schwartz, explains that when it comes to weight, "The body's regulatory system is incredibly robust. As soon as you start consuming fewer calories, your body compensates by slowing its metabolic rate, conserving fat and nagging you to put food in your stomach. The brain works hard to defend a characteristic level of body fat; it is extremely difficult to fight it. That's why dieters dream about food, why they can't stop thinking about it and why many of them eventually succumb to binge-eating patterns."

GREG MAULY

## WHY DIETS DON'T WORK

It's important to note that, though the body goes to great lengths to maintain a target weight range, that target isn't constant: Between the ages of 20 and 50, the average person's natural weight will increase by ten to 20 pounds. The body is so determined to maintain its target weight that not even radical measures such as liposuction or the surgical reduction of the stomach are apt to diminish avoirdupois over the long haul. "Most people don't realize it," Kaiyala points out, "but when fat is suctioned out surgically, sooner or later it will come back. It won't necessarily return to the same place, but the total level of body fat will eventually be restored."

Schwartz is troubled by the fact that too many physicians, failing to acknowledge the futility of weight-reduction programs, hector obese patients to "get their acts together" and embark on ambitious diets. "For 40 years studies have shown that adiposity is biologically regulated and thus largely beyond an individual's control," he says. "The evidence is irrefutable, but many doctors ignore it. They continue to recommend unrealistic weight-loss therapy, which makes patients feel ashamed and guilty when the weight comes back. And in the process these doctors are enriching an enormous industry that capitalizes on the obese. It's time for us, the medical community, to get our act together."

Failed diets do more than erode self-esteem. A number of recent epidemiological studies suggest that men who engage in yo-yo dieting—losing weight only to gain it back—have significantly higher rates of heart disease, high blood pressure and diabetes than nondieters who maintain a steady, if hefty, weight. Such studies, says Schwartz, "have demonstrated that marked weight loss and weight cycling are associated with a 40 to 60 percent increase in mortality."

Staying fat, in other words, may be healthier than trying—and very often failing—to trim down. This is especially true if you tend to carry your excess flesh in your hips, butt and thighs rather than around your midriff. Overweight people with bottom-heavy, pear-shaped bodies have been shown to suffer fewer obesity-related health problems than overweight people who carry their bulk higher, around the belly.

If you are overweight, Schwartz emphasizes that "you shouldn't simply throw up your hands and say, 'What the hell. There's nothing I can do to control my weight, so I might as well eat whatever I want.' That's not the answer."

What is the answer? "Eat as much as your hunger dictates," suggests Kaiyala, "but make an attempt to consume fewer high-fat foods. Start a sustainable exercise program that meshes realistically with your lifestyle—one that you'll actually stick to. And pay no attention to the bathroom scale: Your weight will stabilize wherever it wants to. By cutting some of the fat from your diet and exercising regularly, you'll feel better and you'll probably live longer. You might even lose six or eight pounds. Just don't expect to lose much more than that."

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# MEN

## By ASA BABER

If you ranked the secret fears of men, you would find common anxieties among us. We are not fond of dying prematurely, for example. Or of losing custody of our children in divorce court. Or of being rejected sexually by our significant others.

But at the top of my list of manly trepidations are two items that can move my lecherous little heart into genuine arrhythmia. First, I never want to get a woman pregnant unless we both agree to it. Second, I do not want to die of AIDS. (It's common knowledge that AIDS is also a problem in the heterosexual community.) Those are probably my two biggest fears, and I have had frightening and enlightening experiences with both of them.

Here are a couple of true war stories that may help you remember to wear a condom every time you have sex. I maintain that the man who fucks without a condom is a fucking fool. And I can prove it.

A few years back, I found myself squinting at everything I tried to read, so I decided to get checked out by an ophthalmologist. I found a doctor with an office near my home and made an appointment. We met, shook hands, made some small talk, he put drops in my eyes and the tests began.

"You have a tear in your right retina," he said. "Have you been hit hard on the head or something?"

I laughed. "Well, I boxed for a lot of years. And I got bounced around in the Marine Corps. So, yes, I have been hit hard on the head. A few hundred times, probably."

It was not significant to me until later, but he looked up and seemed to stiffen, and I thought he did not care for my answer. "You have another problem," he said a few minutes later. "Did you know that you have AIDS?"

I felt my hands and scalp tingle. I felt my mouth go dry. "No," I said.

"Yes. It shows up in the eyes first. You'd better get tested."

"You're sure I have AIDS?" I asked.

"Absolutely," he said. "No question about it." And he went on with the exam as if nothing had happened.

I wish I could tell you that I went from his office to my physician's office and got tested that afternoon. But I did not. My fear was so great, my shame so profound, that I fell into a depression as severe as any I have ever experienced. After all, I was potentially vulnerable to the disease. I had been sexually active, and in spite of my good intentions, I had not always used condoms.

AMY CREMORE

## HALLOWED BE THY CONDOM

Believe it or not, one of my first concerns was for the readers of my *Men* column. What an irony: Ace the Base, Mr. Macho, the guy who had always urged people to use condoms, had been caught going without. Not only that: I might be seen by some readers as a hypocrite.

I refrained from all sexual activity, spent many sleepless nights and finally went to get tested. When I was told I was HIV-negative, I felt like crying. I have dodged lots of bullets, but this was one of the biggest.

It was not until a year or so later that I realized what had been done to me. As I picked up an extra pair of glasses at a shop downtown, the clerk looked at the prescription form and said, "Too bad about him. Did you hear? He just died of AIDS."

In a flash I understood. A dying doctor had decided to rattle my cage. He wanted me to feel what he had felt when he was told he had AIDS. I did, and in spite of his cruelty, I am grateful to him for it. I recommitted myself to safe sex, and I better understood the feelings of the doomed victims of that awful plague.

My other major-league fear—an unwanted pregnancy that was my responsibility—became a reality for me some years ago. This time there was no physician's gamesmanship. The facts were simple: A woman I had slept with was pregnant, and the tests proved it. We had not always used condoms, and in spite of my vision of myself as a knowledgeable lover, I had been cavalier on more than one occasion. I was in the midst of a messy divorce, I had no desire to remarry and I felt like the biggest jerk in the world—which I definitely was. In addition, I was already the father of two fine sons, and I had no desire to add even more children to the world's burgeoning population. My life with my boys was as good as life can get, and that was enough for me.

The burden of my responsibility began to work on both my body and my mind. I had migraine headaches for the first and only time in my life, and I lived in dread for several weeks. (We really did not know what to do. I was ready to get married if I had to, but I knew that it would be a disastrous choice for all of us.)

Here, too, I dodged a bullet, but I also learned something about safe sex. On a rural highway one summer's evening, with neither one of us drunk or disorderly, the car I was driving was blindsided by a truck. The car flew into the air, crashed down an embankment, rolled over twice and came to rest at the bottom of a ditch. At that moment, in shock, my companion miscarried. It was a bloody, difficult process, and we both lamented that premature loss of life. But we were relieved by the miscarriage, too. We knew we were too independent to be good partners or good parents.

When you think about it, the latex condom is a marvelous invention. But most of us often fail to use it. We assume the interruption is not worth it. But I have learned, in two terrifying incidents, that the few seconds it takes to fit Mr. Happy with good protection can make all the difference in the world between responsibility and foolishness. So let this be your first commandment for the rest of your sexual life, amigos: *Hallowed be thy condom.*

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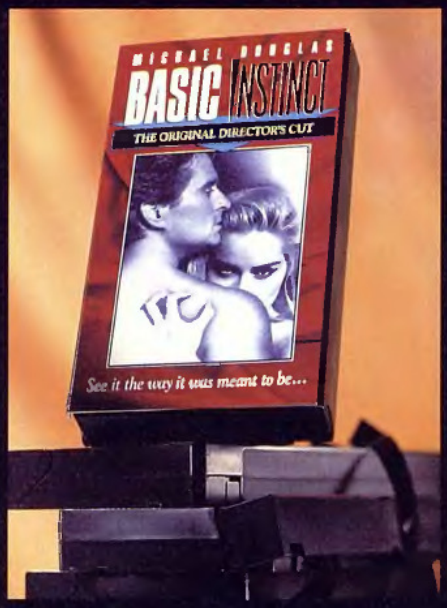


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# WOMEN

## By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

## THE SHAME OF MALE-BASHING

There is a disquieting trend underway in our society. It started in the Seventies and culminated yesterday when I received in the mail three unsolicited books on men—each bashing, each belittling, each full of smirking and fingerpointing.

Book one is called *How to Make Your Man Behave in 21 Days or Less, Using the Secrets of Professional Dog Trainers*, by Karen Salmansohn. In this tiny tome we are told that all men are dogs and that "it's pointless to compete for attention with a dog caught up in a ball game. He is a mindless, obsessed animal."

Book two is *Eve's Revenge*, by the industrious Tama Starr. One can peruse quotes from such famous male-bashers as Catharine MacKinnon ("Whatever sexually arouses a man is sex. If there is no inequality, no violation, no dominance, no force, there is no sexual arousal"), misogynistic antiquities from Euripides ("Surely, of all creatures that have life and will, women are the most wretched") or even odd, hate-filled jokes ("Mommy, Mommy, why is Daddy so pale?" "Shut up and keep digging").

Book three is *Undressing the American Male*. It's one of those hellish volumes about how to keep your man happy, even if he likes to tie you up or has an aversion to your vagina.

But two out of three isn't bad. Male-bashing is everywhere. TV sitcoms exist only to make men look ridiculous. In comedy clubs, women get big laughs tearing men to shreds. Talk radio is either filled with Rush Limbaugh and his hideous clones or female supremacists exhorting their listeners to rise up and quash those pesky Y chromosomes.

Phone lines all over America are clogged with vitriol. Guys, you don't want to know. Women want you extinct. Some of them think you are extinct but just haven't noticed. They're complaining about your arrogance, your sloppiness, your infidelity, your stupidity, your sex drive, your aggression, your empty pride, your cruelty, your taste in shirts.

This, understandably, makes the average man feel defensive. Pissed off. Misunderstood. Frustrated. Confused by this constant barrage of hatred. Mainly, with all kinds of nice, sensitive, nonraping, nonaggressive, self-effacing and natty men around, it seems unfair.

I would like to offer my advice: Get over it. You want to talk fair? OK, let's. It's not fair that this country is governed by men. It's not fair that an unconscionable amount of violence is perpetrated against women every day. It's not fair that women are the victims of virtually all domestic crimes. It's not fair that most blockbuster movies star guys with guns and that their co-stars are just wet dreams. It's not fair that the female semiclad body is used to sell beer, cars and sandwiches. It's not fair that middle-aged men are sexy and powerful while middle-aged women are invisible. It's not fair that men have all the money—except for Oprah and Roseanne. It's not fair that women are battered and belittled and brainwashed every day in every way to think they're inferior to men. And it's really not fair that a billion books a year are published about how fucked up a woman is if she can't get a husband.

What's a couple of demeaning portrayals on sitcoms? Face it, men, when it comes to being treated unfairly, we blow you right out of the water. (And please don't start rattling on about unfair alimony and child custody. Study the figures and you'll find that for every man who is saddled with unfair alimony payments or screwed out of custody of his children, a hundred women are abandoned with no money and sole care of the children, with no day care in sight. So there.)

But so what? Everything we learned in kindergarten is wrong. Unfairness is beside the point. Life is unfair. People are unfair. And God, should she happen to exist, is the most unfair of all, letting children starve and animals be heedlessly massacred. Fairness is a nonissue.

This is why "masculinists" like Warren Farrell, Ph.D., make me crazy. This guy is like a kindergartner whose crayons have been stolen, so he's holding his breath and turning blue. He writes petulantly and self-righteously about how mistreated his sex is. Which prompts women to tell him and his sidekicks even more self-righteously how mistreated we are. Then he counterattacks, then we counterattack. Defensiveness reigns. This is masochism. Even if one sex should finally and fully win the martyrdom sweepstakes, nobody wins a thing.

Male-bashing and female-bashing are destructive. Both exacerbate the "gender wars" that the media are having such a barking frenzy over. These trumped-up gender wars could replace Tonya Harding, Lorena Bobbitt and O.J. Simpson in the hearts and souls of tabloid-reading America. We'll be hearing about them for a long time because they make such a lovely smoke screen. We're being divided and conquered and distracted from the real issue, which is that neo-Nazi, white-supremacist, non-ozone-hole-believing, religious fanatics are banding together to take over the universe. That's the downside.

The upside is that both sexes get to let off steam. Wouldn't you prefer that women comedians go insane with hatred and that audiences have a good, cathartic laugh than that we all go out and wreak havoc? The oppressed, to stay healthy and retain a modicum of self-esteem, have to mock the oppressor.

Which is why I miss Richard Pryor and appreciate Spike Lee. They make fun of white people so brilliantly that we honkies don't even mind being called honkies. We don't get defensive and take it personally. Their jibes are taken with good humor and generosity. We know they're right.

So guys, stop being so prickly. Show some humor. You never know, maybe we will too.

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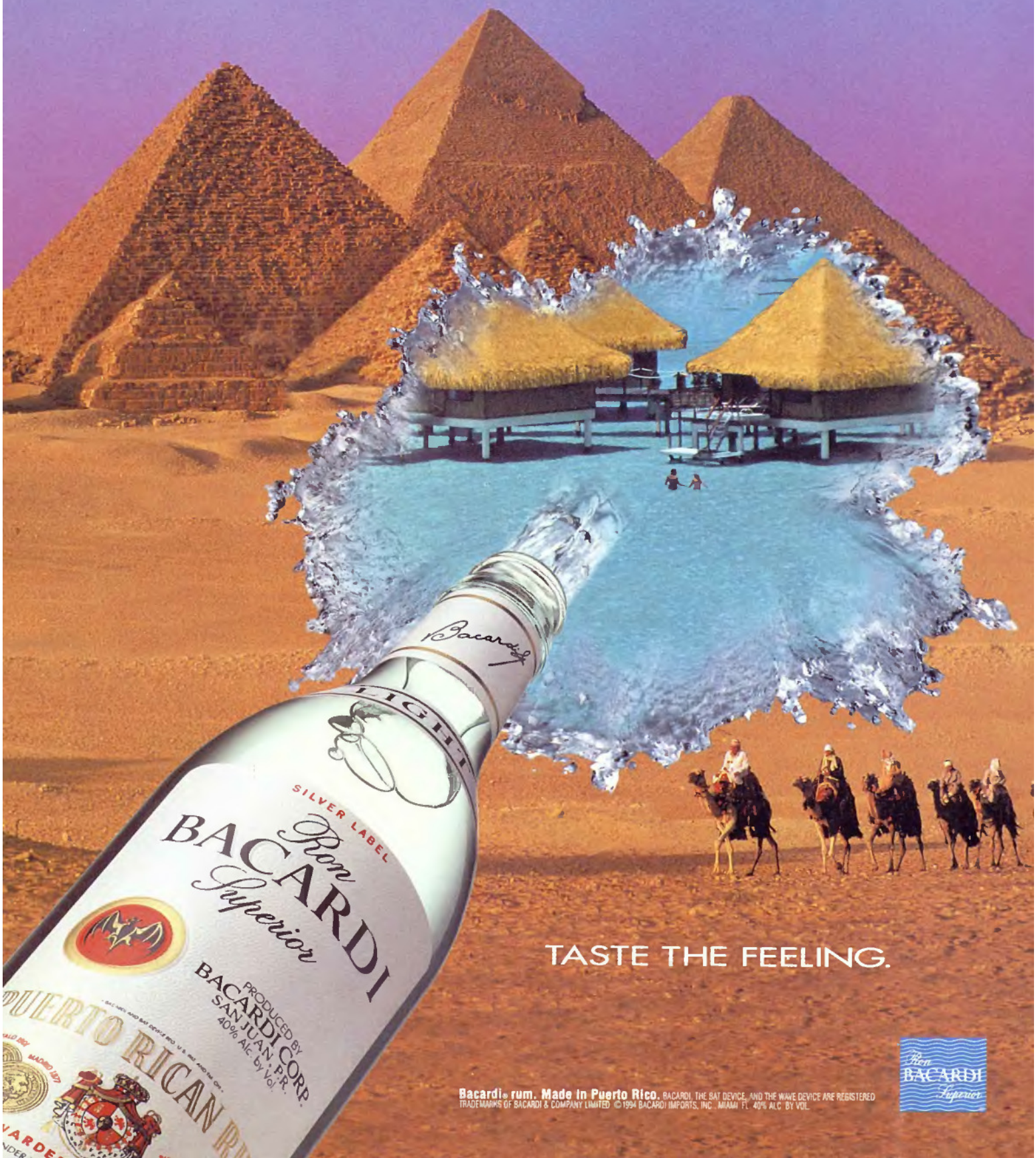


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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I enjoy fellatio as much as the next guy. Luckily, my girlfriend is very good at it and enjoys it also. The hitch is that I'm able to climax only through intercourse. I have never come from fellatio. If it feels so good, why can't I finish?—C. J., Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

*Trust us: You are not enjoying fellatio as much as the next guy. To paraphrase what a therapist once said about intercourse: Oral sex is perfectly natural, but it's almost never naturally perfect. You may have a hang-up about coming in your girlfriend's mouth. You may need more friction (add a hand—yours or hers). You may need a better view—so that you can see, and therefore believe, that it is actually happening to you. Do it in front of a mirror or in better light or standing so that you can look down on the action. Or perhaps you need to be more active (during intercourse most guys get carried away by the thrusting action—it could be that you are simply doing it with an unfamiliar rhythm). Finally, try switching the order—intercourse as foreplay, then come in her mouth.*

When do you use an ice bucket? A friend says that it should be used to chill a bottle of white, rosé or even red wine. I thought it was simply to keep a bottle from warming to room temperature during a meal.—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

*Chill red wine? Shoot the barbarian. Most wines are meant to be savored at room temperature—if the room is the chilly 55° of a French wine cellar. Don't go overboard. Many people keep whites and rosés in the refrigerator for days. But too much cold can mask flavor. Here's our advice: If you don't have a cellar and someone just brought over a bottle of white or rosé, an ice bucket filled with a mixture of ice and water will chill the bottle to 55 degrees in about eight minutes. (Simply putting it in the fridge can take up to an hour. Who has that kind of time?) Always serve champagne in an ice bucket. It can stand the cold.*

My girlfriend has taken a six-month job overseas. I am committed to being faithful to her while she is gone, but lately masturbation hasn't been enough for me. Can you suggest a way for me to stifle my hormones or perhaps to get more satisfaction out of masturbation?—G. R., Sacramento, California.

*Where overseas? Antarctica? Pick up the phone. Call her and talk about what you would do if you were there with her. (You know the motto—Reach out and ask someone to touch themselves.) Do it with e-mail or the old-fashioned way—with a passionate, sexually explicit letter. Write a detailed account of the last time you made love, or the first time. Ask her to do the same. And for a grand gesture, ask her to meet you for a long weekend somewhere in between your current residences.*

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

Our car is parked outside for most of the winter. How can we reduce the effects of four to five months of ice, snow and road salt?—G. K., Detroit, Michigan.

*Before winter begins, thoroughly clean your car. Wax the body and the painted bumpers. (Don't wax chrome; the plating needs oxygen to keep its appearance. Wax can trap moisture, which causes pitting.) Reapply the wax at least twice before spring. Protect rubber and vinyl trim with a quality protectant—not a silicone spray. Wash your car more often during the winter. Sand and salt are abrasive to a car's finish and they can do immense damage underneath a car. Many car washes offer an undercarriage spray for a nominal charge. Pay particular attention to wheels and wheel wells (rinse them as thoroughly as possible). If you clean your car yourself, add three tablespoons of baking soda to the water to neutralize the salt acids. Make sure your windshield washer is directed at your windshield, since antifreeze alcohol in the wash solution will ruin wax if it oversprays. Dilute the solution as much as possible.*

My lover asked me to ejaculate on her breasts, which I readily agreed to. Afterward, I re-inserted my penis in her vagina and came again in less than 45 seconds. The second orgasm was very intense. Since that time, I have repeated this fairly often. Is this common?—P. W., Iowa City, Iowa.

*Some men are capable of repeat orgasms in a short time. Most need a few minutes to several hours—the time required often increases with age. What you are experiencing may simply be the same orgasm finished off to the last drop. Ejaculation and orgasm are not the same. Some men can prolong a climax long after the semen stops coming out. In "Tricks," author Jay Wiseman relates: "When a man comes, the sensations of orgasm mix with the sensations of semen passing through his penis. Interestingly, his orgasm usually doesn't pump all the semen out of his penis. During masturbation or fellatio, a considerate lover can give him a tiny extra orgasm by pinching his cock lightly but firmly to complete emptying." You can obtain a copy of "Tricks" from Romantasy Boutique, 199 Moulton Street, San Francisco, California 94123, or call 415-673-3137.*

What is the proper amount to give a maître d' to assure a good table?—V. S., New York, New York.

*Sirio Maccioni, the owner of New York's Le Cirque, once said: "Accepting a tip for a 'good' table is unethical. The restaurant is not a theater where you pay for a ticket, and a maître d' is not an usher. He is the master of the dining room, there to serve you." If you are dissatisfied with the location of a table, simply indicate the table you would prefer. If the maître d' can't oblige, then it is unlikely the rest of the service will rise to the occasion. Tip at the end of the meal in appreciation of the total effort.*

In a recent *Advisor* you talked briefly about the Digital Satellite System. Could you tell me more about the programming options? What are the advantages of satellite over cable?—B. T., Denver, Colorado.

*We are high on DSS. This type of direct broadcast satellite system delivers the same superior digital audio and video that formerly was available only on laser disc. The 18-inch receivers sell for $700 to $850 at Sears and Circuit City. In addition to enhanced picture and sound quality, you get expanded programming options. Two companies, DirecTV and United States Satellite Broadcasting System, are promising up to 150 channels, including frequently aired pay-per-view movies and special events, as well as such cable fare as HBO, Showtime, CNN, MTV and Playboy TV. Prices for basic and premium packages are comparable to cable. If you're not satisfied with your current service, DSS is a good way to buck the system. Note that DSS does not yet offer local broadcast stations, so you'll need an antenna hookup—at least until the program providers are able to offer network TV, too.*

I can't ask my buddies this question—they'd never let me forget it. And I'm too embarrassed to ask my girlfriend. So I'm asking you: How can I tell if a woman

has had an orgasm?—G. M., Madison, Wisconsin.

*Women's orgasms are fairly similar to men's, except that most women don't ejaculate. In both sexes, orgasm is the result of a quick series of wavelike muscle contractions in the pelvic area. The muscles, similar in men and women, run from the anus to the genitals and contract for a total of a few seconds. To tell if a woman has come, simply look for the signs you experience: a quickening of excitement followed by involuntary pelvic, hip or leg movements and then a release of breath and tension as the orgasm subsides. However, orgasms vary from person to person and often in the same individual, depending on the circumstances. Some people moan, scream or thrash; others are fairly quiet. Many women never come from intercourse alone. They need direct clitoral stimulation. If you feel too embarrassed to ask your girlfriend if she came, simply ask, "Is there anything else I can do for you?" If she says yes, provide gentle clitoral caresses with your fingers, tongue or a sex toy. Continue until she asks you to stop. Surprisingly, many women wonder how they can tell if a man has come. One very intimate way to resolve your question (and maybe your girlfriend's) is to masturbate to orgasm for each other. That way, you and your lover see not only how you both come, but also the kinds of caresses that get you off.*

I've heard you can retrofit a driver's-side air bag in many late-model cars. Is this true, and can I do it myself?—K. G., Herndon, Virginia.

*It's true now. Since our previous answer on this subject was published, at least one aftermarket company began offering retrofit air-bag kits. Breed Technologies of Lakeland, Florida, makers of air-bag sensors (the devices that signal the air bag to inflate), has developed a complete driver's-side air-bag system that can be installed in certain used cars. The Breed SRS-40 retrofit air-bag kits are identical to the factory-installed air bags offered by Jaguar and Fiat. Only a Breed-certified auto mechanic can install one. Units are offered for 42 popular domestic and imported vehicles built from 1987 to 1994. All kits include a replacement steering wheel. They retail for $695, installation included. For more information, call 800-247-6601.*

While I was in my teens and early 20s, I had some interesting sexual experiences with threesomes. The relationships weren't serious, so the fun never interfered with feelings. Now I'm 28 and am involved with someone who is 22. She has the same wild outlook I had at that age, but has never been in a multiple-partner situation. On a recent date she had a friend join us for drinks and dancing. At the end of the evening, she told me that they had discussed an encounter. I thought it was a joke, but on the way home they started talking about going to a hotel. My girlfriend then stripped in the car and began performing oral sex on me. I was driving, but I reached into the backseat to use my fingers on her friend, who was getting very hot. We didn't get a room, because I didn't want my girlfriend to take that kind of step while intoxicated. But we still talk about a threesome. I know how hot it is, but I've never attempted it with someone I really cared for. She has some of the same doubts about how it will affect our feelings. We are both preoccupied with the fantasy, and it gets us very excited. Should we act on it, or leave it in fantasyland?—H. C., Newark, New Jersey.

*There's nothing like a touch of seriousness to quell lust and spontaneity. If you want to keep this girl, you have to treat her as an equal, not as a student. You don't "give" a partner a threesome—it is something that happens to both of you. She has the same wild outlook you once had—and that seems to scare you now. Try to imagine a relationship that allows that wildness to flourish. Boredom is not the key to fidelity.*

My boyfriend and I always use condoms, mainly for birth control purposes, when we have sex. But when things are hot and heavy, it disrupts the mood if he has to fumble with a rubber. Is there any way to incorporate this activity into lovemaking?—S. A., New York, New York.

*Sure. You can simultaneously increase his arousal while relieving him of responsibility for suiting up. Open the package, remove the condom and stick your tongue into the tip to remove any air. Using your lips and tongue (no teeth, please), carefully unroll the condom to the base of his penis. To ensure a smooth fit, help it along with your hands. We think you'll both be pleased with the results.*

I bicycle everywhere I go, and suffer from occasional numbness of the penis—and pain on the top of my penis. I would not be caught dead in spandex tights, but I'm concerned enough to consider them. Are padded bike shorts the answer?—D. N., Tacoma, Washington.

*Penile numbness is a fairly common complaint among cyclists. According to John Forester's book "Effective Cycling," saddle pain or numbness can result from restricted blood flow along the upper surface of the penis as it lifts against the pubic bone. Padding the seat doesn't work—it only presses the penis more tightly against the bone. Forester recommends a modern saddle with silicone-gel pads where your bones press against it. Compare the match between your shape and the shape of your bike saddle. You might get some relief from a different-width saddle. Also try periodically lifting out of the seat while you are pedaling.*

While my girlfriend was giving me a foot massage, she touched a point just behind the ball of my foot. I noticed an erotic sensation, mostly through my foot, but nonetheless very sexual. Rubbing this spot triggers sensual feelings in me, but she doesn't seem to have a corresponding spot. Any hints on where to find her erogenous zones?—S. W., Hackensack, New Jersey.

*Some individuals are more sensitive to a particular stimulation than others. Spots that are usually sensitive for both sexes include the earlobes, neck, lips, nipples, inner thighs, lower back (just above the buttocks) and backs of the knees. But here's a neat exercise. Create a pleasure map to learn what spots are sensitive for your partner. Explore her body using a scale ranging from negative to neutral to wow. See if changing the intensity of the touch changes the rating. Leave Post-it stickers on all points of interest. Then go over your notes.*

At a dinner party recently, I tasted a fine cognac that my friend had been given for college graduation—almost a decade ago. She had never had the occasion, she said, to celebrate. The evening was exceptional, and I wonder—Did the ten years in the bottle improve the cognac?—J. T., Schenectady, New York.

*The cognac was exceptional when it went into the bottle. The flavor is the result of years of aging in oak barrels. The process gives fine spirits their color and smoky flavor. Aging stops once the liquor is bottled. That means you can repeat the celebration with more recent acquisitions.*

What are my rights as a traveler when an airline bumps me from an overbooked flight? This has happened a couple of times in the past year—and would have happened more if other passengers hadn't traded seats for later flights and vouchers or cash.—P. T., Los Angeles, California.

*To avoid the hassle, arrive early with a reservation and boarding pass. Look at your ticket jacket for the cutoff time (between ten and 30 minutes, depending on the airline). That's the point at which your reservation evaporates and you become just another standby passenger. If the flight is overbooked (major carriers routinely overbook by 20 percent on popular flights), you'll get between $200 and $400 for your seat (you can sometimes bargain for more). We know some travelers who hope for overbooked flights—for every passenger turned away, some 13 give up their seats for vouchers or cash. What's your time worth?*

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*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.*

# WOMEN ARE RESPONSIBLE, TOO

## a startling perspective on domestic violence

By JUDITH SHERVEN & JAMES SNIECHOWSKI

Once again, the myth of the evil male perpetrator and the innocent female victim in domestic violence is being broadcast and written about as gospel. The discussion is national; the rage and sorrow are palpable. Only when we come to terms with the fact that ending domestic violence should be the responsibility of both men and women, however, will we put a stop to this nightmare.

Domestic violence is not an either-or phenomenon. It is not either the man's fault or the woman's. It is a both-and problem. Both the male and the female are bound in their dance of mutual destructiveness and in their incapacity for intimacy and appreciation of differences. They need each other to perpetuate personal and collective dramas of victimization and lovelessness, and so, regrettably, neither can leave.

This is an untidy idea for people who have grown up believing that the good guy triumphs over the bad guy and rescues the damsel in distress. But to tackle the problem of domestic violence, we must alter our perspective. Facts:

• Half of spousal murders are committed by wives, a statistic that has been stable over time. [A recent Justice Department study found the ratio almost equal among blacks, and approximately 60 percent/40 percent overall. However, the FBI says that in 1992, 1432 women were killed by their intimate male partners, while 623 men were killed by their female partners. *Newsweek* concluded that the "image of hordes of women wielding guns, knives or brass knuckles is likely a fantasy." How then did 623 men die?]

• The findings of the 1985 National Family Violence Survey, funded by the National Institute of Mental Health and supported by many other surveys, revealed that women and men physically abuse each other in roughly equal numbers. Wives reported that they were more often the aggressors, using weapons to make up for physical disadvantage. They were not just fighting back. In 1984 a researcher looked into 6200 domestic assault cases. The study found that 25 percent of the men used weapons, compared with 82 percent of the women.

• While 1.8 million women annually suffered one or more assaults from a husband or boyfriend, slightly more than 2 million men were assaulted by a wife or girlfriend, according to a 1985 study on U.S. family violence published in the *Journal of Marriage and the Family*. That study also found that 54 percent of all violence termed "severe" was perpetrated by women.

• *Social Work: Journal of the National Association of Social Workers* found in 1986 that among teenagers who date, girls were violent more frequently than boys.

• Mothers abuse their children at a rate approaching twice that of fathers, according to state child-protective service agencies surveyed by the Children's Rights Coalition.

• Because men are ridiculed when they reveal that they have been battered by women, women are nine times more likely to report their abusers to the authorities.

Why are we, as a culture, loath to expose the responsibility of women in domestic abuse? If we are sincere about change, we must acknowledge the truth: Women are part and parcel of domestic violence.

Why does our culture refuse to hold women accountable for their participation in domestic violence? Their behavior is understood and passed off as the by-product of socialization or poor economic status. On the other hand, men are held fully accountable for all of their behavior—despite the tough-guy stereotype all boys are encouraged to embody and despite the abuse many bear as a "normal and loving" part of their upbringing.

None of this is intended to exonerate O.J. Simpson. If he is guilty of the murders with which he has been charged, he must answer for his actions. The point is that, in the reaction to this sensational case, we do ourselves a grave disservice to slip into a gender-biased frenzy, vilifying and accusing only men as abusers.

If women are not expected to think and act for themselves, if their self-esteem is in shambles and their dependency is characterized as feminine, the fault cannot be laid at the feet of men.

The women's movement claims that its goal is equal rights for women. Women, therefore, should share responsibility for their behavior and their contribution to domestic violence. Only the truth will stop the epidemic of violence that is destroying our families and our nation.

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*A version of this commentary ran in the "Los Angeles Times" on June 21, 1994.*

FORUM

# DRUG-COURIER PROFILES

forget warrants—police can stop and search almost anyone

By JAMES BOVARD

Jill Darby, a flight attendant on a personal trip, was standing in Denver's Stapleton International Airport when a man approached and asked if he could search her purse and luggage. She refused because she did not believe the man was a law enforcement officer.

He shoved her against a wall. Two other men approached, showed badges and searched her forcibly. At some point in the search, Darby's finger was broken. She has filed a lawsuit.

Willie Jones of Nashville was flying to Houston to buy plants for his landscaping business. He paid cash for his plane ticket. Drug Enforcement Administration agents buttonholed Jones, checked his ID and asked permission to search him. Jones refused, but the officers searched him anyway. They found $9000 in cash and announced they were "detaining the money." Jones asked for a receipt. The agents handed him a slip of paper noting the seizure of "an undetermined amount of U.S. currency." Jones objected and asked the officers to count the money. The officers refused, claiming that such an action would violate DEA policy. Jones filed a lawsuit. Two years later, a judge ordered the money returned.

Joe Morgan, a Hall of Fame baseball player, was making a phone call in Los Angeles International Airport. An LAPD detective approached him, demanded to see identification and then, according to Morgan, grabbed him from behind, shoved him to the floor and handcuffed him. The officer told Morgan that the officer was an "authority figure" and that he would teach Morgan "what authority is all about."

Aided by a DEA agent, he dragged Morgan to a nearby room for interrogation. Later, realizing their mistake, the narcs released him. Morgan filed a lawsuit, which was settled for more than $750,000.

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What do these people have in common? Each was stopped simply because he or she fit a drug-courier profile. Each is black.

The Fourth Amendment states: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." The purpose of the Fourth Amendment is to prevent government officials from having "dictatorial power over the streets." The Fourth Amendment is a thing of the past.

*"Some profiles pinpoint the first person off the plane as a likely drug suspect. Others target the last person off."*

Drug-courier profiles—official lists of characteristics or traits of people who supposedly carry drugs—now allow police to search almost anyone they please. Random shakedowns of travelers—because they are black, or Hispanic, or scruffy, say, and white—occur now more than ever before.

Federal prosecutors argue that the traits in the drug-courier profile automatically create a suspicion of criminal conduct—and thus a justification to accost private citizens. Asked to describe the specifics of such a profile, Donna De La Torre, a Customs Service spokeswoman, stonewalled. "I can't tell you exactly what it says. It changes constantly and it's not for public knowledge."

If you study individual cases, the capricious nature of the profiles emerges. Agents have shown remarkable creativity in devising drug-courier profiles for airline passengers. Some profiles pinpoint the first person off the plane as a likely drug suspect, others target the last person off and some assert that people who try to blend into the middle are the ones to detain.

Government agents have used drug-courier profiles to search passengers who had nonstop flights—and those who changed planes; people traveling alone—and people traveling with a companion; people who appeared nervous—and people who appeared too calm. Among the telltale characteristics in one widely used DEA courier profile are "the almost exclusive use of public transportation, particularly taxicabs, in departing from the airport" and "immediately making a phone call after deplaning." These two provisions

alone should provide enough suspects to keep DEA agents happily burrowing through other people's belongings until at least the turn of the century.

Police routinely stop passengers if they are flying to or from places that are considered to be narcotics source cities, such as Detroit or Miami. During a 1991 federal court trial, prosecutors went even further, claiming that a "source city" for drug traffic is "virtually any city with a major airport." (The judge noted in his decision that this assertion provoked an eruption of laughter in the courtroom.)

Federal agents sometimes claim that their profiles are nearly infallible—which is news to the tens of thousands of people who have been wrongfully searched by government officials. In one court case, federal prosecutors sought to justify a drug-courier profile by claiming that "the combination of facts in this case will rarely, if ever, describe an innocent traveler." One DEA spokesman declared that government agents "can spot a drug dealer the way a woman can spot a deal at the supermarket." But at the Buffalo airport in 1989, federal agents detained 600 individuals as suspected drug couriers. Only ten were subsequently arrested.

Such statistics may justify fear of flying, but ground travel is no safer. Drug-courier profiles in many states target drivers who exceed the speed limit, even though a 1991 Federal Highway Administration survey found that more than half of drivers exceed speed limits. And for those cars that don't speed, New Mexico state police invented a drug-courier profile to justify stopping drivers who showed "scrupulous obedience to traffic laws." A Georgia state police profile instructed troopers to be wary of "cars carrying a box of tissues, which signals cocaine use, and cars carrying empty McDonald's cartons or pillows and blankets in the backseat area, which may signal drug runners in a hurry," as one law journal article noted. A Florida trial judge commented on the courier profile used by Florida police: "When you boil the profile down to its essentials, it covers just about every rental automobile or private automobile with out-of-state license plates traveling north on the turnpike or I-95."

The police defend profiles as a "tool that works." Here, exactly, is how the tool works. Between 1989 and 1992, the Tinicum, Pennsylvania police department routinely stopped blacks and Hispanics who were driving through or near the town, on the pretext of a motor vehicle code provision that prohibits cars from having rabbits' feet, dice or air fresheners hanging from the rearview mirror. Tinted windows could also get motorists pulled over. Police then searched the automobiles for drugs and contraband. Four black women returning from a church service asserted that the police officer who performed the search said he stopped them because they were young, black and driving "a nice car."

In a six-month period, 96 percent of the cars stopped by one Tinicum police officer were driven by blacks. The Delaware County, Pennsylvania district attorney justified the racial targeting: "Everybody knows that the drug trade in Chester and Philadelphia and in Wilmington, Delaware is controlled by blacks. It's a truism."

*"An LAPD detective grabbed him from behind, shoved him to the floor and handcuffed him."*

Or is the truism that drug enforcement in some cities is controlled by racists? A Biloxi, Mississippi newspaper examined police files and found that of 57 cars stopped and searched on a local interstate, 55 were driven by blacks or Hispanics. A Rutgers University study found that though only 4.7 percent of the traffic on the New Jersey turnpike involved "late-model cars with out-of-state plates driven by black males," 80 percent of arrests fit that description.

As with the airport profiles, profiles for drivers are also being profitably combined with asset-forfeiture laws. The Volusia County, Florida sheriff's department set up a "forfeiture trap" run by a Selective Enforcement Team and seized an unbelievable average of $5000 a day from unlucky motorists traveling Interstate 95 between 1989 and 1992—more than $8 million total. In three quarters of the seizures, no criminal charges were filed. A Pulitzer Prize–winning investigation by *The Orlando Sentinel* revealed that 90 percent of seizure victims were black or Hispanic.

People whose cash was seized by the deputies received scant due process of law. As the *Sentinel* noted, one deputy told two blacks from whom he had just confiscated $19,000: "You have the right to follow us back to the station and get a receipt." Even citizens who provided proof that their money was honestly acquired (including a lottery winner's receipts) were treated like drug dealers. Volusia County officials often offered "settlements" to drivers whose cash they seized, vowing to return a percentage of the seized cash if the drivers would promise not to sue.

The ACLU and the NAACP are suing Volusia County for racial bias in its drug-courier profiles. In court proceedings earlier this year, two members of the Selective Enforcement Team swore that the program head specifically instructed them to stop black and Hispanic drivers to search for drugs and cash. The officers also said they had seen copies of a courier profile that included as a target characteristic "ethnic groups associated with the drug trade." One deputy stated that a caricature of a drug courier posted on a department bulletin board showed a

black man wearing a large gold medallion and cowboy boots.

During the Fifties, citizens who invoked their constitutional rights and refused to testify about their politics were sometimes known as Fifth Amendment communists. The modern equivalent is Fourth Amendment drug couriers. When a police officer asks a citizen to submit voluntarily to a search, the officer is essentially asking the citizen to waive his or her constitutional right to privacy. Even if a citizen refuses to be searched, police often forcibly search the person and then deny that the citizen refused permission. Police also sometimes argue in court that a citizen's unwillingness to be searched is itself sufficient evidence that he or she has broken the law. Although such arguments should be beyond contempt, many judges, anxious to give the police as much discretionary power as possible, accept them with a straight face.

It is only a question of time until the oppressive tactics that the government now uses against drug suspects will be used against clean-living, God-fearing, Volvo-driving Americans.

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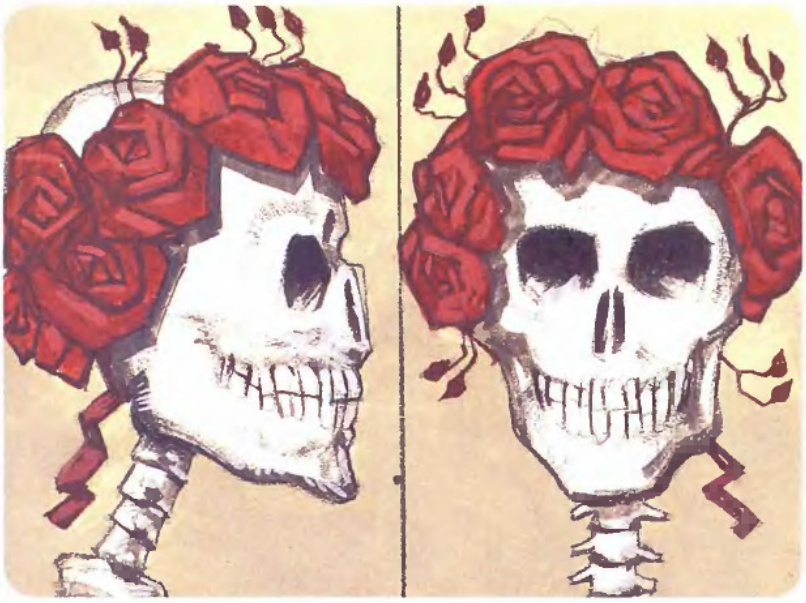
*Bovard is the author of "Lost Rights: The Destruction of American Liberty."*

# THE DEADHEAD PROFILE



Since 1990, arrests for possession of LSD have tripled nationwide. Most of those busted have been Deadheads, aging hippies and college kids who follow the Grateful Dead from concert to concert in Volkswagen buses. Roughly 500 Grateful Dead fans are serving terms for LSD violations in federal prisons, and up to 2000 more are serving terms in state prisons. One University of New Hampshire police officer created his own drug-courier profile: He targeted and stopped cars with Grateful Dead bumper stickers.

Julie Stewart, director of Families Against Mandatory Minimums, an organization that is opposed to harsh penalties for drug violations, observed, "In the last round of Grateful Dead concerts on the East Coast, there was a trail of people left in jail afterward." When the Dead played in Louisville, Kentucky in June 1993, police arrested 272 fans within two days. In Phoenix in March 1994, police arrested 173 people at two Dead concerts.

The attitude of the DEA and local police toward Deadheads is difficult to comprehend. When the Dead played in Atlanta in March 1993, police sergeant Leroy Williams told a local paper, "For the most part, the crowd is peaceful. No violence, no fights." Yet Williams also told the paper that the Atlanta police were "locking up [Deadheads] by the busload" on drug charges.

*"One policeman created his own drug-courier profile—he stopped cars with Grateful Dead bumper stickers."*

Many busts occur when undercover drug agents aggressively encourage Deadheads to sell them illicit drugs. Last March in Rosemont, Illinois, police entrapped a 20-year-old Deadhead by offering him two concert tickets in exchange for 18 doses of LSD. (Charges were dismissed after laboratory tests revealed that the Deadhead gave narcs bogus goods containing no LSD.)

Gene Haislip, the DEA's chief of LSD enforcement, told *USA Today*: "We've opened a vein here. We're going to mine it until this whole thing turns around."

The police vendetta against Deadheads is largely the result of a quirk in federal drug sentencing laws. These laws, known as mandatory minimums, dictate that a person's prison sentence is determined by the weight of drugs that he or she sells. LSD is usually sold in sugar cubes or on blotter paper.

Federal prosecutors count the weight of the sugar or paper as if it were pure LSD. Stanley Marshall of El Paso, Texas was arrested in 1988 for possessing less than a gram of LSD, but because the drug was on 113 grams of paper, Marshall got a 20-year federal prison sentence.

Because of this quirk in the law, Deadheads face longer mandatory sentences for selling a handful of acid-laced sugar cubes than Congress mandates for kidnapping, embezzlement or manslaughter.

Some critics believe that the crackdown on Deadheads is simply an easy way for federal drug agents to rack up enforcement and conviction numbers—which are impressive when it comes time for Congress to determine DEA budgets. Dennis McNally, publicist for the Grateful Dead, declared, "It's much easier to arrest some hippie kid than it is to walk into a crack den in the inner city, where somebody might open the door holding a semiautomatic."

# NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## HOLY NIPPLE

BURLINGTON, ONTARIO—*An unusually pious member of St. Paul's Catholic Church is threatening to appeal to the Pope if a statue of the Virgin Mary is not re-*

*moved from the congregant's place of worship. The woman claims that the nipples are clearly visible through the clothing of the life-size statue and that they incite carnal thoughts in male churchgoers.*

## ROAD WARRIOR

ALEXANDRIA—*Virginia courts will have to decide if a man was interfering with law enforcement or exercising his right of free speech. After passing a highway sobriety checkpoint, the defendant pulled off the road and crafted a handmade sign to warn oncoming motorists of the police roadblock.*

## OUR KIND OF FUND

CLEVELAND—*At last, we've discovered a mutual fund for the politically incorrect. Morgan Funshares Inc., which is described as "socially unconscious," specializes in companies offering liquor, tobacco, cosmetics, gambling and disposable paper products. The 77-year-old creator of the fund, who doesn't smoke or drink, found that consumers cling to their habits in good and bad times. Thus, investing in these types of companies would make the fund essentially recession-proof. Founded in 1989, Funshares has averaged a return of nearly 12 percent, which is better than you'll get with Standard & Prudes–type mutual funds.*

## ELECTRONIC STALKING

DEARBORN HEIGHTS, MICHIGAN—*Civil liberties lawyers will decide whether to defend a man charged with stalking a woman by e-mail. The two met through a video dating service, and an initial attraction led to phone calls and computer correspondence. When the woman tried to end the exchanges, he left a message on her answering machine saying he had secretly watched her leave work. After she filed a police report and he threatened to mail their story to her family and friends, the man was arrested and charged. Present antistalking laws do not include e-mail correspondence.*

## BORN-AGAIN VIRGINS

NEW YORK CITY—*The HIV-AIDS Advisory Council passed a proposal recommending that the curriculum for eighth graders include—or perhaps invent—the concept of "secondary virginity." The idea is that even if students are having intercourse, they can consider themselves virgins if they stop doing it.*

## BIRDBRAINS

TRAVERSE CITY—*The Michigan Department of Transportation has banned a newspaper, the "Dick E. Bird News," from its state highway welcome centers. The ban was prompted when the eight-year-old son of a highway official told his mom that "Dick E. Bird" sounded like slang for penis. The free 24-page monthly is the hobby of Dick E. Mallery. The publication contains humorous commentary, poetry, environmental notes, letters from readers and "the best darned bird stories ever told." Stating that the journal had existed for eight years without complaint, Mallery expressed worry about the "sanity of state government."*

## GAY PARENTING

RICHMOND—*The Virginia Court of Appeals has ruled unanimously that a person's homosexuality is not grounds for being declared an unfit parent, even if statutes still prohibit sodomy. The ruling overturned a lower court's decision that had awarded custody of a child to a grandparent because the mother is a lesbian. Although conservative groups protested the ruling, an attorney for the ACLU said the language of the court emphasized that parenting ability should be the deciding factor in custody cases.*

## 1-900-EXTORTION

PHILADELPHIA—*A collection agency that tracks down phone-sex debtors has been accused of using extortion tactics. Federal prosecutors say that Standup Communications and Productions squeezed more than $2 million out of individuals by threatening to inform spouses or employers of calls made to the lines, sometimes even after the money had been collected. A few victims maintained that they made no such calls, but paid anyway to avoid hassles.*

## IVY LEAGUE SPERM

CAMBRIDGE—*The Cryobank in Massachusetts, which also has locations near UCLA and Stanford in California, is actively recruiting sperm donors from Ivy League and other highly ranked schools to meet an increasing demand for the acade-*

*mically fit. "If our customers wanted high school dropouts, that's who we would seek," a spokesperson said. For now, Cryobank will not accept sperm from men who are not attending, or have not graduated from, a four-year college.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

### KILL ALL THE LAWYERS?

In "Lawyers: A Modest Proposal" (*The Playboy Forum*, July), Geoffrey Norman committed an error in terminology when he said "law schools are still packed with people whose goal is to make a lot of money." Lawyers do not "make" money, they "get" money. Every penny paid to a shyster is made by someone else—an inventor, farmer, manufacturer, bricklayer, secretary, janitor or other working chump. Lawyers administer a system of lawyer-written rules, allowing them to skim from and not contribute to the pot.

James Reynolds III
Houston, Texas

I support Geoffrey Norman's proposal to cap lawyers' incomes. Let's start a grass roots organization to legislate and implement this idea immediately.

A. Bristow
New York, New York

Geoffrey Norman's modest proposal to cap lawyers' incomes is a blatant, vicious attack on freedom. He prefers to turn lawyers into serfs along with doctors. Which profession will be next? Law is a crucial, legitimate practice in any civilized society. If there are too many lawyers today, it is because their services are in demand. The answer is not, as Norman proposes, to wipe out the remaining vestiges of freedom but rather to eliminate government infringements on freedom.

Bennett Karp
Aberdeen, New Jersey

Norman's proposal to impose income caps on lawyers has tremendous appeal. No good is coming from the current orgy of avarice. The legal profession is out of control, and contrary to their own proclamations, bar associations appear to be unwilling or unable to enforce meaningful standards of conduct. It is obvious that lawyers are not going to protect the public they purport to serve.

Claude D'Unger
Corpus Christi, Texas

Why not cap everyone's salary? There is no reason why the president of any company should make more than the president of the United States. No physician should make more than the surgeon general. No prosecutor should make more than the attorney general. No businessman should make more than the secretary of the treasury. This lawyer is more than willing to cap his salary at the level of a Supreme Court justice, as long as everyone else's is capped, too.

Richard Healy
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Geoffrey Norman claims that an income cap will lead to shorter trials and lower contingency fees. Does he know that trial lengths depend on the complexity of the issue and the amount of evidence? Does he know that contingency fees allow access to the courts by people who cannot afford hourly or fixed fees? The American system currently allows an innocent person to be executed if that person received procedural due process. Yet, Norman blames lawyers for high insurance rates, the high price of ski-lift tickets and the lack of diving boards at some municipal swimming pools. How do you draw the line between the people who hire lawyers and the lawyers themselves?

Steven Langer
Norman, Oklahoma

### OLD-TIME RELIGION

The letter from G.C.S. of New Hampshire ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, August) states: "What frightens me more than anything is the thought that any religion could have the power to shape our laws." Has he or she heard of the Ten Commandments? Are the laws in America that make murder and robbery illegal invalid because of their religious roots? Is the 13th Amendment invalid because many abolitionists opposed slavery on religious grounds? Of course not. The drive to remove religion from all aspects of American public life has coincided with the country becoming more violent and lawless.

Mike Holly
Salina, Kansas

### THE POLITICS OF DESIRE

As a doctoral student working in the area of sexual orientation, I commend PLAYBOY for presenting a reasoned position on this subject in Pepper Schwartz' article "The Politics of Desire: Part Two" (*The Playboy Forum*, July). The strength of Schwartz' article is that it advocates the examination of both social and biological variables surrounding sexuality. Society influences

FOR THE RECORD

## VIRGINITY'S COMEBACK

"These days, there's nothing bold or innovative about saying you sleep around. What takes a lot of guts is to say you're a virgin. Virginity has become the new sexuality."

—BILL LANCASTER, A PRODUCER FOR *Geraldo*

"We used to learn about sex in whispers and back alleys, and sometimes in books, but only by suggestion or insinuation. Now we can go to movies and see graphic sex. Now virgins can be worldly-wise and even knowledgeable about sex."

—DIANE ACKERMAN, AUTHOR OF *A Natural History of Love*

"Abstinence makes the heart grow fonder. (You can go farther when you don't go all the way.)"

—CAMPAIGN OF POSTER, PRINT AND TELEVISION ADVERTISEMENTS

"It gives other youths a place to look to and say, 'We're not so odd. There are 100,000 other people who are not having sex.'"

—ROB LADD, 18, OF NASHVILLE, A MEMBER OF TRUE LOVE WAITS CAMPAIGN, A GROUP OF 100,000 YOUNG SOUTHERN BAPTISTS WHO HAVE PLEDGED TO REMAIN CHASTE UNTIL MARRIAGE

who we desire and how we express those feelings. However, our bodies are biological and explanations of our desires must be sought within the flesh.

Christopher Daskalos
Tempe, Arizona

### PRIVACY UPDATE

I am impressed and also disillusioned by the article "Twenty Facts About Privacy" (*The Playboy Forum*, April). I can't believe there are no laws protecting medical, telephone, employment, insurance, credit card or bank records. What is the scope of the Privacy Act?

Joel A. Davis
Phoenix, Arizona

*The original Privacy Act of 1974 sought to protect personal information. It allowed one to challenge the accuracy of data held in a file and to demand redress when the data were used for unintended purposes. The act also provided for a permanent Privacy Board to investigate the privacy practices of federal, state and local government agencies. President Gerald Ford killed that provision, making the U.S. the only industrial democracy without such a watchdog. The act now bans most electronic eavesdropping over phone and data lines (with the exception of federal agencies and employers). But for the most part, privacy is an illusion. Existing laws protecting medical records and bank statements function like a see-through curtain.*

*One of the computer magazines—as an experiment—found that personal and legal or financial data of high-profile people, such as movie producer George Lucas and "San Francisco Examiner" publisher William R. Hearst III, were accessible. The magazine was able to find the subjects' birth date, home address, Social Security number, neighbors' addresses and phone numbers, driving record, marriage record, biography, tax liens, real estate owned, commercial loans and debts, civil court filings and corporate ties. Feel any better?*

*Privacy, barely a right, isn't even a habit for most people. If you don't want data to exist for strangers, don't give it in the first place. This may be harder than you expect, but it is well worth the effort. Next time someone asks for your telephone number, say it's unlisted, or give 555-1212.*

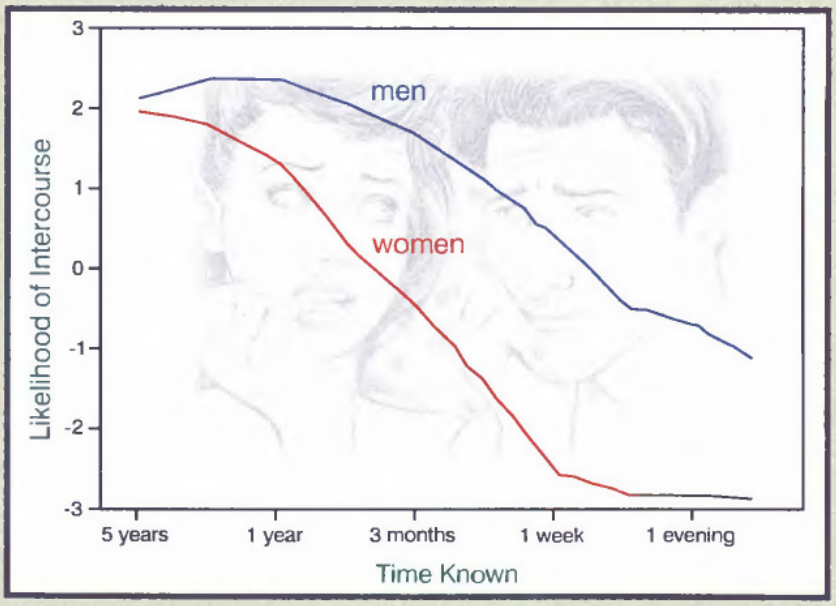
### FAKED MOLESTATION

*The Playboy Forum* has always had a sane perspective on sex abuse. Never has mass hysteria over claims of child molestation been more ludicrous than in the case of Chicago substitute teacher Albert Thompson. Thompson's unpopular strictness in the classroom prompted a group of fourth graders to fabricate a story accusing him of molestation. One student offered nine girls and one boy $1 each to report that the teacher had fondled them. The student eventually admitted that the stories were a hoax and that Thompson had not molested anyone. An investigation by the Mass Molestation Task Force, the Chicago police department and the Department of Child and Family Services concluded that Thompson had hit one or more students with a ruler to break up a fight that day and that security guards were called in twice to restore order, but that accusations of child molestation were groundless. Nevertheless, mothers of four of the girls who accused Thompson are threatening to file charges, claiming that their children are not lying. Believe the children—even when they are twisted little extortionists?

J. Brooks
Chicago, Illinois

*The child abuse hysteria—and the blind trust of parents who are told to believe the children—has created as many victims as it sought to protect. One has to wonder at a society whose children play with the loaded gun of a false accusation, and destroy careers. Did they learn the power of the accusation from Stranger Danger classes, messy divorces and child custody hearings? From Oprah? From made-for-TV movies? This case shows the care that must be taken to protect all parties in an investigation.*

*We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*




## THE AMERICAN SCIENTIST ON SEX

"Willingness to have sexual intercourse (measured on a scale from 3, definitely yes, to -3, definitely no) differs for men and women with respect to the length of time they have been acquainted with their prospective mate. Although men and women are equally likely to engage in sexual intercourse after knowing a mate for five years (both responding with a score of about 2, probably yes), women are significantly less inclined to have sex with a prospective mate for all shorter lengths of time. The data are based on a sample of 148 college students in the Midwestern United States. The results support the hypothesis that short-term mating is more important for men than for women." So what else is new?

# TICKET TO RIDE?

## will the first amendment fall prey to a monopoly?

**By DAVE MARSH**

Ninety minutes into the congressional hearing about how Ticketmaster had been able to keep America's most popular rock band off the road last summer, and nothing had been resolved, Pearl Jam bassist Jeff Ament seized the mike. "They told us we were going to be here, like, an hour," he said, annoyed at the hostile questions from a Republican congressman. "Actually, I have to go to the bathroom. I'll be right back." Without waiting for permission, he rose from the witness table and headed out to seek relief.

It was a rock-star moment and the most sensible act of the day. I know, because I'd been sitting there crossing and uncrossing my legs, waiting my turn as a witness. During recess I ran into guitarist Stone Gossard in the hearing room chambers and couldn't help asking, "Isn't this exactly like being called in to talk with the principal?"

Last May, Pearl Jam complained to the Justice Department's antitrust division. The band members charged that Ticketmaster (which sells tickets for most of the country's arenas at increasingly higher prices) had prevented them from touring last summer by refusing to meet the band's ceiling price for tickets at $18, with a service charge of $1.80.

Their complaint centered on both a major business matter—the rising cost of concert tickets—and important First Amendment issues. From an artistic point of view, if there are no alternate venues or competing tour sites, there is no free expression. Whoever owns the stage calls the shots. Ticketmaster has an ironclad cartel. "This is not like selling popcorn or peanuts or hot dogs at Madison Square Garden," said Robert Sacks, counsel for Pearl Jam. "People have a choice to buy or not to buy peanuts or popcorn. You cannot come to see Pearl Jam or any other band if you do not buy a ticket, and if Ticketmaster is the only place you can get those tickets, then they have a lock on the market."

Frank Barron of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, counsel for Ticketmaster, argued that Ticketmaster doesn't set ticket prices. "It doesn't even have the power to set its own service charges. They are determined by way of negotiations with Ticketmaster's clients."

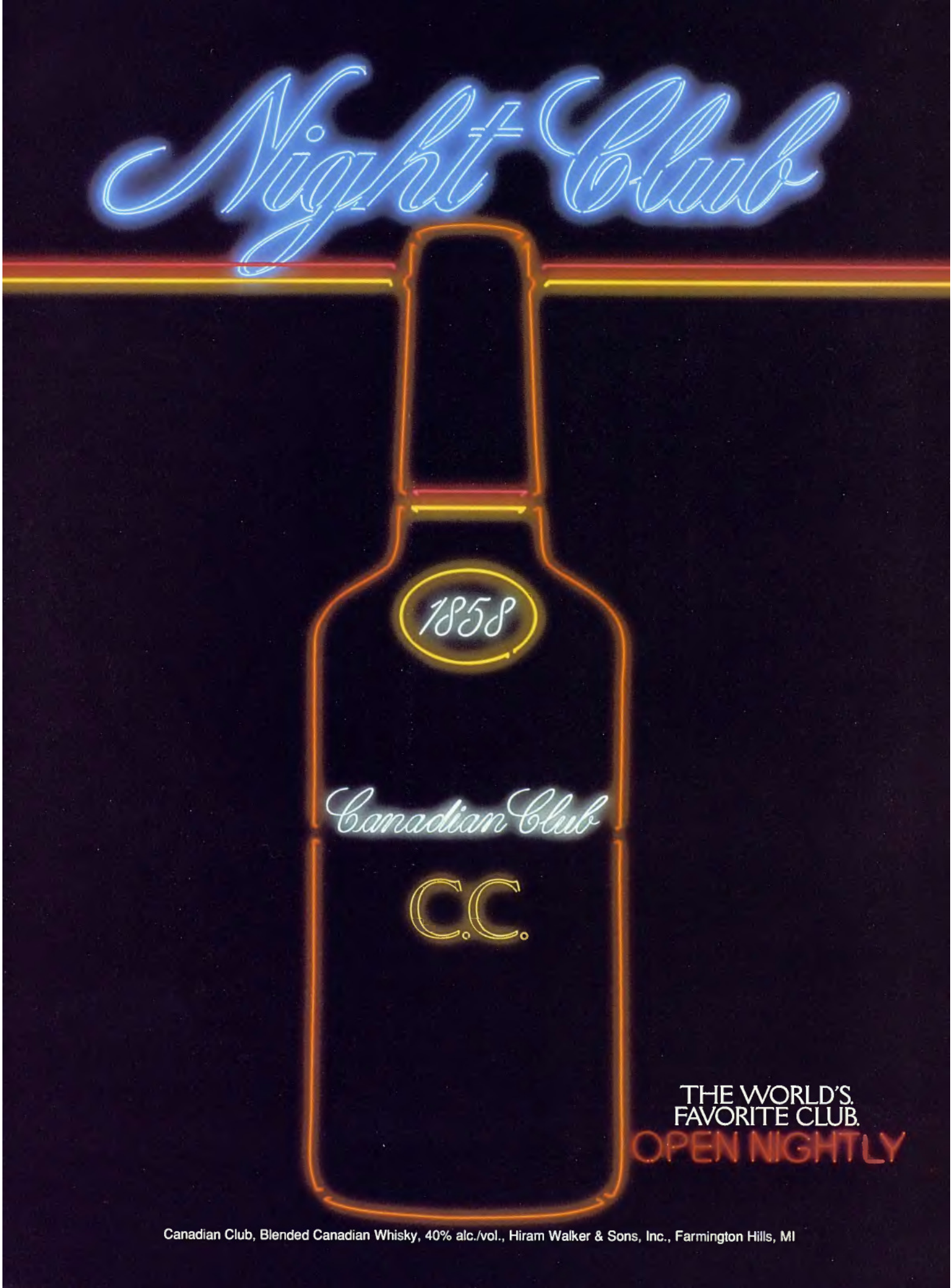
We, as consumers, also have a stake in this confrontation. Even if you attend only one or two concerts a year, you know what it's all about. In the past four years, surcharges, which not long ago averaged about one dollar a ticket, rose as much as 25 percent. Ticketmaster slapped on service fees up to $10 per ticket (not per order) for last summer's Eagles tour. Added fees (such as parking, priced by the ticket rather than by the carload) mean that some shows carry service charges as high as 55 percent. Promoters and venues love this new profit center, particularly since artists rarely get a cut of it. Ticketron, which was Ticketmaster's only meaningful competitor, has been out of business since 1991. With the approval of the Bush Justice Department, Ticketmaster bought Ticketron's assets.

*"This is not like selling popcorn or peanuts or hot dogs at Madison Square Garden. People have a choice to buy or not to buy peanuts or popcorn."*

I attended the hearing to represent ticket buyers. The other witnesses were mainly band managers, led by Tim Collins of Aerosmith, who was able to insert a quote from Steven Tyler for the record ("Mussolini may have made the trains run on time, but not everyone could get a seat on that train"). All of them, along with Ticketmaster and the congressmen, Republicans and Democrats alike, wanted to reduce the issue to a business dispute.

Getting tickets to the public at a fair price isn't just a business issue. Pop music is entertainment, but it's also culture. For a lot of us it's the most important culture, the only kind that speaks both to us and for us. By running up service charges, Ticketmaster, along with the venues and promoters that are its partners, are restricting access to this culture to those who can pay high premiums. Ticketmaster, which is owned by the same people who have a stake in America Online, would eventually like to sell tickets in cyberspace, which would make it a lot harder for most people to see the Grateful Dead, or R.E.M., or the Rolling Stones, or, well, Pearl Jam. The result would make a joke of rock and roll, but more important, it would make a joke of the First Amendment.

PLAYBOY *music critic Dave Marsh testified on Ticketmaster service charges before a congressional subcommittee in June.*

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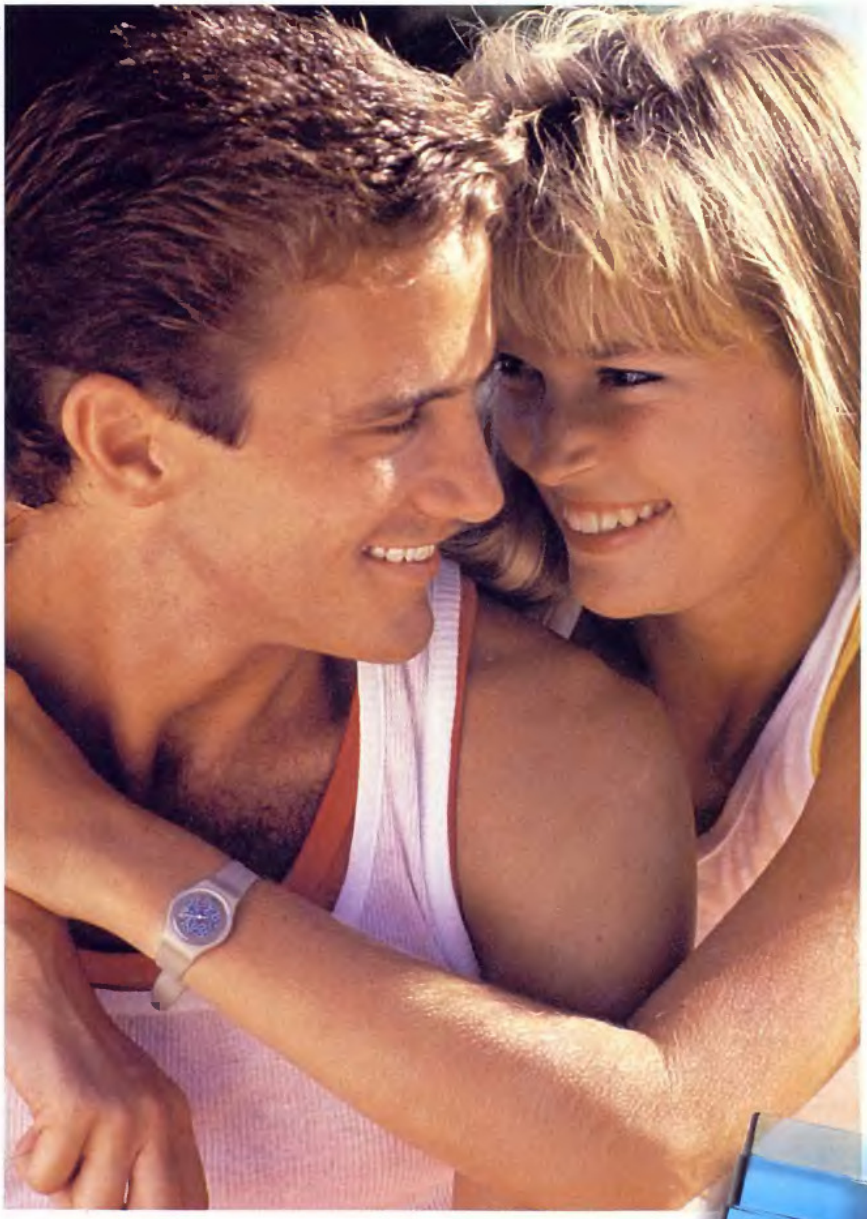


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# OF GHETTOS AND GLADIATORS

*white fans watch black stars on teams coached, run and managed by whites. this is a model for society?*

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Has America developed a gladiator class of black athletes who are superbly suited for sports but not much else? Have these muscular men been culled from a subject class in the manner of ancient Rome, to be handsomely rewarded while those who cannot make the grade are kept in misery? Are these men good for nothing but their short span of mock war called sport?

Such thoughts came to me recently while I sat on a panel at a convention of sports writers. Something about the gathering seemed out of joint, but I couldn't place it at first. Then it hit me: The audience was, with very few exceptions, white. Yet the athletes they write about are, for the most part, black.

Last year 77 percent of the players in the NBA were black. In the NFL it was 68 percent. Blacks represent 16 percent of major-league baseball players, with Latinos providing an equal number.

Unquestionably, this represents progress from the days when baseball was segregated and other pro sports were similar, if less rigid, in their discrimination. The problem is that blacks control sports only on the field, not in the media and the front office.

How absurd that a nation that finds so little room for blacks in the mainstream of its social and commercial life gawks at and applauds every jump, thrust and blow of those it otherwise shuns.

I have lived in southern California for years and have witnessed the casual racism of some USC alums in every moment other than those Saturdays when what counts is the strength of black youth. The fate of O.J. Simpson, the greatest Trojan of them all, is reality's revenge.

Professional sports best reveal the wasted splendor of athleticism. It is where some people demonstrate incredible discipline and talent, but we refuse to connect this awesome display of purpose with the waste of those who fall so far behind. Excellence is expected of blacks on the field but not off.

At the college level, white students cheer for black athletes, many of whom have learned little from their education other than how to qualify for the NFL or the NBA. The few who make it are idolized, those who don't are forgotten.

In a society where nearly one in four black males between the ages of 20 and 29 has been in jail, where more than half of inner-city black youths are unemployed and where simply being born black and male means that on average you will live seven years less than a white male, thanks to violence and poverty, the allure of sports exploits the thin hopes of the young. As reported by the Center for the Study of Sport in Society at Northeastern University in Boston:

"Sports become the cruel illusion for too many blacks who see the stars and the money. Forty-three percent of black high school athletes believe they can reach the promised land of the NBA, the NFL or major-league baseball. In reality, only one in 10,000 will. In pursuing the dream, 25 percent leave high school functionally illiterate."

Not only will they not play in the NBA, they will not even get to attend a game. Basketball is fast becoming the national pastime, but costly season tickets are making it the spectator sport of the rich.

The low earning power of blacks is predicted by the failure of inner-city schools to provide students with a minimal education. Despite the low standard required for NCAA recruiters—a grade-point average of 2.0 and a combined SAT score of 700—67 percent of blacks who graduate from high school do not qualify for an athletic scholarship. Of those who make it as fodder for Division I sports machines, less than half will graduate within six years.

Nor do the big-time sports programs provide much of a model for black athletes in terms of careers outside of sports. Eighteen major college football powers (where approximately 80 percent of the starters are black) do not have a single black doctor or announcer connected with their sports programs, according to a recent study compiled by the Reverend Jesse Jackson's Rainbow Coalition for Fairness in Athletics. Even coaching positions are largely off-limits to blacks. For example, 65 percent of the football team at Florida State University is black, including Heisman Trophy–winning quarterback Charlie Ward, but only four people on the coaching and support staff—six percent—are black.

The prospects for nonplaying jobs for blacks are not much better in the professional sports industry, which has had a systematic, long-standing bias against allowing blacks to be anything other than gladiators. The situation has slowly improved in recent years, most notably in the hiring of minority coaches and managers, but the stats remain depressing, particularly for baseball.

According to the Center for the Study of Sport, there are still 19 teams in major-league baseball that are without a minority person in top management. There are no minority team presidents.

Discrimination extends to the peripheral but lucrative jobs tied to pro sports. For example, the Northeastern study found that while 12 percent of NBA broadcasters are black, only five percent of radio and TV announcers in major-league baseball are black. The combined 83 teams in the major sports boast only one minority senior club physician and two minority attorneys who are employed as general counsel to a team.

This past June the NAACP filed charges of "blatant" bias against the Dallas Cowboys. Never mind that almost three fourths of the players who twice won the Super Bowl for Dallas are black and that all of the team's 11 front-office positions are held by white males. The NAACP charges that there aren't even any minority vendors at Texas Stadium.

The NAACP summed up its charges against the Cowboys in terms that define the racial contradiction of American sports: "We have all these Super Bowl parties, but look at what we party for. We have one black on the switchboard, one in the mail room and one security guard."

The Cowboys organization stated that in the past year it has shown improvement in filling vacancies with minorities.

Thanks to the NAACP and the Rainbow Coalition, which has been picketing major-league parks, the pressure is on the owners. If the sports industry, where minorities can make such a visible contribution, can't do better, who can? The current situation is an abomination. It's high time that the business of sports serve as a model for recruiting and training blacks in roles other than that of gladiator.

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHRISTIAN SLATER

## *a candid conversation with generation x's best actor about sex on the set, his least favorite directors and his battles with mom, dad and the cops*

*Christian Slater is breathing hard. It's 90 degrees on a smog-alert afternoon at the Racquet Center in Studio City, where Slater is playing paddle tennis for the very first time. After two games he's winded and hangs his head between his knees. Slater is only 25 years old, but he's learning that youth doesn't necessarily conquer everything—at least not when air pollution, nicotine, caffeine and lack of exercise are involved.*

*Slater can be forgiven a certain amount of hubris. He has beaten challenges considerably tougher than paddle tennis—including those of a dysfunctional family, alcoholism, jail time—and still emerged as an actor whom many consider to be Generation X's James Dean.*

*He catches his breath, typically unwilling to quit. "Let's go," he says, as he grips the wooden paddle tightly. And for the next hour he hustles mightily, not about to give in. He completes two sets and though he will ache all night he conceals the pain. It's his own little "fuck you" to those who prophesy doom to the few remaining Angelenos who don't hold their bodies to be shrines.*

*There has always been something of a rebel about Slater. At 10 he went on the road singing "Gary, Indiana" in "The Music Man," starring Dick Van Dyke, and by the time he returned home he was drinking hard liquor. He started smoking at 14, tried coke and other mind-altering substances and dropped out of high school before graduating. He and his mother moved to Los Angeles, where he lived with a girlfriend at 17 and had two run-ins with the law (the second one landed him in jail and rehab). He is a recovering alcoholic who, since 1985, has managed to appear in 19 films and have affairs with a number of his leading ladies. His name has been above the title in a half dozen movies, and his two current films—"Interview With the Vampire" and "Murder in the First"—will undoubtedly get him increased notice.*

*Slater's role as the interviewer of vampires came about when River Phoenix, who originally had the part, died of a drug overdose just as filming began. Slater agreed to fill in only after deciding to donate his fee to charity. His other film, "Murder in the First," is a true story about a young lawyer (Slater) who defends a prisoner, played by Kevin Bacon, who murdered the man who put him into solitary confinement for three years in Alcatraz. It's a new, mature direction for the actor, who has already shown a chameleon-like ability to perform.*

*Often, Slater's offscreen antics overshadow his work. In "The Legend of Billie Jean" he fell in love with his co-star, Helen Slater, who spurned the advances of the 15-year-old. By 16 he was making love to his 22-year-old Chilean co-star Valentina Vargas both on camera (simulated) and off (for real) while in Italy shooting "The Name of the Rose" with Sean Connery. His fast track to success speeded up when Francis Coppola cast him in "Tucker: The Man and His Dream," starring Jeff Bridges. He became a cult figure when he followed "Tucker" with "Heathers," where he played a murderous teen rebel disdainful of high school snobs and athletic heroes. Winona Ryder played his love interest and the two of them had a brief, widely reported fling during filming. Another teen rebel film, the critically acclaimed "Pump Up the Volume," solidified his cult following.*

*He played a cowboy in "Young Guns II," Robin Hood's long-lost brother in "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" with Kevin Costner, Lucky Luciano in "Mobsters" and a San Francisco cop in "Kuffs," where the device of talking directly into the camera was given a thumbs-down by most who saw it. But Slater bounced back, playing a shy and sensitive character who believes he has a baboon's heart in director Tony Bill's "Untamed Heart." He followed that with "True Romance," a quirky, violent romp with extraordinary performances by Dennis Hopper, Gary Oldman, Christopher Walken and Patricia Arquette, with whom Slater had another of his quick attachments. He also had a*

*"I told the director, 'I'm not River Phoenix. I'm going to approach this in a totally different way. If you really hate it, then we'll deal with that.' After I told him, he just stayed out of my way."*

*"I thought that if I were famous I would fit in. When that started happening, people weren't dealing with me anymore, they were dealing with somebody famous. That's when the drinking started to run the show."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

*"Tom Cruise is incredibly professional. People work when he's around; no time is wasted. That's pretty amazing. He's also incredibly gorgeous, a really good-looking guy. I guess this is my love letter to Tom Cruise."*

*brief fling with supermodel Christy Turlington (with whom he appeared on the cover of "Harper's Bazaar," becoming the first male to be featured on the cover since Steve McQueen in 1968).*

*Slater was born in Manhattan on August 18, 1969. His parents' rocky marriage ended when he was just five. His father, an actor who now goes by the name Michael Gainsborough, was the original Ryan in the TV soap opera "Ryan's Hope" and has appeared on the stage and in other television shows, but never with the kind of success his son has had. Slater's mother, Mary Jo Slater, is a casting agent (she currently works at MGM). Christian grew up surrounded by actors and the theater. When his mother appeared as a guest on "The Joe Franklin Show," Christian, then nine, was spotted in the wings and called out onstage. Director Michael Kidd saw him and asked him to audition for "The Music Man."*

*Like many actors, Slater never felt secure about himself, and his offbeat family life only heightened his insecurities. "I saw a lot of insanity when I was growing up," he now says.*

*Slater has also appeared on TV, spending six months on "Ryan's Hope" and doing some after-school and HBO specials. He appeared onstage in "Oliver!" and, in 1982, with Nicol Williamson in "Macbeth." A children's play he directed, "The Laughter Epidemic," raised more than $200,000 for the Pediatric AIDS Foundation.*

*Enamored by the legends of Hollywood past, Slater believed it was an actor's lot to be as wild and rebellious as one could, to live like Errol Flynn or Jack Nicholson, to experience the all-night parties, the drugs, booze and women that came with the territory, and not worry about tomorrow. It was something he was good at—at least he was until December 29, 1989, when he and a friend were speeding down Santa Monica Boulevard, ignoring the police siren behind them. The chase eventually ended in an alley, when Slater jumped out of his Saab Turbo 900 and tried to scale a fence, kicking the cop who was trying to stop him. He was fined $1400, had his driver's license suspended for 18 months and spent ten days in jail. A rehab program came next.*

*Slater says his wild years are now behind him. He just wants to concentrate on his career, his private life and his antique toy collection. The woman in Slater's life now is Nina Peterson Huang, an actress and writer who lives with him in a secluded house in the Hollywood Hills. To find out how successful his new life is,* PLAYBOY *sent Contributing Editor* **Lawrence Grobel** *(who last interviewed Anthony Hopkins) to spend some time and play some ball with the star. Grobel's report:*

*"How can you not like a guy who comes out in his white terrycloth robe, his hair uncombed, looking sleepy in the middle of the afternoon, lighting up a cigarette, gulping coffee, and saying, behind cheap purple-lens sunglasses, 'I bet Marlon Brando never did his interview in his bathrobe'?*

*"We talked outside by the pool for hours. Then he showed me his toy collection—dozens of model spaceships hanging from the ceiling, hundreds of 'Star Wars' and 'Star Trek' figures on shelves, framed posters of William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy, and old 'Life' covers of Spencer Tracy, Errol Flynn and Montgomery Clift. He was having a sound system installed so he could watch his favorite videos and feel every close encounter of the outer-space kind.*

*"Christian's an enormously likable character, willing to try something new, like paddle tennis, even if it puts him at a disadvantage. He was also, as I found out, fearless and uncensored, willing to discuss the ups and downs of his life with unusual candor."*

**PLAYBOY:** Just as you're turning from teen to adult star, the press has deemed that there is a new Christian who is markedly different from the old Christian. Richard Nixon was well into his presidency before the labels old and new appeared, and you're only 25.

**SLATER:** It is kind of silly, isn't it? But I never came out saying, "This is the new me."

**PLAYBOY:** Is there a new you?

*"I always wanted to be the guy who would rush into the burning building and save the babe. Being a hero would be the coolest thing."*

**SLATER:** Yeah, I feel separated from what I was, more settled down, more comfortable in my own skin. I'm able to focus more, but I'm at a strange point in my career. It's like I'm too old or too young for certain things, and these other guys are in their 30s, so I've been lying about my age. I tell people I'm 28 just to put them at ease. Most older people have the hardest time dealing with somebody who's 25.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you talking about your competition?

**SLATER:** The only ones I really think about now are Brad Pitt, Tom Cruise and Keanu Reeves. It's my competitive side, which I will have to deal with at some point.

**PLAYBOY:** You worked with both Pitt and Cruise in *Interview With the Vampire*. Whose career would you most like to emulate?

**SLATER:** Tom Cruise's career is just so organized and so clean. He's a real business guy, and that is a direction I'd like my career to move in. Whatever he does works. I've never been on a more organized set. He comes out, he shoots for a set amount of time, and then he's out. He's incredibly professional. People work when he's around; no time is wasted. That's pretty amazing. He's also incredibly gorgeous, a really good-looking guy. I guess this is my love letter to Tom Cruise.

**PLAYBOY:** How well did you get to know him during the shooting of *Interview*?

**SLATER:** We spent six hours together in a car the day we closed down the Golden Gate Bridge for a scene. He offered to fly me back to L.A. in his jet. He's really down-to-earth, but he's also very private, so there's a certain mystery about him. He's been lucky getting first look and first chance at projects that have built-in audiences, like *The Firm* and *A Few Good Men*, and now this one, which should be huge.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of the controversy over Cruise being cast as the vampire? We know that the author, Anne Rice, was dead set against him.

**SLATER:** Tom Cruise will most likely have the last laugh. My prediction is that it will have a $40 million opening. It's going to have such publicity behind it, it'll be amazing.

**PLAYBOY:** How much are you in the film?

**SLATER:** I worked a total of about a week. I appear sporadically throughout the film. The majority of my dialogue is between me and Brad, and the rest appears at the end with Tom.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel taking over the role of the interviewer after River Phoenix' death?

**SLATER:** I felt really uncomfortable about it. I had met Neil Jordan six months before they started shooting because I was interested in another role, that of Armand. I really hated Jordan, to be honest with you, because he spent most of the interview on the phone. I was offended by that. I've since found out that he's very shy and has a difficult time communicating. When I heard that they wanted me for River Phoenix' role, I wanted no part of it. Then my agent suggested I donate the money to his charities and ones that I'm involved with.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you know Phoenix or share the same friends?

**SLATER:** River and I didn't share any close friends other than Martha Plimpton. I went to school with her, but I haven't spoken to her in four years. I don't really go to the clubs and I don't know anybody he knew.

**PLAYBOY:** How did his death affect you?

**SLATER:** It provided a reminder of what my life could have been. I was definitely heading in the same direction he was. After alcohol it could have been acid for me and then maybe try some heroin, which I think is some of the stuff that was found in his system.

**PLAYBOY:** We'll get to your life shortly, but let's stay with River's death. It seemed to have shocked so many people.

**SLATER:** There was a massive case of

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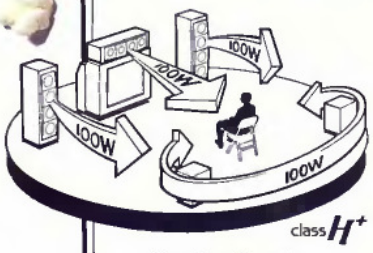


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denial going on there. If he had been open enough to step inside an AA meeting, he'd still be here. Members of his family are strong believers in spirituality, and in order to deal with the pain they believe that River is in the air and in the water and all around.

**PLAYBOY:** When you came on the set as his replacement, did you have any problems with anyone?

**SLATER:** The director had a clear vision of what he wanted River to look like and he started taking my hair and pushing it to the side, really manhandling me. I just hate to be handled. You get in my space, it drives me nuts. I told him, "Neil, I'm not River Phoenix. I'm going to approach this in a totally different way. I'm in this movie with Tom Cruise and Brad Pitt and I'd like to do the best job I possibly can and I'd like you to allow me to do that. Let me do my look. If you really hate it, then we'll deal with that." After I told him he just stayed out of my way and that made my job easier.

**PLAYBOY:** You have another film coming out, *Murder in the First*, in which you play the lead.

**SLATER:** Right. It's more of an adult-type film for me. I play this guy just out of law school who works at this law firm that his brother runs. He gets this open-and-shut case, his first, but things begin to happen. It's about the atrocities performed at Alcatraz and how that place was shut down. It's maybe a miniversion of *Judgment at Nuremberg*.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds like this might be your *A Few Good Men*.

**SLATER:** I'm sure there will be comparisons, but they're not the same. Cruise's character was a hotshot, cocky guy. I'm a nervous guy who's trying on this new pair of shoes as he walks into the killer's cell. It's about the relationship between me and this convict who's been so brutalized by the system.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get along with Kevin Bacon, who plays a convict placed in solitary for three years who then kills the man who put him there?

**SLATER:** He's going to surprise a lot of people. He's a genius in this. I was being considered for that part but I really didn't want to play it. The reason I took *Murder in the First* was that I felt the character I play gave me the opportunity to show a different side. I hope it's a much more intelligent, mature side.

**PLAYBOY:** You're no stranger to odd behavior. Did you have any blowups on the set?

**SLATER:** We shot at Alcatraz for three weeks. What a nightmare that was. You had to take a ferry to get there. They couldn't bring trailers out, so they set up cells for each of the actors to stay in. I had a cell for three weeks and spent a lot of time sitting around waiting because of these elaborate camera shots. That was frustrating. I'd already done my jail time five years ago. I didn't need to do any more. I made the mistake of not bringing enough cigarettes and I asked my friend to get me another pack. He came back and said there weren't any more and that the line producer said I made enough money to buy my own. Here I am on this island—there's no cigarette store there. There's no way for me to get a smoke. And if I'm going to sit in this goddamn cell, I'm going to smoke! I was blown away by the incredible stupidity of that comment. So I got out of the wardrobe I'd been in for nine hours and said, "Fuck these guys. I'm going to the fucking mainland, buy my cigarettes and I might come back." I figured I would teach them a little lesson, because it was so rude. So I took the ferry and got my cigarettes and came back. The director, Marc Rocco, gave me this incredible attitude. He thought I was trying to screw his movie.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened then?

**SLATER:** We had to reshoot a scene for the television version, without the curses. We didn't have to do another setup, just put the camera in the same place. But for some reason it took a long time and we wound up sitting there again. I lost it. I started screaming and yelling, "What the fuck is the holdup here?" Because we had all been on this island for three weeks and we just wanted to get off the goddamn island. Marc said, "I'm not ready to shoot yet." And I said, "You have to be ready, you have to say, 'Rolling'!" And he did, quietly, say, 'Rolling.' We had the weekend to think about all this and when we got back we straightened everything out.

**PLAYBOY:** Prison life can do that to you.

**SLATER:** Oh, another charming thing about our stay: There were no toilets, just one Porta-Potti for all of us. So we were all peeing in Evian bottles. Kevin Bacon came up with that idea. You drink the Evian and then you fill it up again.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you cut the tops to make it easier?

**SLATER:** No, we peed in the little hole. It was very tricky.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't you also filming in Sylmar, near Northridge, when the earthquake struck?

**SLATER:** We were near the epicenter. It was horrifying. I was walking back to my trailer when the whole place started shaking. Gary Oldman came running off the set with a cut on his face. His manager broke his arm. That thing was insane. I saw 400 extras piling out of this doorway; women were crying, screaming, I was hugging a couple of them. The earth shook for 20 minutes afterward and I said to my friend, "Let's get the hell out of here."

**PLAYBOY:** Who was the first person you called?

**SLATER:** My girlfriend, Nina. We were working things out and that earthquake was perfect for me, because I was able to get in my Bronco and rescue her and her friends. We drove up to this ranch in the middle of nowhere, just to get out of L.A. I was a hero for about a week.

**PLAYBOY:** A hero is the part you've fantasized all your life, isn't it?

**SLATER:** Yeah, I always wanted to be the guy who would rush into the burning building and save the babe. I thought to be a hero would be the coolest thing. A few years ago on Halloween my friends and I went to this club, Roxbury, and I was wearing my Batman outfit. We left and I saw a guy beating up on this chick. I took my mask off and yelled, "Stop!" I looked like a ninja. I ran across the street, jumped on a car and came down on this guy. The wig fell off the woman he was beating up and it turned out to be a man, who took off his high heels and started whaling on this other guy. I didn't know what was going on, so I just let them beat the shit out of each other.

**PLAYBOY:** So being a hero wasn't all you thought it would be?

**SLATER:** When I was growing up I thought I was the bionic man. I'd say, "I'm going to chop off my legs and get bionic legs so I can really run fast." My father would say, "Take it easy. That's TV, that's not real life, man. Keep it in perspective." TV can be very misleading to a kid.

**PLAYBOY:** Especially when your father is on it.

**SLATER:** When I was about three, I was sitting on his lap watching him on this soap opera, *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*. I see that he gets his head stuck in a fireplace or an oven and he's writhing in pain and I don't know what the hell is going on. I screamed. He just said, "It's all acting." He explained it to me. Man, it was freaky.

**PLAYBOY:** But it didn't stop you from wanting to be a superhero, did it?

**SLATER:** I once got locked on the roof when I was five. My father would sunbathe on the roof in New York, 86th and West End. I would go up there in my Batman cape and try to scare him. One time I hid too long and he went downstairs and locked the door. I was on the roof for a good three hours, I couldn't get down, and so I took this daring leap to the other building. I found a door that was open to an elevator shaft and yelled down and somebody heard me.

**PLAYBOY:** What did your parents do when they found out you had jumped to the other roof?

**SLATER:** My mother had already called the police and was really freaked. My father was just happy that I had survived. They were having their own difficulties at the time and that was one of the things that really widened the gulf between them. She felt he was irresponsible.

**PLAYBOY:** Soon after that they divorced. Did you feel you had to take sides between them?

**SLATER:** I tried to be the therapist sometimes, sitting between them so they

could talk it out. I remember some volatile moments with hands going through lamps, smashing everywhere. But it always seemed so beyond real that it had to be acting. There was so much drama going on and there were so many buttons pushed and so many manipulations, it had to be a soap opera. But there was no reason for a five-year-old to be in the middle of some fucking devastating situation. All a kid needs to know is, "It's nothing to do with you." After their divorce I was insecure everywhere I went.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your mother ever talk to you about acting?

**SLATER:** Just her telling me how hideous a profession it was, how difficult it can be, and using my father as an example of the struggle.

**PLAYBOY:** Even though you started acting when you were nine, your mother didn't push you?

**SLATER:** If a parent pushes a kid into this business, the kid resents it. If I said my mother pushed me, people would take pity on me. She didn't push me, it was my choice completely. Now she feels that not enough credit is being given to her at this point.

**PLAYBOY:** Your father feels the same way. He claims full credit for your success, according to a letter he sent to *Premiere* magazine. He wrote that he's your superego and he made you a star, and that when he's dead maybe you'll give him the credit he deserves.

**SLATER:** I spoke to him about it. He said he had sent them a 12-page letter and they cut it down. My father's way of communicating is to write letters.

**PLAYBOY:** That seems like a strange letter for him to write.

**SLATER:** I think that's part of the reason I have trouble drawing the line between my private and professional life. Those boundaries have not been clearly established for me. I have to start drawing some boundaries.

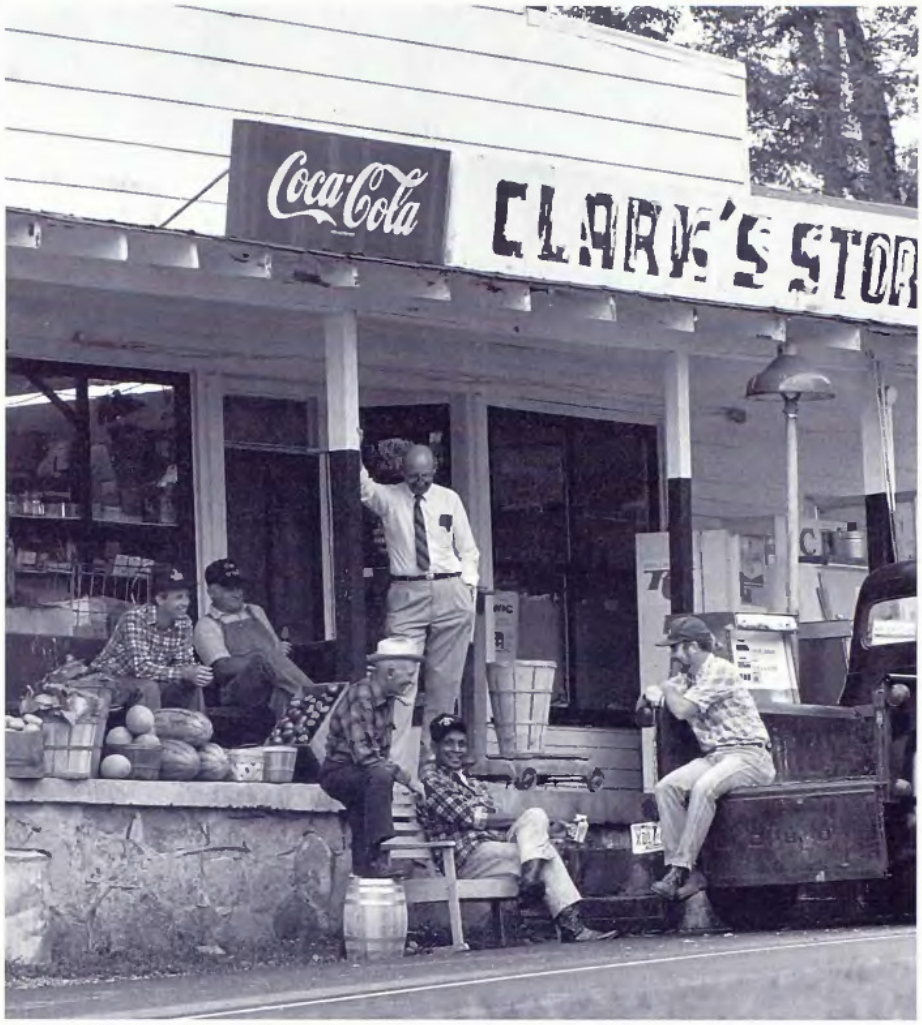
**PLAYBOY:** Would you include your parents among the people you trust and feel closest to?

**SLATER:** Not at this point.

**PLAYBOY:** When was the last time you were with your father?

**SLATER:** We talk all the time. I took him to the Barbra Streisand concert. He pulled out a toothbrush and started brushing his teeth in the auditorium in front of everybody. Who knows, I may steal that one day and do it in a film. When it's one-on-one I can deal with him. But as soon as a woman comes around, my father gets competitive with me. We were sitting at the concert and I was eating ice cream and he was talking with this girl, ignoring me. Then he turned around and, loud enough for several people to hear, he said, "If you finish that I'm going to kill you!" Fuck, man, take it easy. It made me horribly uncomfortable.

**PLAYBOY:** That's understandable.

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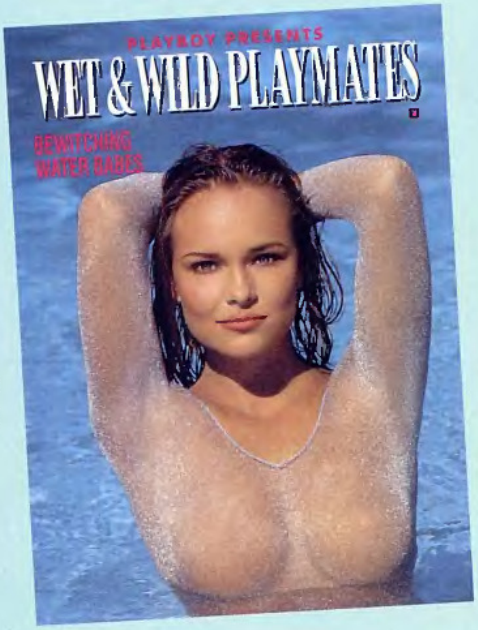


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**SLATER:** I remember he always used to allow me to win at chess. I never realized that, I always thought I was good. Then one time he had this girlfriend in Chicago and I said, "Let's play chess," and he beat the shit out of me right in front of her. Man, it was humiliating. After years of losing, all of a sudden he pulls out the stops and destroys me. I was upset. I felt like an asshole.

**PLAYBOY:** So what word would you use to describe him?

**SLATER:** Colorful. He's in his late 50s, and he's a fantastic actor. He does a lot of small theater around Los Angeles. He's entertaining and full of life.

**PLAYBOY:** Was your mother right to assume that as your career grew, she would manage you?

**SLATER:** My mother's favorite movie is *Gypsy*. That was her dream. Her plans were to manage my career and run the show, to tell me what types of projects to do, basically run my life and produce the films that I do and have this incredible family partnership. One of the things that didn't factor into her equation is that eventually I would require some independence for myself. It never occurred to her. She couldn't believe, and still doesn't believe, that I don't need anything from her. Whereas I feel that she has raised somebody who is capable of taking care of himself, rather than having to go back to Mom and say, "Please bail me out of this situation." If I were that type of person I'd still be drinking and getting arrested.

**PLAYBOY:** What is it that you would like from her?

**SLATER:** Ideally, I would like for her to be proud of me. It hasn't all gone her way. A part of me feels guilty about that, like maybe I do owe her everything.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you used to sit in during auditions and watch as your mother cast people?

**SLATER:** Yeah, I would watch the actors and see what it was like after they left the room. That was pretty heavy, listening to those people be talked about after they were gone. Which is why I hate to take meetings, because nobody is really honest. Everybody is going to go off and talk about you behind your back.

**PLAYBOY:** Did she prepare you to deal with the dark side of Hollywood?

**SLATER:** I don't know if she really wanted to prepare me fully, because that would have given her no power over me.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the subtext to her telling *Rolling Stone* that girls are your major hobby?

**SLATER:** Isn't that unreal? Maybe she was right. I had such a lack of respect for women that I just treated them as a hobby, trying to live up to the supposed image of Jack Nicholson and all those guys who were womanizers. Because if I have women as a hobby, my mother will always be number one, you know? If I take another woman seriously and have

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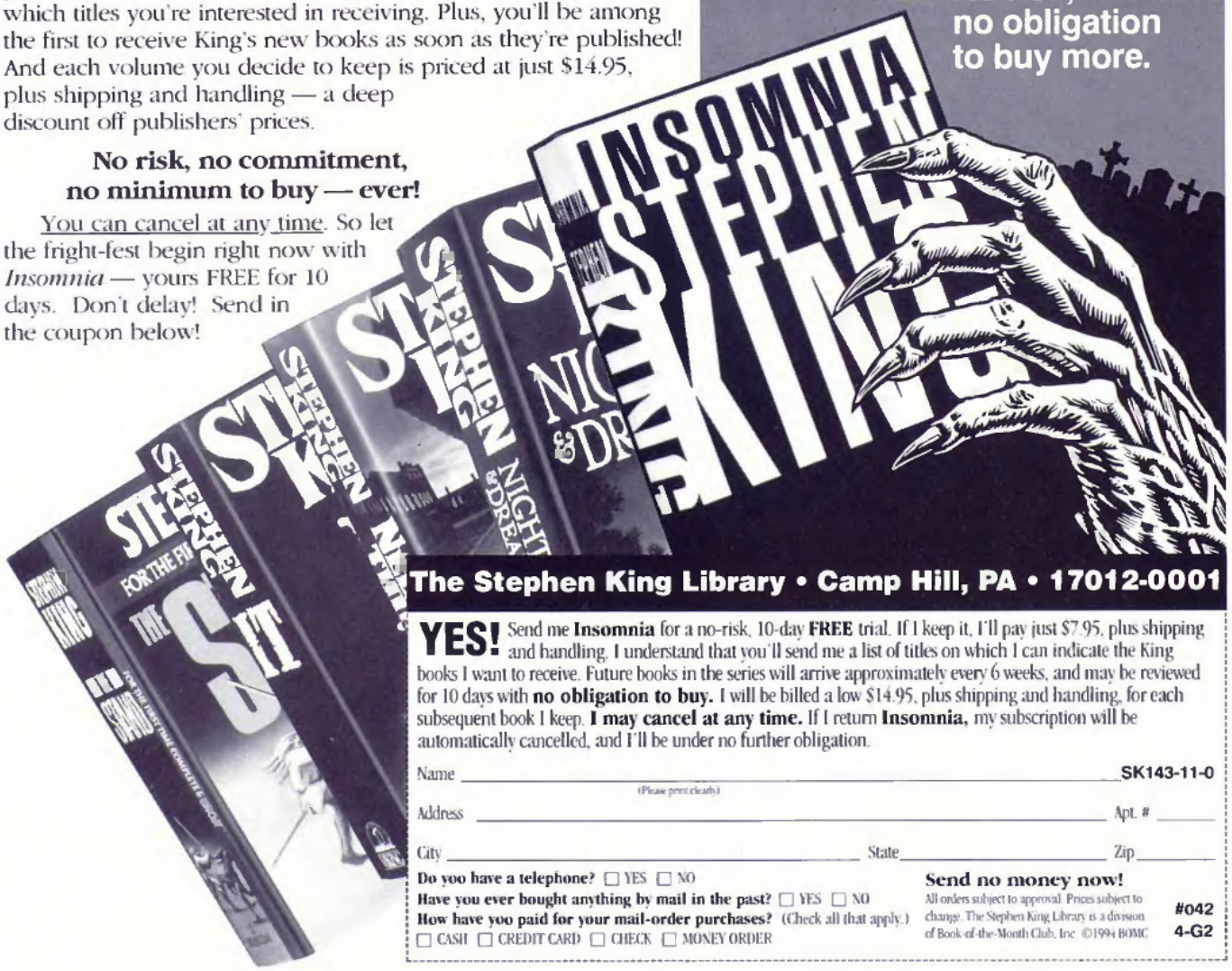


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respect for her, my mother would be forced to let go. So that's a statement of a woman completely unwilling to separate. "Let's keep lots of women around so things stay as distracted as possible and I can pull the strings."

**PLAYBOY:** Has any woman you've been with met with her approval?

**SLATER:** I guess a princess is what she sees for me. Of course, I feel like I am with a princess now because a princess is a person who is honest and straight up and can be trusted beyond belief. But to her a princess may be Madonna, somebody famous, somebody in my profession, at least as wealthy.

**PLAYBOY:** Madonna? What kind of mother would wish a woman like Madonna on her son? Is she trying to kill you?

**SLATER:** My mother is envious of the relationship Elvis Presley had with his mother, and the relationship River Phoenix had with his mother. OK? They're both dead! I told her I'd much rather have the relationship we have today than the ones they did.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the men in your mother's life after her first divorce? How'd you deal with that?

**SLATER:** With a lot of the guys my mother dated, I'd come home and they would be sitting in the closet cutting up the clothes. I mean, manic, crazy shit. This was the stuff I was seeing. There were certainly a couple of guys who were just blatant assholes. But it was difficult for the men, because my mother put so much attention on me and treated me like the golden boy. She spoiled me rotten. I never had any discipline growing up and I had Mom wrapped around my finger. Naturally guys would get jealous and fight for attention. A lot of them were hideously immature. So I've had to do a lot to get that stuff out of my system.

**PLAYBOY:** Did any of her boyfriends ever provoke you into violence?

**SLATER:** I slugged one of them once when I was 14. It was another of those guys who was trying to discipline me and get me to behave a certain way. I had no respect for this guy. We'd make fun of each other all the time, brutalize each other. He had this dart and had unscrewed the sharp point, but I didn't know that. He fucking chucked it at me and I thought he was trying to kill me. I think a part of him really wanted to. So I just whaled him right in the kidneys. I'm lucky I'm still here to talk about it because he was a big guy.

**PLAYBOY:** Your mother remarried twice after your father. How did you feel at the time of each marriage?

**SLATER:** The second time I was a mess, really drunk, flirting with the bridesmaids. She wanted to marry to give my brother a legitimate name, which is Wilson. And now his last name is Slater, you know? So I don't know what the hell the marriage was for, really. The third one was right before I went off to do *Robin Hood*, so I was at a sober stage of my life. I like this guy.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't your brother Ryan recently get cast in his first feature film?

**SLATER:** Yeah, he's 11. It's a Warner Bros. movie called *Little Panda* and he's the lead. He went to the Himalayas for about three months. My mother's handling his career, so I guess she's doing a little transference deal. It's bizarre. My brother said to me, "You'd better watch out because I'm coming up." I just said, "I couldn't be more proud of you than I am. I wish you all the best. I just hope you don't get competitive with me now. I wouldn't want it to ruin the relationship that we have developed over the years." The fact that my brother is coming up is really helping me to realize that you have to make space for everybody, you can't be competitive and insane about it.

**PLAYBOY:** When you say your mother's doing a transference deal, do you mean she is picking up with him where she left off with you?

**SLATER:** Right. The night before he got the movie she asked me to go to therapy with her. Then after Ryan got the movie I didn't hear from her. Either I'm Elvis Presley or River Phoenix or I'm 14 years old. And if I can't be 14, Ryan will be.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds like there's a lot of residual anger that has built up since your parents divorced. Did you take out that anger on them as you were growing up?

**SLATER:** How was I going to direct my anger at my mother or my father when maybe I already lost one of them and I may lose the other one? It was a tricky situation. A lot of my anger got misplaced and was directed at kids in school and at teachers, when I would say, "Excuse me, I'm talking, don't interrupt me!"

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that you used to sob and cry because you had to go to school?

**SLATER:** When I was younger. I used to latch on to my mother's leg because I didn't want to be put on the school bus.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you hate school so much?

**SLATER:** It didn't work for me. I wasn't very good at it. It wasn't fun. It was a source of punishment.

**PLAYBOY:** What about friends?

**SLATER:** I had one friend who stabbed me in the arm with a pencil because I was flirting with a girl and he was jealous. I still have the mark. And I had one strong friendship with this other guy. He was Han Solo and I was Luke Skywalker, or I was Flash Gordon and he was the Baron. We were always playing action heroes. Then I went off to do *The Legend of Billie Jean* and when I came back my attitude had changed dramatically. I was wearing a snakeskin jacket and sunglasses. My hair was all spiked and dyed, and I was working on being an unbelievable punk, rebelling against school completely, trying to be a badass. I'd light up cigarettes in class and get thrown out. I got suspended for three days. I just didn't care.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever get into fights?

**SLATER:** Not really, though I had a roving eye and I got popped for it once, a good belt to the head. I learned a pretty good lesson: Guys have to stick together—we

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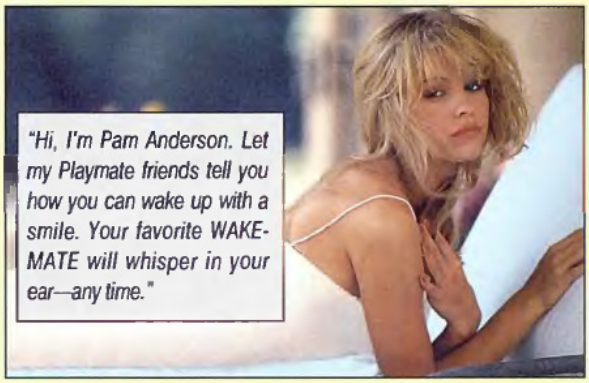
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can't be fucking one another over. I was definitely acting out of blatant selfishness and immaturity and I paid a little price for it. The guy was a boxer and I came at him with my head as my fist, my nose leading the way. I have a deviated septum to this day.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your teachers suspect you of dealing drugs?

**SLATER:** At one point they really did believe I was doing that.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you?

**SLATER:** I tried. I tried to be cool and fit in at one point, but it wasn't really for me. I was walking around with the tinfoil, the whole thing.

**PLAYBOY:** What was in the foil?

**SLATER:** Coke.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get it?

**SLATER:** It was always there and always available.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you drop out of school?

**SLATER:** At 17. My father called and said, "I don't want you ever to regret that you didn't graduate." That calmed me down right away.

**PLAYBOY:** What about sex? When did you lose your virginity?

**SLATER:** Now wait, this is my love life here. Let's talk about your virginity, not about mine.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's stay with yours.

**SLATER:** No, I don't want to.

**PLAYBOY:** Some of it's public knowledge: You were 14, on a film, it was in a college dorm——

**SLATER:** Exactly, so what more can I say?

**PLAYBOY:** Well, you never went to college.

**SLATER:** That's right.

**PLAYBOY:** What film was it?

**SLATER:** God, I don't remember.

**PLAYBOY:** What city was it?

**SLATER:** I don't remember.

**PLAYBOY:** Sure you do.

**SLATER:** No, I swear to you. None of that stuff was the highlight of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your personality change afterward?

**SLATER:** I was thrilled, no question.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you able to talk about it with anyone?

**SLATER:** I called my friend who had stabbed me with the pencil. He wasn't that impressed. I guess he had already done it.

**PLAYBOY:** Was the girl also a virgin? And did you see her again?

**SLATER:** She was slightly experienced, she'd done it. I saw her again, it wasn't a one-night thing.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it something you had had on your mind for years?

**SLATER:** Yeah, definitely. Ever since I was five or six and modeled clothes for Pierre Cardin. I remember being backstage, spying on the girls changing, and I could see everything. They would have on these stockings with no underwear—you could see right through the stockings. It was great. I was exposed to a great deal there. After that it was definitely important, obsessive. But I wish I could have held out longer, because once you do it, it's over, it's done, that's it.

**PLAYBOY:** There can never again be a first time, but surely one can be adventurous when it comes to sex.

**SLATER:** I've had phases of things that I've gone through, and I have a good time. I have the greatest sex in the world now. When you're with somebody and you really know the person and you're comfortable, nothing beats it. Still, I'm real nervous about sex—it could just be the disease thing, because you never know, something could be incubating. AIDS changed my whole perspective. It forced me to deal with issues that I probably wouldn't have had to deal with until I was 35 or 40, like settling down. It's a motivator.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you practice safe sex?

**SLATER:** I have, yeah. And I've been foolish too, thinking that I'm invincible.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you feel you were born to be wild? Were you trying to live up to the fast life?

**SLATER:** I was trying to live up to the legends of James Dean, Roman Polanski, you know, that you have to live fast, die young and leave a good-looking corpse. That was something I believed in strongly. But since then my opinions about it

have changed dramatically. It's immature and silly to behave recklessly, without any regard for anybody else's feelings. It leads to misery. You either die like River Phoenix or you do your best to get through it as smoothly as possible and keep chugging till you get to 30. Fortunately I've had some people around me that helped me keep my head on straight. I haven't always been great at doing that.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you prepared for all the fame at so young an age?

**SLATER:** Well, certainly a lot of my dreams came true, but fame didn't really fix me. I was always insecure. I thought that if I were famous I would fit in and people would treat me differently. Then when that started happening, people weren't really dealing with me anymore. They were dealing with somebody famous, so that was never real to me. That's when the drinking started to run the show.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that when you were 16 and went to Italy to film *The Name of the Rose*?

**SLATER:** I'd been drinking for a little while before then. I had my taste of it with the opening of *The Music Man*. Dick Van Dyke was a partyer; he liked to drink a bit. And I snuck some punch at my mother's parties where there were so many people she couldn't keep an eye on me. So I'd been having my fair share of alcohol. And then with *Name of the Rose* I made a fatal error with F. Murray Abraham one night. He had already won the Academy Award for *Amadeus* and was the head honcho. I noticed he was consuming a great deal of alcohol and I was trying to connect with somebody, so I leaned over to him at this restaurant and said, "Murray, you've been drinking a lot. You'd better slow down a bit, buddy." I was a cocky kid and he just started shoving me, like "Get the fuck away from me, you little shit." And his teeth were grinding and I was horrified. So I went back to the hotel and wrote him a note apologizing profusely. Just, "God, I'm sorry man, I can't believe what an asshole I am." And as I was dropping it off he got out of this car with Ron Perlman [who starred in the TV show *Beauty and the Beast*]. Murray was a goner and was at the stage where there were no boundaries. It's a free rein to kick somebody's ass. So there's going to be a fight between F. Murray Abraham and me! And Ron Perlman is going to be the fucking referee. We're right along the river and Murray comes over and says, "You know what this fucking kid said to me? I'll kick your ass. I'll throw you into the river, you little shit. Think you're a fucking actor? Well, fuck you!" Jesus Christ, it was horrifying. And I don't know if he remembers the incident because we've never spoken of it since. But right after that I just went crazy. Scotch and soda was my thing.

**PLAYBOY:** You apparently had a better relationship with the 22-year-old Chilean actress Valentina Vargas, with whom you had to do a nude love scene. How difficult was that?

**SLATER:** She did what was appropriate to guide me through this terrifying experience. It took three days. I think they were waiting for me to get it up, they wanted to see the consummation, but there was no way. It was not where I wanted to be. I couldn't perform while the camera was rolling. Today it's a different story: Put a video camera on me now, I'm gone. I'm loving it!

**PLAYBOY:** But offscreen, didn't you and Valentina get to do what you couldn't do when the cameras were rolling?

**SLATER:** I'd rather not say.

**PLAYBOY:** With that smile on your face you don't have to.

**SLATER:** There you go.

**PLAYBOY:** After you got back from Italy, didn't you and your mother move to Los Angeles?

**SLATER:** Yeah, we took off, found a house, split the down payment.

**PLAYBOY:** And the next thing you knew, you were working with Francis Coppola and Jeff Bridges in *Tucker: The Man and His Dream*.

**SLATER:** I was still a kid then and was intimidated by everybody. Especially Francis. And to top it off, George Lucas, who produced every movie I have ever loved,

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was walking around the set, too. I never really knew what I was doing. The one real scene I had in the movie was very important to Francis. He actually called me to talk about it. I was having an argument with my girlfriend on the other line, so I said I would call him back. To Francis Coppola! Unreal. I put him on hold for ten minutes. When I came back to work the next day he was pissed.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that the only time you pissed him off?

**SLATER:** I screwed up pretty big another day. I was supposed to finish this episode of *L.A. Law* and go to a wardrobe fitting for *Heathers*. And I was supposed to do looping for Francis. And I missed it all. I slept through the whole thing because I had been up all night drinking. Oh, they were pissed.

**PLAYBOY:** So around this time your drinking had become a problem.

**SLATER:** That was the first time I heard the word alcoholic, while on *Tucker*. I overheard another actor refer to himself as an alcoholic. I had no understanding of what it meant.

**PLAYBOY:** You weren't 18 yet, but this was also a crossroads with your mother, wasn't it?

**SLATER:** My girlfriend and I were living with my mother and I'd been up all night drinking and partying and going crazy. The next day my mother wanted me to get out of bed and face the day and I wasn't in any mood to do it. We got into this really ugly altercation. Then I said, "I'm out of here." She said, "Good, get out." And I left. Then I kept getting calls on the set of *Tucker* from my mother, which wasn't healthy because it was distracting me from work. Very bizarre.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it mainly booze you used during these all-night binges?

**SLATER:** I dabbled in quite a bit. Alcohol and coke were really perfection for me—that was a good little chemistry set I had going. There's some *Hollywood Babylon* stuff about me. Things I don't even remember. Passing out in my food in restaurants, vomiting on myself, falling apart. I'm sure I turned over several coffee tables in my day.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever take acid?

**SLATER:** No. I took ecstasy. I went through the bowel system of a club called Rubber. I came in through the door, which was the mouth, and I maneuvered my way around through the intestines. When I came out the back door it was like coming right out the asshole of the fucking place. It lasted about eight hours and when I woke up the next morning my pants were around my ankles, I was lying on top of the sheets naked to the world. I said, "What the fuck happened here?" To this day I have no idea. But I loved ecstasy. Mushrooms were a nightmare. Coming down from mushrooms I felt like I had all these tiny hairs in my mouth scraping my tongue, my lips were dry. I spent one night talking to a tractor in Tahoe. Drugs can fuck your life.

**PLAYBOY:** Was your second run-in with the police the incident that actually saved you?

**SLATER:** It headed me in a more positive direction.

**PLAYBOY:** That happened when you were 20, right after *Pump Up the Volume*. Is it enough in your past for you to reflect upon it?

**SLATER:** I'd rather reflect upon how it's affected me since.

**PLAYBOY:** It's too major an incident in your life for us to gloss over. After all, you were speeding down Santa Monica Boulevard with the cops behind you. You drove into an alley, tried to run and kicked a cop. Can you give your side of this?

**SLATER:** [*Uncomfortable*] Maybe we should do the 20 questions thing. Ask me where did the injury to the cop take place.

**PLAYBOY:** All right, where was the cop injured?

**SLATER:** Head.

**PLAYBOY:** You kicked him in the head?

**SLATER:** Yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you know what you were doing?

**SLATER:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you decide to run?

**SLATER:** I thought I was a superhero. The *Batman* theme was playing in my car—that's where I was at. I was in the Batmobile, I was Batman, my friend was Robin and it was fun.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you doing 50 in a 35 miles-per-hour zone?

**SLATER:** Eighty.

**PLAYBOY:** After you kicked the cop, did you apologize?

**SLATER:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Did they handcuff you?

**SLATER:** Yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** Did they know who you were?

**SLATER:** Not until the next day, because I was lying about my identity. They thought I was River Phoenix. Strange, huh? I was mistaken for him all the time.

**PLAYBOY:** Then what?

**SLATER:** Mom was called, the lawyer was called, Papa was called.

**PLAYBOY:** And what did your mother say?

**SLATER:** Stuff like, "This is just like your father." That I was a fuckup. I just didn't want to hear any of that shit.

**PLAYBOY:** Was she right?

**SLATER:** Yeah, I definitely fucked up.

**PLAYBOY:** If you had escaped from the cops, would you still have felt that way?

**SLATER:** Then I would have been a success. But I would have kept drinking and then died. So, fortunately for me, I didn't get away with it. I remember waking up the next day looking at my face with cuts all over. My body was ripped up from trying to climb that fence.

**PLAYBOY:** And then you went to court. Do you feel you got off easy?

**SLATER:** No. At the courthouse I told my mother I didn't want her to manage my


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career anymore. That was a turning point, just as it was to check myself into rehab. I had to go to 90 AA meetings in 90 days. That was major for me. I thought they would all be a bunch of freaks and I would have nothing in common with any of them, but the truth is I do. When you sit there you realize we're all living on borrowed time.

**PLAYBOY:** And what about the jail time?

**SLATER:** It was real peaceful. I did a lot of reading.

**PLAYBOY:** Did they let you smoke?

**SLATER:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you start smoking?

**SLATER:** I was 14. It became this little game, to see how long a cigarette would last, how many blocks I could walk in New York with one cigarette.

**PLAYBOY:** An antismoking organization put an open letter to you in the Hollywood trades asking you to stop glamourizing smoking. They said your movies make smoking seem sexy and cool and that you are the tobacco company's best tool. How did you react to that?

**SLATER:** After I read that I did actually quit for seven weeks.

**PLAYBOY:** So what made you start again?

**SLATER:** I was sitting with a friend and he said, "You're either going to be a smoker or you're not." And I said, "Okay, I'll be a fucking smoker."

**PLAYBOY:** How did you meet your girlfriend Nina?

**SLATER:** Through friends. I saw her across a room and I just went, "Oh my God. She is the most beautiful human being I've ever seen." She is so cool, too. She had this bandage around her leg from a motorcycle accident. We ended up going out with a group of people and we weren't ready to say goodnight. My license had been revoked so I was constantly in need of a ride. She said she'd drive me home. We spent the night talking and I went back to her place and slept in the guest room. It turned out we were both huge fans of *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, so the next morning we went and saw that together. I told her I eventually wanted to get a house in Montana and she was into the same thing and it was like, "Wow, this is incredible. This is really deep here." It was something of much more substantial value than I had ever experienced before.

**PLAYBOY:** And yet you put her through some pretty hard times with your roving eye.

**SLATER:** I spent the first part of our relationship confused and scared of commitment and did everything I could to avoid it. I'd never had an example in my life of a serious relationship where two people communicated and worked out their problems. Fortunately, she stuck by my side.

**PLAYBOY:** Even during *True Romance*, when you were romancing your co-star, Patricia Arquette, and model Christy Turlington?

**SLATER:** I don't like to talk about it at all. I was totally self-destructive. You can write that I'm cringing. I behaved very selfishly during the course of that film. Having a personal life outside of this business is important to me. When I do a character like that and it starts to interfere with my personal life, it really fucks with me.

**PLAYBOY:** The actor's angst.

**SLATER:** Maybe. I mean, acting provides you with a great excuse for behaving like a total asshole.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there nothing you can say about going off to fashion shows with Christy Turlington?

**SLATER:** I was just a crazy kid trying to fit in where I didn't belong. It couldn't have been more of a mistake. It was a brutal time in my life. It makes me break out in a cold sweat. So uncool, Jesus Christ, so uncool. Things that were at one point in my life so fucking important are just so unbelievably uncool today.

**PLAYBOY:** Though it didn't do as well as critics projected, *True Romance* was an important film for you, wasn't it?

**SLATER:** It's hard to comment. I don't mean any offense to the director, but it is just one of those movies that are too violent. I'm glad it's in my past. I'm glad it's something I never have to go through again. Oooh, God! Some of the shit I put Nina through, it's brutal. I've definitely not been a saint.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the worst time of the day for you?

**SLATER:** The wee hours of the morning are the worst. When it's quiet and peaceful, that's when I feel like the world is crumbling around me. That's when I nudge Nina at four A.M. and say, "You awake?" Then we sit and discuss my life or how I should have said a particular line in a movie I did four years ago. That's when things start haunting me. It's a nightmare, for her, anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever discuss marriage or having children?

**SLATER:** Marriage is pretty confusing. I'm not a huge supporter because I have seen so many examples of negative marriages. It scares me. And divorce is frightening to me. I definitely love kids, but I need some years before I decide to childproof my house.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you evaluate your career? Where would you like it to go?

**SLATER:** I'd like to have a career that has some longevity. In order to do that I have to take my time and do as much reading as possible. That's a whole new character trait for me. It used to be that I wouldn't read anything. Now, if there's a script about Chuck Yeager I'll buy his autobiography. I'm trying to be as informed as I possibly can, which is something that I never paid much attention to. I've hired a management team that will fight for everything as much as possible. They seem to be levelheaded. I don't want to be handled by people who are more neurotic than I am.

**PLAYBOY:** You have already mentioned Cruise as an example for you. Who else among your generation seems to have gotten it together?

**SLATER:** Winona Ryder is really an example for me. She took some time off, hid out for as long as she could and used her time wisely. She read through a lot of projects. She didn't throw herself into everything. She has handled herself remarkably well in this business and she really has it by the balls right now. She has blown my mind in the way she's dealt with things. Me, on the other hand, I just went balls out and did everything that was offered me. We were heading in similar directions at one point, and then I took this other road.

**PLAYBOY:** You worked with Ryder in *Heathers*. How did that film affect your career?

**SLATER:** *Heathers* was the one that people started to see. That and *Pump Up the Volume*, I really felt great about. I knew they were going to be interesting films.

**PLAYBOY:** You started *Heathers* seeing one of the actresses, Kim Walker, and wound up with Winona——

**SLATER:** That's love-life stuff we're getting into here.

**PLAYBOY:** And that's stuff you would rather not talk about?

**SLATER:** Maybe without the tape recorder.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, without too much discomfort, what can you tell us about your relationship with Kim Walker?

**SLATER:** We lived together for a while in my mother's house. Then we got our own little apartment in Hollywood. And then it came to a crashing end.

**PLAYBOY:** How old were you then?

**SLATER:** I was 17, 18.

**PLAYBOY:** And then you fell for Winona. She told the press that you dated for two weeks and you broke her heart. Then you said you had fallen in love with her, and there was talk of your thinking of marriage. Was it all a game between you?

**SLATER:** A lot of it was a game, definitely. We did a press thing once and we told everybody in the room that we were married. We were trying to imitate Bogart and Bacall, Tracy and Hepburn.

**PLAYBOY:** She said you once scared her so much on the set that she locked herself in her trailer. What happened?

**SLATER:** She may have been paying me a huge compliment. I remember a few of our scenes together where I am supposed to be this scary guy attacking her, and she shoots my finger off. That may be where all of that transpired, because that was a pretty dark day. We were beating the shit out of each other in those scenes, we were really into it. That was fun, I had a great time on that movie. Although I hated the director. Hated him. Michael Lehmann. We just didn't get along. I didn't want to listen to him at all. Of course he ended up doing a great job.

**PLAYBOY:** Your next big film, *Pump Up the*

*Volume*, gave you a chance to play Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, or Clark Kent and Superman.

**SLATER:** Exactly. It was my opportunity to be two different types of personalities, which was fun. It had been difficult for me to communicate with other actors. With this I got to perform and do my thing. Nobody got in my way, nobody was trying to upstage me. There were no egos involved other than mine.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the message of that movie?

**SLATER:** Not to be afraid to speak out. Certainly a lot of people could relate to feeling repressed in school and having teachers who are overpowering and overbearing. All the colorful people in that film were ousted, including my character.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you pleased with the reviews?

**SLATER:** I got stellar reviews for that movie, it was like, "Academy Awards, this kid is unreal." I stopped reading reviews after that because I figured they couldn't get any better than that.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the worst thing anyone ever wrote about you?

**SLATER:** Some guy compared me to Don Johnson. It made me uncomfortable, it wasn't the direction I was trying to go. It upset me.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't it also upset you to take on the quiet, shy character in *Untamed Heart*?

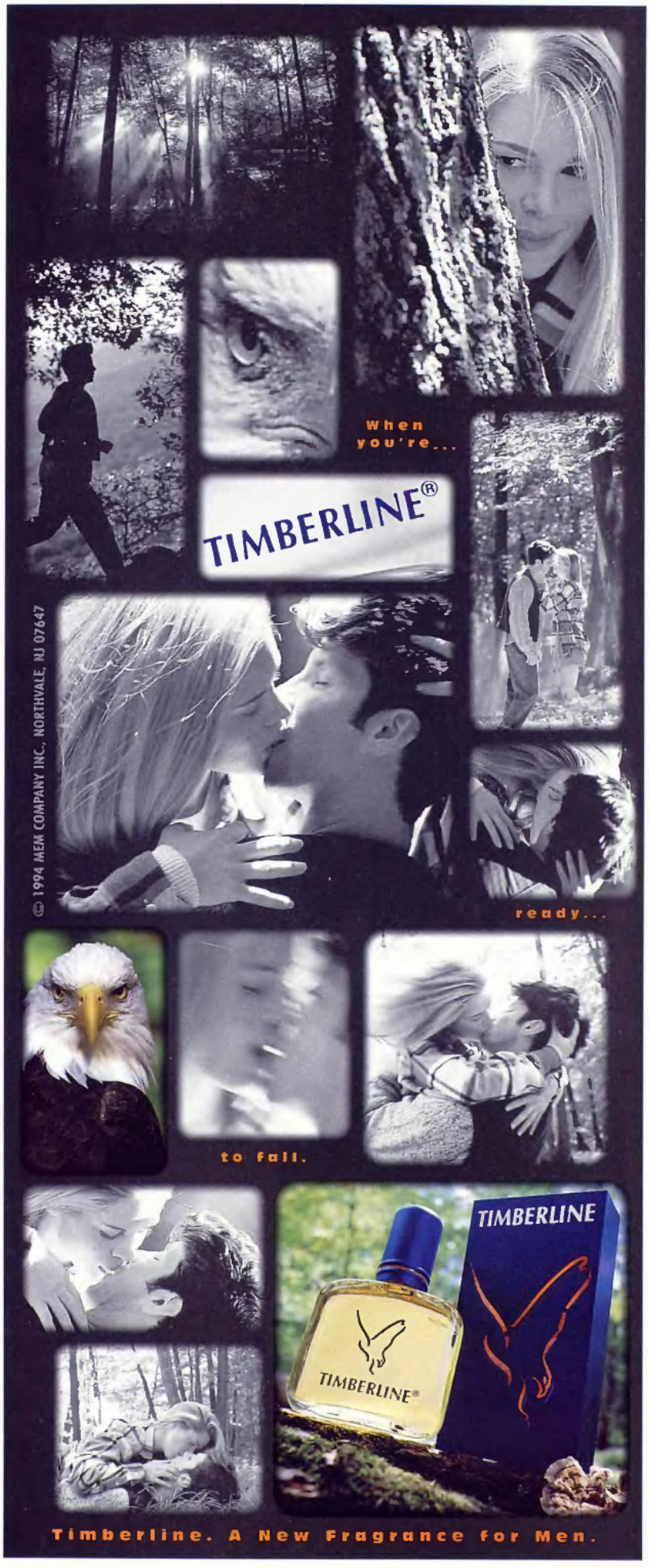
**SLATER:** Yeah, I had just finished *Kuffs*, where my character was kooky, wild, carefree and funny. I had some fear about playing somebody that simple-minded and humble, so I wanted to stay away from it. I felt as if I had closed those doors in my world of vulnerability and innocence and I didn't want to feel that way again. I just didn't relate to it.

**PLAYBOY:** The director, Tony Bill, said it would change your career. Was he right?

**SLATER:** It affected how I perceive acting. You don't have to always do 150 percent and be completely outrageous. Part of my thing was that in order to do a performance you had to really be hyper. I learned that isn't always the case. You can be simple and still be fascinating. It turned out to be one of the best experiences I've ever had on a film.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about some of the films where you weren't that happy with how you came across, or with what went on during the shooting. Starting way back with your unrequited crush on Helen Slater in *The Legend of Billie Jean* nine years ago.

**SLATER:** I was head over heels in love with Helen Slater. I thought the fact that she and I had the same last name signified we were meant to be together. She was 21 and I was 15, but I was real clear about it. One day we were on the lunch line and I went to sit at her table. As I put my tray down she said, "Would you mind not sitting here? I need to be



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alone." Fuck, that was vicious! In front of the whole goddamn crew. I just slowly picked up my tray and moved away.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get through that picture?

**SLATER:** By doing as much blow as I possibly could.

**PLAYBOY:** You also weren't satisfied with how Kevin Reynolds directed you in *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*.

**SLATER:** He and I didn't communicate. He really had that hands-on thing with me which is so uncomfortable. He wanted me to play my character as more insecure. That wasn't at all what I had prepared. Here I am with Kevin Costner and Morgan Freeman and I would like to look good and do the best job I can. I felt obstacles in every direction. I couldn't figure out what the hell was going on.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever feel competitive with Costner?

**SLATER:** I felt a good competitiveness between our two characters. I got pretty good at knife-tossing. One day Kevin was there and I threw my knife right into this dummy. We shot bows, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Who usually won?

**SLATER:** Me. All the time. But I don't think he's losing any sleep over me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you understand Costner's appeal?

**SLATER:** He's one of the most laid-back actors I've ever seen. His two lively performances were in *Silverado* and *Fandango*. He was perfect. Then he did *The Untouchables* and he was so one-note. He was charming in *Dances With Wolves*, but still the same type of thing, extremely underplayed. He's capable of so much more. It has worked beautifully for him, but I would like to see him do a performance where he excels in life again. He needs to find that role that really gets his fire going again.

**PLAYBOY:** One film that went awry for you is *Jimmy Hollywood* with Joe Pesci. Why did you do that one?

**SLATER:** Because I wanted to work with Barry Levinson, who is a great director. When I read the script I didn't see any role for me. My role demanded absolutely nothing. I was supposed to be playing this spaced-out, brain-dead guy and I spent the whole film nodding at everything Joe said, just sort of being there. I was like Peter Sellers in *Being There*, just completely devoid of any emotion. It was a mistake for me. I'm lucky it hasn't hurt me, but it did nothing for me. It came and went as quickly as possible. Nobody liked anything about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't Harrison Ford make a cameo appearance in that film?

**SLATER:** Yeah. I'll tell you a story about that, because Harrison Ford is the coolest guy on the face of the planet, no question about it. I would love to do an Indiana Jones–type action film. He did one day on *Jimmy Hollywood* and I had just hosted the MTV Video Music Awards, where I made a comment about Milton Berle being the coolest guy on the face of the planet because of the way he handled that freak-of-nature transvestite RuPaul he was on the stage with. Of course I won't have any transvestite fans now and they're taking over the world, so I'm screwed. Harrison Ford came up to me on the day he was shooting and said, "Let me ask you, who is the coolest guy on the face of the planet?" And I said, "Well, I am." But then I told him that I didn't have any action figures of Milton Berle at home.

**PLAYBOY:** Han Solo, of course, is part of your complete *Star Wars* collection. How many pieces do you have?

**SLATER:** Maybe 200.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think it's worth?

**SLATER:** I don't know. Fifty, sixty grand. My video collection is also up there. My new obsession is getting all the episodes of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

**PLAYBOY:** You had a walk-on in *Star Trek VI* and got paid $750. Did you frame or cash the check?

**SLATER:** Framed it.

**PLAYBOY:** You're obviously a fan of Patrick Stewart's, but what about Captain Kirk? As a child, didn't you meet William Shatner?

**SLATER:** The genius of geniuses, the greatest of all time. I met him when I was six. My mother had dressed me in this *Star Trek* outfit and we went to see *A Chorus Line*. Then we went back to the house and William Shatner was there and I hid under a table for a long time. Hours later I took him into my room and showed him the little statue I had of him and this big life-size poster of Spock. He said, "What the hell is this? Where is my life-size poster?" I met him again when I was doing *Saturday Night Live* and he was appearing on *Conan O'Brien*. I was told to wait in his dressing room to say hello. He came in and then the phone rang. As he talked away about some deal I got up to turn the TV down and he said, "Christian, would you mind waiting outside for five minutes?" I felt very uncomfortable. I'm not that die-hard of a fan to sit out there and wait for the fucking guy. Forget it.

**PLAYBOY:** How often does something like that happen to you?

**SLATER:** When I feel like Charles Grodin, who wrote that book *It Would Be So Nice If You Weren't Here*. That's sometimes how I feel. Like when I went to the Academy Awards and all the big stars were there, Tom Cruise and everybody, and I felt it would be nicer if I weren't there. I had to walk out and present with Nicole Kidman, who's about nine feet tall; I looked like Herve Villechaize, just ludicrous next to her. And afterward I received comments about it. Jesus Christ, I'm doing the Academy Awards, give me a break. I don't want to hear how short I looked! The second I got off the stage I

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was drenched in sweat and Nicole Kidman was looking at me like, What the hell is wrong with this guy? I felt like a loser.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you also make a humiliating phone call to one of your heroes, Jack Nicholson?

**SLATER:** I was partying with the daughter of somebody famous and she gave me his number, so I called him at three A.M. and said, "I'm a huge fan of yours. I just did this movie *Heathers* and it's sort of a tribute to you." I just went on and on. Then I heard the phone click and I thought the guy had hung up. I was embarrassed so I just kept going on about how we were going to play tennis together. I took a breath after ten minutes of nonstop speaking and he went, "Uhhh?" And then I just hung up. I was completely at a loss.

**PLAYBOY:** If you were to interview Nicholson and Harrison Ford, what would you ask them?

**SLATER:** "What do you think of me?" [*Laughs*] I'd ask Jack what it was like doing *Easy Rider*. How difficult is it being a star? I'd like to know his theories on women and if he's a lonely guy or if he's happy about being alone. They are two sides of the coin. They're both hugely successful, but Jack has dealt with it by staying in the limelight and being this wild, crazy cat with a golf club. Harrison has stayed quiet and humble and totally removed from Hollywood. I'd like to know who has more heart, more substance, more depth.

**PLAYBOY:** And if you could choose a path to follow?

**SLATER:** I would pick the Ford path, definitely. I need stability. I hate to be alone.

**PLAYBOY:** So Ford's the more solid path, even though you seem to have aligned yourself more with Nicholson's lifestyle.

**SLATER:** During *Young Guns II* Kiefer Sutherland told me I chose the wrong role model in Nicholson. He told me who his was.

**PLAYBOY:** Who was his?

**SLATER:** Gene Hackman.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about some of your peers. We'll name an actor, you tell us the first thing that comes into your mind. Start with Keanu Reeves.

**SLATER:** Extraordinarily good-looking. He needs to distance himself from that *Bill and Ted* image, and with each project he's trying that.

**PLAYBOY:** Brad Pitt.

**SLATER:** Great hair. Pisses me off. It's gorgeous.

**PLAYBOY:** Gary Oldman.

**SLATER:** Kindhearted, gentle. He's going through a stage that may come with being English, where they have pubs on every corner. Drinking is socially acceptable in that place.

**PLAYBOY:** Sean Penn.

**SLATER:** An angry young man. I'm a big fan. Great-looking. Cool.

**PLAYBOY:** Johnny Depp.

**SLATER:** I don't think about him that much.

**PLAYBOY:** John Cusack.

**SLATER:** Incredible talent.

**PLAYBOY:** Hugh Grant.

**SLATER:** Charming guy.

**PLAYBOY:** Charlie Sheen.

**SLATER:** He had the opportunity to be Tom Cruise, but he made some bizarre choices, like with *Hot Shots*. Some major risks, but he's carved out a nice little niche for himself in comedy.

[*A neighbor's dog starts barking.*]

That's Paul Reiser's dog, Frankie. He's the biggest nightmare dog. He'll bark forever. It's endless. I climbed the hill once with a steak in my hand, to be friendly. Threw the steak over, but he still barked.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you talk to Reiser about it?

**SLATER:** I've written some notes. He's a funny guy, one of the notes he wrote back was: "Hi, this is Frankie, I'm in love with your dog and I'm just trying to get his attention." But enough's enough. My father and I are very similar in this way. Noise really bothers him, too. There was a dog where he was living that would constantly bark and he wrote the owners a letter with every curse word he could think of and said, "Every time your dog barks, this is what it sounds like to me. So I am going to send you these letters every day until you kill him." He has a sick, demented sense of humor, but after they took it to small claims court he won. One for dear old dad.

**PLAYBOY:** Why does it seem that rage is an easier emotion for you than happiness?

**SLATER:** Anger is a much easier emotion to tap into. It's easier to get angry than it is to smile. I don't know why.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you cry often?

**SLATER:** No, I don't cry that easily.

**PLAYBOY:** There have been rumors that you are gay. With all the women in your life and your current love life, your sexuality seems straightforward. But was there ever a time in your past when you leaned the other way?

**SLATER:** No, I never did. I had a teacher when I was 12 who became a male role model for me. He turned out to be gay and that really fucked with me for a while. I trusted him completely. We used to wrestle all the time. I would sleep over at his house, it was like my freedom away from Mom. He was intelligent and down-to-earth. He talked to me like I was an adult. Then I turned 16 and the feelings started to change. One time we went to visit friends of his and we slept in the same bed. I woke up in the morning and he had his arms wrapped around me and he was hugging me tight. It was like, Get me the fuck out of here! I don't hold any resentment toward him. Everybody has their own lives to deal with. But that experience confirmed for me the direction I was going in. Being gay isn't for me.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel when you got to be MTV's Most Desirable Male?

**SLATER:** It meant absolutely nothing.

**PLAYBOY:** What about when you hosted the MTV Awards?

**SLATER:** It was a nightmare, just pointless. I don't know why I did it. I had wanted to sing *Luck Be a Lady Tonight* on the show, but I had no support whatsoever. They heard me but the sense in the room was, "You're an idiot, don't do this or you will destroy yourself." I wouldn't host it again. That's never the direction my career was meant to go.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of direction, who are the directors you'd like to work with?

**SLATER:** Scorsee, Spielee, Georgie. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** Are those familiars for Scorsese, Spielberg and George Lucas?

**SLATER:** Right. Who else? Andy Davis, who directed *The Fugitive*. Alex Proyas, the director of *The Crow*—I really enjoyed that film.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any singers who speak to your generation the way Bob Dylan did to kids in the Sixties?

**SLATER:** No. Sinatra's *That's Life* speaks to me. That song really saved my life.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever met him?

**SLATER:** Yeah. He had no idea who I was. I mean the guy just doesn't care who he offends. "I'm Frank Sinatra, I'm the king."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have a favorite book?

**SLATER:** *Way of the Peaceful Warrior*, by Dan Millman.

**PLAYBOY:** Favorite film?

**SLATER:** *It's a Wonderful Life*.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you work out?

**SLATER:** I think about my body and how I look sometimes. I may work out for three months before a film, but keeping a constant regimen going isn't my thing.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't Michael Ovitz suggest you find a hobby?

**SLATER:** Yeah. I've tried to learn how to fly helicopters and started painting little models. I keep trying to find a hobby that fascinates me. Right now it's picking up dog poop in my backyard.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever thought about winning an Oscar?

**SLATER:** Yeah. I was looking at Tom Hanks' Academy Award and he said, "You'll have one of these too someday." That was really sweet.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you satisfied with where you are now?

**SLATER:** I've had a fucking magical life. It's unreal. I'm one of the luckiest men on the face of the planet. Who knows, I may be heading for some huge crash. But at this point I'm enjoying the hell out of it.

**PLAYBOY:** What would make your life even more magical?

**SLATER:** If George Lucas read this and considered me for a role in the next *Star Wars* film.

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# CLOSING TIME

the sequel to catch-22

fiction

## by joseph heller

by yossarian's second week in the hospital, the floor nurse had allowed him to caress the lacy border of her slip with his fingertips

IN THE MIDDLE of his second week in the hospital, Yossarian dreamed of his mother, and he knew again that he was going to die. The doctors were upset when he gave them the news.

"We can't find anything wrong," they told him.

"Keep looking," he instructed.

"You're in perfect health."

"Just wait," he advised.

Yossarian was back once more in the hospital for observation, having retreated there beneath a neurotic barrage of confusing physical symptoms to which he had become increasingly susceptible since finding himself dwelling alone for just the second time in his life, and which seemed, one by one, to dissipate like vapor as soon as he described or was tested for each. Just a few months before, he had cured himself of an incurable case of sciatica merely by telephoning one of his physicians to complain of his incurable case of sciatica. He could not learn to live alone. He could not make a bed. He would sooner starve than cook.

This time he had gone bolting in, so to speak, with a morbid vision of a different morbid vision shortly after hearing that the president, whom he did not like, was going to resign, and that the vice president, whom he did not like even more, would certainly succeed him, and shortly after finding out, inadvertently, that Milo Minderbinder, with whom he now had been unavoidably and inescapably linked for something like 25 years, was expanding beyond surplus stale commodities like old chocolate and vintage Egyptian cotton into military equipment with plans for a warplane of his own that he intended to sell to the government. To any government, of course, that could afford to buy.

There were countries in Europe that could afford to buy, and in Asia and the Mideast too. He had no doubt he had much to worry about.

A prick in the White House? It would not be the first time. Another oil tanker had broken up. There was radiation. Garbage. Pesticides, toxic waste and free enterprise. There were enemies of abortion who wished to inflict the death penalty on everyone who was not pro-life. There was mediocrity in government, and self-interest too. There was trouble in Israel. These were not mere delusions. He was not making them up. Soon they would be cloning human embryos for sale, fun and replacement parts. Men earned millions producing nothing more substantial than changes in ownership. The Cold War was over and there was still no peace on earth. Nothing made sense and neither did everything



COLLAGE FOR PLAYBOY BY LARRY RIVERS

else. People did things without knowing why and then tried to find out.

When bored in his hospital room, Yossarian played with such high-minded thoughts like a daydreaming youth with his genitals.

At least once each weekday morning they came barging in around him, his doctor, Leon Shumacher, and Dr. Shumacher's brisk and serious entourage of burgeoning young physicians, accompanied by the lively floor nurse with the pretty face and the magnificent ass, who was openly drawn to Yossarian, despite his years, and whom he was slyly enticing to develop a benign crush on him, despite her youthfulness. She was a tall woman with impressive hips who remembered Pearl Bailey but not Pearl Harbor, which put her age somewhere between 35 and 60, the very best stage, Yossarian believed, for a woman, provided, of course, she still had her health. Yossarian possessed but a hazy idea of what she really was like, yet he unscrupulously exploited every chance to help pass the time enjoyably with her for the several peaceful weeks he was resolved to remain in the hospital to rest up and put his outlook together while the great nations of the world restabilized themselves into another new world order for good and forever once more.

He'd brought his radio and almost always had some Bach or good chamber, piano or other choral music on one FM station or another. There were too many disruptions for abiding attention to opera, especially Wagner. It was a good room this time, he was pleased to conclude, with unobjectionable neighbors who were not offensively ill, and it was the attractive floor nurse, in response to his baiting, modestly laughing and with a flounce and a flush of hauteur, who made the defiant boast that the ass she had was magnificent. Yossarian could see no reason to disagree.

By the middle of the first week he was flirting with her with all his might. Dr. Leon Shumacher did not always look kindly upon this salacious frivolity.

"It's bad enough I let you in here. I suppose we both ought to feel ashamed, you in this room when you aren't sick——"

"Who says I'm not?"

"And so many people outside on the streets."

"Will you let one in here if I agree to leave?"

"Will you pay the bills?"

Yossarian preferred not to.

A great man with angiograms had confirmed to him soberly that he did not need one; a neurologist reported with equal gloom that there was nothing the matter with his brain.

Leon Shumacher again was displaying him pridefully as a rare specimen his pupils would not have the opportunity to come upon often in their medical practice, a man of 68 without symptoms of any disease, not even hypochondria.

Late afternoons or sometimes early in the evening, Leon would drop by just to chat awhile in singsong sorrow about his long hours, ghoulish working conditions and unjustly low earnings—in tactless, egocentric fashion to a man they both knew was soon going to die.

Leon was not considerate.

The name of this nurse was Melissa MacIntosh, and, like all good women to a sophisticated man with a predilection to romanticize, she seemed too good to be true.

By the beginning of his second week she was allowing him to caress with his fingertips the border of lace on the skirt of her slip when she stood or sat beside his bed or chair while she hung around and talked and flirted back by allowing him to advance in his flirting. Pink with discomfort and enlivened by mischief, she neither consented nor prohibited when he toyed with the hem of this filmy undergarment, but she was not at ease. She was terrified that someone would surprise them in this impermissible intimacy. He was praying somebody would. He concealed from nurse MacIntosh all the subtle signals of his budding erections. He did not want her to get the idea that his intentions were serious. She was lucky to have him; she agreed when he said so. He was less trouble than the other men and women in the private and semiprivate rooms on the same floor. And he was more intriguing to her, he saw—and therefore more seductive, he understood, and maybe she did not—than all of the few men she was seeing outside the hospital and even the one or two men she had been seeing exclusively, almost exclusively, for a number of years. She had never been married, not even once or twice. Yossarian was so little trouble that he was no trouble at all, and she and the other floor nurses had little more to do for him than look into his room each shift just to make certain he wasn't dead yet and needed nothing done to keep him alive.

"Is everything all right?" each one would inquire.

"Everything but my health," he sighed in response.

"You're in perfect health."

That was the trouble, he took the trouble to explain. It meant that he had to get worse.

"It's no joke," he joked when they laughed.

She wore a black slip one day when he begged her to switch, affecting esthetic longing. Often when he wanted her there he found himself in dire need of something to need. When he pressed his call signal, another nurse might respond.

"Send in my Melissa," he would command. The others would cooperate. He suffered no nursing shortage. He was in good health, the doctors restated daily, and this time, he was concluding in morose disappointment, with the sense he was being cheated, they appeared to be right.

His appetite and digestion were good. His auditory and spinal apparatuses had been CAT-scanned. His sinuses were clear and there was no evidence anywhere of arthritis, bursitis, angina or neuritis. He was even without a postnasal drip. His blood pressure was the envy of every doctor who saw him. He gave urine and they took it. His cholesterol was low, his hemoglobin was high, his sedimentation rate was a thing of beauty and his blood nitrogen was ideal. They pronounced him a perfect human being. He thought his first wife and his second, from whom he had now been separated about a year, might have some demurrers.

There was a champion cardiologist who found no fault with him, a pathologist for his pathos who found no cause for concern either, an enterprising gastroenterologist who ran back to the room for a second opinion from Yossarian on some creative investment strategies he was considering in Arizona real estate, and a psychologist for his psyche, in whom Yossarian was left in the last resort to confide.

"And what about these periodic periods of anomie and fatigue and disinterest and depression?" Yossarian rushed on in a whirlwind of whispers. "I find myself detached from listening to things that other people take seriously. I'm tired of information I can't use. I wish the daily newspapers were smaller and came out weekly. I'm not interested anymore in all that's going on in the world. Comedians don't make me laugh and long stories drive me wild. Is it me or old age? Or is the planet really turning irrelevant? TV news is degenerate. Everyone everywhere is glib. My enthusiasms are exhausted. Do I really feel this healthy now or am I just imagining I do? I even have this full head of hair. Doc, I must have the truth. Is my depression mental?"

"It isn't depression and you are not exhausted."

In due course, the psychologist conferred with the chief of psychiatry, who consulted with all the other medical men. They concluded with one voice

*(continued on page 156)*

*"Wait a minute, Carlos. I don't think you understand what Nafta is all about."*

# PAMWATCH

## a trip to st.-tropez with pamela anderson, the most famous lifeguard in the world

Working on *Home Improvement* or *Baywatch* (above) or vacationing in St.-Tropez, Pamela draws attention. The tabloids covered her romance with *Baywatch* co-star David Charvet and a broken engagement to sitcom hero Scott Baio. Now the only hairy creature in Pamela's life is her golden retriever, Star.

WELCOME to St.-Tropez, where the days can be hot but the nights are cooled by Mediterranean breezes that help make this French town one of the most romantic spots on earth. It just got hotter, cooler and even more romantic, thanks to a visit from Pamela Anderson, a friend of ours who steamed up the lenses of photographer Stephen Wayda more than the weather ever could. Pamela, PLAYBOY's Miss February 1990, told us then that "this is the start of something big." All she has done since is appear as Lisa the Tool Time Girl on *Home Improvement*, America's number one TV show, and co-star as C.J. Parker on *Baywatch*, the TV show with more than a billion viewers worldwide each week. There's also a Mike Hammer movie-of-the-week on CBS (Pamela plays Hammer's sexy assistant). Not bad for the daughter of a furnace repairman and a waitress from tiny Comox, British Columbia. But even while she juggled movie offers, Pamela couldn't resist a trip to St.-Tropez—our fifth get-together with her. "I've never had a bad experience with PLAYBOY," she says. Posing nude is like modeling swimsuits, she adds, except that you don't have to worry how the suit looks. In St.-Tropez, she had nothing at all to worry about. We made the arrangements; all Pamela had to do was show up, show off and enjoy herself. Now she says, "It's my favorite place in the world. I want to move there."

Fantasies do come true. For proof, check Pamela's life story. In 1989 some neighbors invited her to a Canadian Football League game



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

in Vancouver. A cameraman put her on the stadium's big-screen TV. The crowd went wild. Pamela happened to be wearing a Labatt's T-shirt that day; the company, noting that its logo had never before looked so good, signed her as a spokesmodel. That's when we spotted the girl in the Labatt's beer ads. Her PLAYBOY appearances led to *Home Improvement* and *Baywatch*. The world went wild. Playing one of the TV lifeguards *People* magazine called a "super-sexy amalgam of hormones and Coppertone" on the syndicated surf opera *Baywatch*, Pamela is seen weekly in 140 nations by nearly 20 percent of the earth's population, and the show has made her an international star. She's so popular in Europe that she can't make a move on the Continent without being mobbed. With the CBS movie and two feature films on the horizon, Pamela is now approximately as hot as the St.-Tropez sand at midday. "It's all pretty hard to believe," she says in her soft, little-girl voice, "but then I

"I should be more realistic," acknowledges Pamela, "but I'm more into fantasy than reality, even when it comes to men." Sex, she says, is spirituality made real. It's a force that can cloud men's minds. Ask any male *Baywatch* fan what Pamela wears on the show. He would probably say a bikini. In fact, she wears a plain, regulation one-piece maillot; the rest is acting.

What's the secret of her success? Beneath Pamela's obvious assets beats a very strong heart. David Hasselhoff says he is amazed by his co-star's energy, a force that has made C.J. Parker vital to *Baywatch*. Who else but Pamela would practice martial arts after an 18-hour workday? But that's not the only way she gets her kicks. She also enjoys inventing exotic (but as yet unpublished) works of fiction.

Meditation, crystals and other New Age fancies are the real thing for Pamela. She has believed in her own brand of mysticism since her grandfather, an emigrant from Finland, first suggested that her dreams might contain hidden meanings. "I keep a written account of my dreams, just like my grandfather did," she says. The contents of Pamela's "dream diary" will have to remain her secret. But if our favorite sensualist's St.-Tropez fantasies are any indication, some of that nocturnal diary's pages might prove to be incendiary.

have always believed in fantasies."

Being young and beautiful and blonde is a good way to be mistaken for a mannequin. Pamela told *People* magazine, "I love the dumb-blonde image. I have nothing to live up to. I can only surprise people." So she doesn't bother reminding people that her *Baywatch* character has gotten deeper as the writers make C.J. more like Pamela, whose idea of bedtime reading is *Bulfinch's Mythology*. Even her PLAYBOY portfolio reflects a philosophy, that "sexuality is an expression of spirituality." Pamela certainly didn't need to explain herself in St.-Tropez, where body language is a native tongue.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

# Mad About Paul

it's been decades since tv made marriage look so smart and delightful. no wonder paul reiser is this year's most lovable neurotic

By Steve Pond

SOMETHING is wrong here.

Look straight ahead: There is the Pacific Ocean, pale gray and restless under an overcast California spring sky. Dolphins cavort as small waves break on the white-sand beach that Steven Spielberg and Johnny Carson and lots of other famous people greet every morning. Turn around and you'll see a typical house in the Malibu Colony, as exclusive a patch of real estate as can be found along this coastline. Inside are white walls, pale wood floors, overstuffed off-white furniture, pastel paintings and vases of fresh flowers.

And right here, standing in jeans and a flannel shirt, is Paul Reiser. He's what doesn't fit. Sure, he's the star, co-creator, producer and sometimes writer of a hit television show, *Mad About You*, which means he can live just about anywhere he wants. But to those of us who feel as if we know Reiser—and that pretty much includes everybody who watches the show—it seems that he really ought to be in, say, a New York delicatessen. Or a nice apartment in Lower Manhattan, like the one in *Mad About You*. If he has to live in Los Angeles, you figure it would be in the hills somewhere, not the Malibu Colony.

But it's every bit as odd that Reiser has become our new favorite funny, smart, neurotic, likable leading man, a hero for people who prefer their television shows to be a little smarter, more stylish and more sophisticated than *Family Matters* or even *Home Improvement*. After all, this is the man who spent three seasons mouthing hoary sitcom clichés in *My Two Dads*, co-starring with that guy from *B.J. and the Bear*. He's spent much of his film career being mistaken for Peter Riegert while acting in movies as woeful as *The Marrying Man*, *Cross My Heart*, *Crazy People* and *Sunset Limousine*. And his observational and proudly neurotic stand-up comedy once seemed to make him little more than a backup Jerry Seinfeld or Richard Lewis.

Suddenly, he's one of the coolest and sharpest guys on television. *Mad About You* walked away with seven Emmy nominations. You have to wonder: Has Reiser always been hipper than the room? Was he this smart all along and we just didn't know it? Does he really belong in the Malibu Colony?

I find the answer to the last of those questions when I poke around his house and ask him about one of the paintings. "I don't know anything about it," he says, shrugging. "We're just renting. My wife and I have a house in the hills, but we got tired of finding all the hotels booked when we would decide to go away on Friday afternoon. So we rented this house for a month, and then another month. It's a good place to bring journalists, because it's all beige and none of it's mine."

This, by the way, is not exactly true: The upright piano belongs to Reiser. It's the only black thing in the house, as far as I can tell. It doesn't match the decor. Draw from this whatever conclusion you will.

•

Let's pause for a love story. Reiser doesn't usually like to get personal, but he doesn't mind if you hear this particular one.

Paul's wife's name is Paula. Yes, they know the song *Hey Paula*, by Paul & Paula. A florist once thought it was so cute that he put a copy of the record in a bouquet Paula sent to Paul.

They met when Paul was playing a comedy club in Pittsburgh and Paula was working her way through college. "There's this really cute waitress you should meet," said the club's owner, though he'd never met Paul and barely knew Paula. They met and Paul was speechless. "I thought she was beautiful and absolutely spunky and smart and funny and wonderful." They started a long-distance relationship. Comedian friends of Paul's would play the club, and she'd introduce herself as Paul's girlfriend. "The other comics would go, 'Yeah, sweetheart, sure you are,'" says Paul. "Because they knew the kind of dogs they were, and they were thinking, Isn't that pathetic? This cocktail waitress spent some time with a comic and now she thinks she's going out with him."

After six years, they were married. (In the meantime she finished school, moved to Los Angeles, got her Ph.D. at



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

USC and started practicing psychology.) And besides Paul and Paula's six years of marriage, there is another happy result of this love story. "As one of our friends told me," says Paul, "the fact that we got married will keep comics getting laid on the road for 50 years."

He shrugs magnanimously. "You do what you can to help those who come after you."

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*Mad About You* is a love story, too, about a 30ish, recently wed couple named Paul and Jamie Buchman. Paul has a good, creative job, they have an implausibly large apartment, a terrific dog named Murray and brains that lead them into spirited, witty conversations. Exploring the interactions, negotiations and accommodations that invariably take place with a young married couple, *Mad About You* is now in its third season.

And while it may have had lackluster ratings when it debuted following *Seinfeld*, the show survived a first-season exile to Saturday night, then unexpectedly flourished after a subsequent move to Thursday at eight P.M. In the process, it helped NBC regain its hold on that night, which had slipped when *Cosby* and *Cheers* checked out and *The Simpsons* got hot on Fox. Now it's entrenched in the old *Cosby* spot, leading off the network's signature night with style.

"*Thirtysomething*, but shorter and funnier" is how Reiser and co-creator and executive producer Danny Jacobson pitched the show to NBC. But lots of other comparisons have been made. "When the history of classic TV marriages is written," wrote Manuel Mendoza in the *Dallas Morning News*, "the Buchmans will be right up there with the Ricardos, the Kramdens and the Petries. And although *Mad About You* has yet to embed itself in the collective memory like its Golden Age predecessors, it's been decades since a sitcom captured marriage as accurately—and as humorously."

Most often, though, *Mad About You* has been compared not to other shows about marriage but to another situation comedy starring another neurotic stand-up comedian: *Seinfeld*. Reiser isn't offended by the comparison. After all, he and Jerry Seinfeld are longtime friends who, together with comics Larry Miller and Mark Schiff, have had lunch together every New Year's Day for more than 15 years. Their immovable feast has become enough of a legend that they have turned down the chance to make a television movie about it.

But the comparisons are irksome, too, because *Mad About You* traffics in an area *Seinfeld* steadfastly avoids: the emotional pitfalls, trapdoors and bonuses of a committed relationship. You might think that this is because Seinfeld has been unmarried and unattached for most of his career, while Reiser has been married for six years to the woman he had been dating for the six years before that. But to make a connection this schematic would imply that Paul Reiser is Paul Buchman, an implication Reiser resists.

Sure, they look alike. They dress alike, in jeans, T-shirts, flannel shirts and the occasional blazer. They talk alike. They obsess about trifles and make various wry observations about things that annoy or amuse them. They have friendly brown dogs. They play the piano, though not often in public. They have talented, intelligent and sexy wives.

But Paul Buchman's wife, played by the talented, intelligent and sexy Helen Hunt, has blonde hair; Reiser's wife is a brunette more on the order of Teri Hatcher, who was in the running for the role. And there are other things that make Reiser different from Buchman. He loves to take a good line, or even a mediocre line, and repeat it endlessly: After he spotted Jerry Vale in the lobby of his accountant's office, he said, "Put it on Jerry Vale's account" so often that one uncomprehending assistant finally took him aside and said, "This isn't the first time you've used that line, you know."

He briefly considered making his living writing commercial jingles. He has the unerring ability to focus on the bad parts in any review of his work. In an episode titled "Paul Is Dead," in which his character is mistakenly declared dead, he did a scene without shoes as a reference to Paul McCartney's attire on the cover of the Beatles album *Abbey Road*. He sends notes to people whose work he enjoys. When his jokes bomb, one of his favorite responses is, "See, I find that funny, and you, less so."

And while he admits to strip-mining his personal life for material, he has his limits. "The truth is," he says, "if it's something really personal, I wouldn't tell anybody where it came from. It's hard for me to feel that I'm a stickler about privacy when so much of my life ends up in the show. But at the same time, it's the difference between admitting I'm a person who goes to the bathroom, which is fine, and having people walk in the door and hear flushing and see me drying my hands on my pants. Then they know that I just came from the bathroom. I'm not pretending that I don't go, but that's just, like, too personal."

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"Look," says Reiser, happily. "Jon Lovitz is giving me the finger."

We've just walked into Granita, a Wolfgang Puck restaurant in Malibu. The place is trendy but the food is good, says Reiser, who somehow looks as if he belongs in this artsy room where everybody recognizes him and the most famous guy in the place salutes him with an obscene but good-natured gesture.

"I used to be a great orderer in restaurants," he says after greeting Lovitz and sliding into a booth. "In fact, this is going back a while, but it's probably the only area in my life in which Seinfeld would surrender to me. He would put his menu away and say, 'I'm not even going to bother. I'll have whatever you're getting.' I was very proud of that, and then I hit a slump. For many years I would just order bad. And now I'm slowly getting it back."

He lowers his voice. "Here's a personal thing," he says. "The right food can make me happy in a way that is almost embarrassing. I suddenly go, 'Ooh, life is good.' Why? Because the soup is really nice."

And does the wrong food make him cranky?

"I don't quite notice it," he says. "Actually, I noticed the other day that I was eating cereal that wasn't good. It was hard and all stuck together, and I thought, How good should cereal be? But then my wife said, 'There's a fresh box.' And I opened the fresh box and went, 'Wow, that's really good.' I didn't even notice until it was pointed out to me. And that's actually a consistent theme with me: I don't notice when something is wrong, or I don't have the energy to fix it. I may be sitting on the remote control, but I either don't notice it or don't care until my wife says, 'Get up.'"

This is a typical Reiser monolog. He's a charming conversationalist who rambles and gives small glimpses into his life but always returns to his TV show, which he champions to the point of what could be construed as arrogance, except for his light and self-deprecating touch. Then he'll stop, frown and say, "Am I the most boring person in the world?"

He isn't, of course. If he were, Bantam Books would not have asked to

*(continued on page 98)*

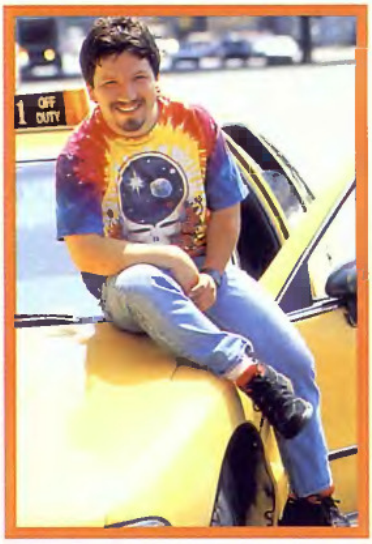
*"Hey, gee, like, wow! You folks don't know what you're missing—you know that?"*

CHARLES LOMBARDO, a buttoned-up doorman who works in midtown, catches big air at left in an Ultrex three-quarter-length zip-front shell jacket with a drawstring waist and fleece-lined pockets and collar, by Blockspoon, $219; a cotton velour crewneck pullover by Burton Snowboards, about $50; and nylon shell fly-front pants with a drawstring waist and contrast welt stitching, $89, plus goggles, $49, both by Black Flys. He also wears a baseball cap (turned backward, of course) with railroad-ticking stripes, by Bonfire, $19; Cordura Outback gloves, $84, and nubuck-trimmed Drive snowboard boots, about $170, both by Morrow.

VICTOR OUISPE, who has spent the past two years flying down the streets of New York City in his Yellow Cab, is airborne on the opposite page in a nylon three-quarter-length pullover jacket with attached fingerless gloves, $350, and two-tone nylon pants with patched reinforced knees and backside, $230, both by Degre 7. He's also sporting a cotton hooded shirt by DKNY Mens, about $60; a fleece-brimmed hat by 90 Clothing, $36; and oiled-leather Extreme snowboard boots with ankle supports, by Airwalk, $252. The HC 142 freeriding snowboard and the freeride 4x4 bindings, $420, are by K2 Snowboards.

# NEW YORK SNOW JOB

four regular guys from the big apple get rad in snowboard threads for the slopes and the streets



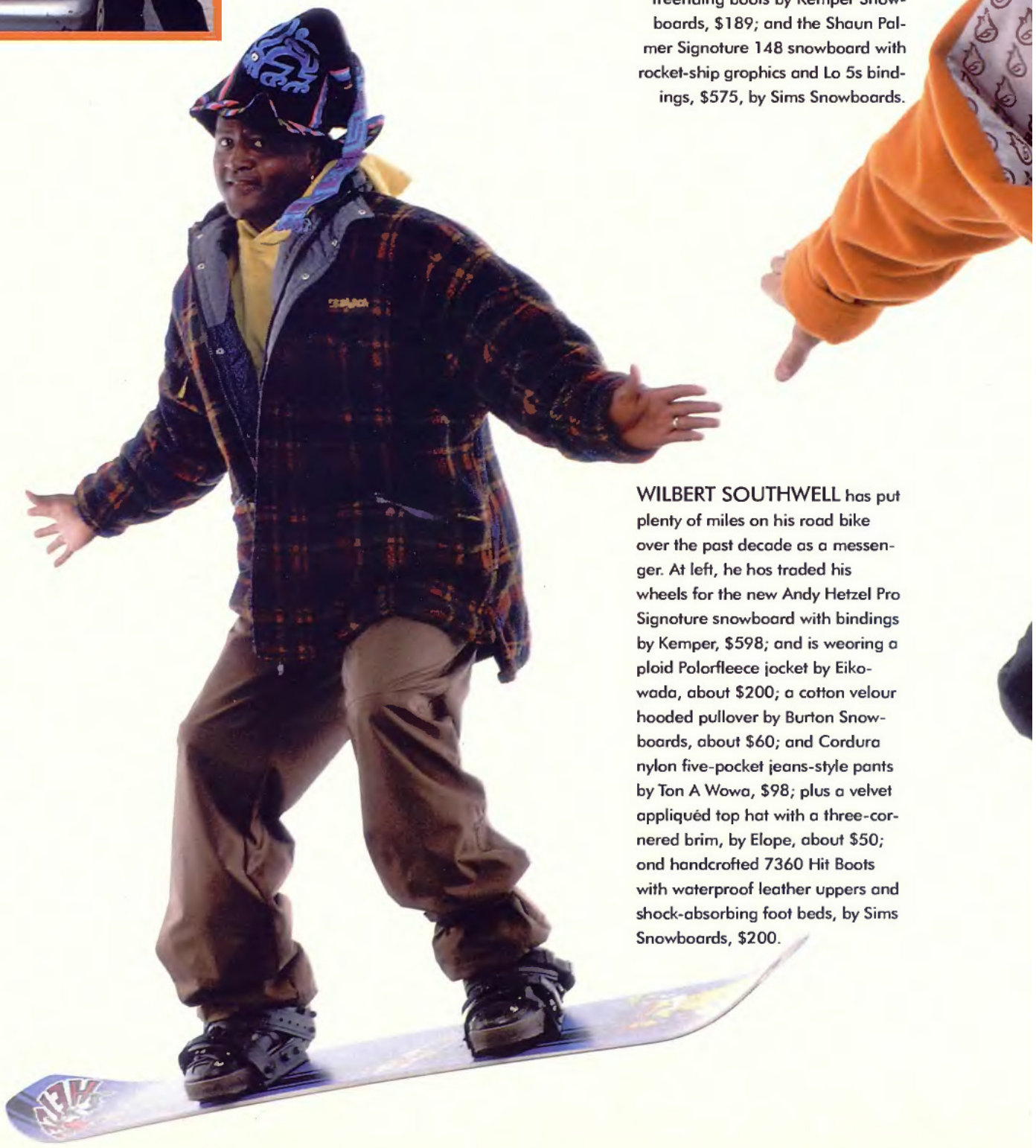

*fashion by* HOLLIS WAYNE

THE BEST PART of learning to snowboard is that you don't have to pull blindside 360s or catch big-ass rail to look cool. That's because cool, in this sport, starts with the clothing. To prove it, we recruited four members of Manhattan's work force—a doorman, a cabbie, a bicycle messenger and a street vendor—to model some of this season's hottest styles. None of these guys has ever been close to the slopes (their idea of a winter sport is tuning in to the Knicks with a brew and some pretzels), but dressed in the essential gear, they look as though they could shred with the best of them. Designed with the same oversize, hip-hop look as skateboard clothing, these snowboard jackets, pullovers and pants are built for comfort, with plenty of reinforcement in the elbows, knees and backsides. To get street mileage out of your snowboard clothes, go with blue-collar-workwear jackets and shirts, and outerwear made of Polarfleece. Five-pocket jeans-style pants and overalls made of synthetic fabrics such as Cordura nylon will keep you warm and dry on the bottom. Hats are a must on top. And for the latest in hardware, check out the boards shown here and in *Artists on Board*, this month's *On the Scene* on page 177.

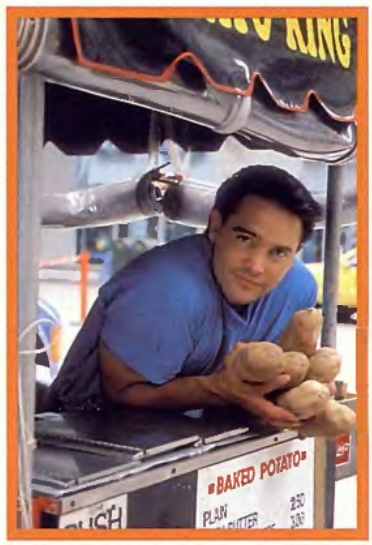


PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

**ANTHONY CONSENTINO,** the 28-year-old Bronx resident pictured opposite, may sell baked potatoes with all the toppings from his cart on 54th Street, but he's no spud on a snowboard. He has combined a wool-blend work jacket with contrast welt seams, $105, and nylon overalls sporting contrast welt seams, $220, both by Bonfire; with a hooded cotton flannel shirt that has a quilted lining, from DS by OP Tech, $100; sunglasses from Killer Loop by Bausch & Lomb, $90; freeriding boots by Kemper Snowboards, $189; and the Shaun Palmer Signature 148 snowboard with rocket-ship graphics and Lo 5s bindings, $575, by Sims Snowboards.



**WILBERT SOUTHWELL** has put plenty of miles on his road bike over the past decade as a messenger. At left, he has traded his wheels for the new Andy Hetzel Pro Signature snowboard with bindings by Kemper, $598; and is wearing a ploid Polorfleece jacket by Eikowada, about $200; a cotton velour hooded pullover by Burton Snowboards, about $60; and Cordura nylon five-pocket jeans-style pants by Ton A Wowa, $98; plus a velvet appliquéd top hat with a three-cornered brim, by Elope, about $50; and handcrafted 7360 Hit Boots with waterproof leather uppers and shock-absorbing foot beds, by Sims Snowboards, $200.




MEN'S GROOMING BY LOSI FOR PIERRE MICHEL,
THE PLAZA, NEW YORK CITY

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

# Paul Reiser (continued from page 92)

*"Are there similarities between our shows? Sure. But to say that we copy Seinfeld is so offensive.'"*

publish his musings, *Couplehood*. Or maybe it would have, simply because it'd already made so much money from Jerry Seinfeld's musings. "That had an enormous amount to do with it," Reiser quickly concedes. "It's the same publisher, the same literary agent and the same editor. I suppose that's why I resisted it at first. Every blurb about the book is 'Seinfeld did a book, now Reiser's doing a book.' But they asked me. And also, if I'm not mistaken, Jerry wasn't the first person to write a book. I believe James Joyce did one. I know for a fact Mark Twain wrote a couple.

"I think that my book is distinctive from Jerry's book," he continues, "in the same way that our shows are distinctive. It's couple-oriented and not as jokey."

He frowns. "And jokey wasn't a slight of Jerry's show, by the way. I'm continually astounded by how great his show is. I watched it last night and thought, Jesus, they're great, just brilliantly creative and ambitious. My wife and I were at the beach this morning, lost in thought, and I said, 'Where are you?' She said, 'Just thinking about my office. I don't like where the chair is. Where are you?' I said, 'I was counting how many sets *Seinfeld* used last night.'"

And has he seen the episode of the animated television series *The Critic* in which the main character, voiced by Lovitz, walks past a movie marquee that reads SEINFELD. THE MOVIE. STARRING PAUL REISER?

"No, did it say that?" he says. "Really? I didn't know that." He looks puzzled. "Is that good or bad? Is that a swipe? Is that neutral?"

Well, he could take it as neutral, or he could take it to mean that they consider him a second-string Seinfeld.

"I'm not comfortable with those kinds of things," he says. "I assume there's something bad to it. And that angers me. I've been friends with Jerry for 15 years, and we have a similar sense of humor. In fact, there are a lot of things that his show broke ground doing that I wouldn't have had the courage or the conviction to execute. Are there similarities between my sensibilities and Jerry's? Sure. Are there similarities between our shows? Sure. But to say that we copy *Seinfeld* is so offensive, because we try hard to shy away from that. Ours is an emotional show, which is something that Jerry proudly avoids. So any kind of comment like that just belittles all the fucking hours and heart and emotion that go into making the show as good as it can be."

He stops, takes a deep breath and grins. "So fuck Jon Lovitz."

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He could have been a mogul. He should have been a mogul, if you asked Sam Reiser.

Paul's father was a mogul. He'd gotten into health food wholesaling in his 20s—"not because he was particularly health-conscious," says Paul, "but because it was a business that somebody thought would work." It did: In the mid- to late Sixties, when Paul was entering his teens, Sam Reiser's business boomed, branched out, bought other companies and became a successful national enterprise.

All along, Paul was Sam's designated successor. But as a kid in New York City, Paul was drawn to comedy: Frank Gorshin on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, Mel Brooks and Carl Reiner's *2000-Year-Old Man* records, David Steinberg, Robert Klein and George Carlin. But even after he had started performing, Paul worked for his dad. "He said, 'Take a year and get the comedy out of your system,'" says Paul. "But even then he said, 'But as long as your afternoons are free, you might as well come in and learn something.'"

After a year of comedy, Sam Reiser intervened. "He said, 'It's time to let it go,'" says Paul. "And he sent me to Oklahoma to learn the business from the ground up. It was the first time I was ever really alone, and I couldn't get enough of it. I was able to hear my own voice, and I found myself not homesick for friends or girlfriends but homesick for comedy. I actually remember thinking, If in ten or 15 years my friend Jerry Seinfeld has some big show, I don't want to be a potbellied guy sitting behind a desk telling my kids, 'You see him? I knew him when we were kids.'"

Paul worked in Oklahoma long enough to see that he could succeed in his father's business. "When I finally got to where I could say, 'Hey, I can do this and it could even be fun,'" he says, "then I was able to say, 'Given that you could succeed at it, is it what you choose to succeed at?' And for the first time I said, 'As a matter of fact, no.'" He remembers the day: February 26, 1979.

He returned to New York and rehearsed his resignation speech in front of two of his three sisters before he had the nerve to run it past his father. "He was very emotional, and it was a huge break because I was not fulfilling this unspoken expectation of 22 years that I would take over his company. I had to sell it to him in his terms. I said, 'It's an investment, like when you started your business. You had some start-up money, and you didn't really turn a profit for years and years. I'm not doing this foolishly, and I'm not expecting to be a star tomorrow or even in five years.'"

Before Sam died in 1989, says Paul, he admitted that his son had made the right decision. "The big thing for him," he says, "was when I was on *The Tonight Show* for the first time. The coinage for him was always when somebody he respected liked me, and after that he could say, 'Well, Johnny liked you.' And ultimately, he said, 'Yeah, you did the right thing.'"

Almost from the start, Paul got enough work in comedy clubs to pay the bills. In less than two years he got his big break. This is the classic story from his early days, and again he knows the date: February 12, 1981. He went to Macy's to buy socks with a friend, who insisted they stop at a casting office where the friend had to drop off a photo. Reiser began kibitzing with the casting director's secretary. She found her boss, who talked with Reiser and then asked him to come back with a photo. He came back, met director Barry Levinson and got a part in *Diner*.

Later, he figured he owed his career to the casting agent's secretary, whose name he didn't even know. His friends, meanwhile, never let him forget how he broke into movies. "It became a running joke," says his friend Larry Miller. "People used to say, 'Paul, I need some underwear at Gimbels.'"

•

Let's back up for a minute, to Reiser's first brush with greatness.

It was 1972. Reiser was in his teens. He came home one morning and his dad smirked and said, "You're not going to believe who's in the house." It turns out Paul's sister was interviewing George Carlin for her college newspaper. After the interview, at Sam's

(continued on page 172)

*"Nurse, you know this patient is to have nothing by mouth."*

today's female musicians are the daughters of punk and they know what boys like

# Rock Girls

article by Christopher Napolitano

LIZ PHAIR HITS the stage at 9:45 and strides toward the mike with a world-weary grin born of months of fawning reviews and crowds of drooling PIB (people in black). Her debut CD, *Exile in Guyville*, made many critics' lists of 1993's best albums and this live tour, she says, is to prove she's not just a studio wonder. She wears a clingy white turtleneck and a pleated short skirt. Her legs are bare. She looks like a good girl and sings like a bad one, the physical incarnation of a voice that has seduced thousands with lyrical threats to take the listener doggy style. Even at her most macho, she is no inflated, crotch-grabbing braggart like Mick Jagger or Madonna. She's more like a graduate student moonlighting as a phone sex operator. The roles that she plays—the jilted lover, the temptress, the scornful ex—never slip into parody. It's as if she were speaking aloud the thoughts of someone you might find at three in the morning down at the end of the bar—admittedly a safe bar, on a campus.

She can't get no sotisfoction: Despite her sultry posturing, Liz Phoir (above) is no boy toy. Even her come-ons have an ironic edge. She says her mother cried the first time that she heard her songs—not from shock but because of the depth of emotion her daughter had revealed.

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There's a good case to be made that today's most interesting music is coming from women. A new generation of no-nonsense, mostly boy-fucking female musicians is singing frankly—and graphically—about two important subjects: sex and gender.

They don't want to be called girl bands. They are not the Bangles. Nor are they the first—Mo Tucker, Joni Mitchell, Marianne Faithfull, Tina Turner, Bonnie Raitt, Patti Smith, Debbie Harry, Tina Weymouth, Exene Cervenka and Kim Gordon were in front, laying down important tracks. They don't even want to be grouped together; they're musicians who happen to be women. Their styles include the arty minimalism of Phair, P.J. Harvey and the Spinanes, the hard-driving pop of the Breeders and Belly, the hardcore thrash and grunge of Hole, L7, Babes in Toyland, Bikini Kill and 7 Year Bitch, and the rap of Salt-N-Pepa and Hoez With Attitude. They can be grungier than a pair of Anthony Kiedis' underwear or nastier than Luther Campbell. But as women—writing songs as women, playing loud and electric as women—they are subverting a male-dominated business. Obviously, they're not stereotypical rock stars with cucumbers stuffed in their pants. They can do and say things guys can't do and things that older women never had the chance to.

Because hard-rocking, tough, aggressive women are new to the biz, they are, for the most part, able to make their own rules. They are not governed by MTV—they challenge the narrow sexpot and baby-doll video roles that prevail on the music channel. They cultivated followings, then dressed up their tamer stuff for the world of maximum television. We know that Liz Phair wants to be a blow-job queen and that she thinks men fuck and run. She told us so without video. Just as P.J. Harvey can sing about a Celtic goddess with splayed labia. Or Hole can put out a single called *Dicknail*. Or Hoez With Attitude can give *Az Much Ass Azz U Want*. Or seminal riot grrrls Bikini Kill can call their latest release *Pussy Whipped* and be labeled revolutionary for doing it. Or hard-core Seattleites 7 Year Bitch can cry *Dead Men Don't Rape* without sparking Senate hearings.

What these women share is anger—and anger, as we all know, is nine tenths of the energy in rock and roll. They also are crossover *(continued on page 161)*

"Motherhood means mental freeze"—The Breeders, "No Aloha" ◎ "She lost all her innocence/Gave it to an abscess"—Hole, "I Think That I Would Die" ◎ "Don't try to fun that you don't like to drink/Open up the lips so you can lick the pearly pink"—H.W.A., "Great Taste, Less Fillaz" ◎ "I only ask because I'm a real cunt in spring/You can ram me by the hour"—Liz Phair, "Dance of the Seven Veils" ◎ "I'm almost coming. . . . Why don't I ever get mymine?"—Bikini Kill, "Sugar" ◎














Girls, girls, girls. Clockwise from top right: Salt-N-Pepa shimmy and shake to spice up their live oct; Kim Deol of the Breeders sonk her teeth into Lollapolooza; olways out front, Kot Bjelland is already featured in a book, *Babes in Toyland* by Neal Korlen; enjoying her reign os guitor queen, Polly Jean Harvey says she'll dump her bond; Courtney Love on Van Halen: "Why can these assholes fill up the Coliseum and girls can't?"

# Who's Who: Women·to·Watch

THE GO-GO'S were gone pretty quickly. Will this crop of female talent be around to shape the sound of tomorrow? Here's a list of women whose music may endure long enough for them to be Grammy grannies:

*Tori Amos:* Amos was a child prodigy and a devout Christian who decided to be a bad girl. She took the traditional feminine role of piano player and infused it with sexual rebellion. She is passionate during performances, complete with sexual bumping and grinding on her stool. She has to move an awful lot to be interesting, though; her sugary, commercial tunes are affected affairs reminiscent of the worst of Laura Nyro and Kate Bush. But on the much-hyped CD *Under the Pink* her lyrics can be seductive—*Icicle* concerns a woman masturbating in her room as her family reads the Bible downstairs—as can her image. Past incarnations included a lounge act that she quit in disgust ("What's the difference between that and giving a blow job to the head of Merrill Lynch?") and a stint fronting a soft-metal band that produced the awful disc *Y Kant Tori Read*.

When Tori Amos steps out (above), she certainly looks good, but she sounds even better. Consider her take on self-expression: "If you wont to walk around with o pin in your dick, then pierce it all, baby."

*Babes in Toyland:* When the band came out of Minneapolis and was signed by Warners in 1992, it became a symbol that record execs were serious about marketing women who played abrasive, in-your-face punk rock. Even though the group's mainstream debut *Fontanelle* contains screechy lyrics that seem to attack men, their masculine fans can take heart, because the band insists most songs aren't about guys but are about dishonest people. The Babes hate being labeled women who play like men: "What's the difference between females playing and males playing?" asked drummer Lori Barbero in *Spin*. "That we don't have dicks?" In a word, yes.

*Belly:* Tanya Donelly, singer, guitarist and Rhode Island–based founder of Belly, is the space oddity of her generation. Her songs on *Star*, Belly's recent and much-acclaimed release, are full of fairy tale allegories imbued with images of witches, dogs and moons. Somewhat inexplicably, she claims that *Someone to Die For* is about a serial killer and *Dusted* describes a rape victim hooked on smack. It's a stretch—and the effervescent pop sound obscures the lyrics. Donelly was previously in the seminal alternative band Throwing Muses. A gorgeous blonde in oversize combat boots and quirky getups, she has a gender agenda in breaking stereotypes: She scouted for a female bassist, Gail Greenwood, to match the two men in Belly.

*Bikini Kill:* Ooo, riot grrrls. There's a lot about the movement that sends bad vibes to men: the infantilism and schoolgirl lunch boxes, the words RAPE and SLUT lipsticked on bare midriffs and the drive to force men from the mosh pit. On the other hand, these four from Olympia, Washington are not poseurs. Singer Kathleen Hanna is prone to jump into the audience to swap child-abuse stories. And the band does have a guy, guitarist Billy Karren. *Pussy Whipped*, the band's first full-length effort, is a truly inspired CD: Hanna explores her sexuality, including struggles with old boyfriends and, in the kicking anthem *Rebel Girl*, feelings of envy and lust. They're not beyond a bit of fun, either; at early shows Hanna peeled her top in mockery of shirtless rock stars of the past. Although Courtney Love disses riot grrrls and Olympia in her new tune *Rock Star*, she had better be careful. With a proper studio at their disposal and Joan Jett as producer, Bikini Kill recently issued a three-song recording that makes Love's Hole sound empty.

*The Breeders:* Kim Deal is playful about sex, promising "I'll be your whatever you want" to an unnamed "little libertine" on the hit single *Cannonball*. Kim Gordon of Sonic Youth, alternative rock's mother superior, directed the video for *Cannonball*, which promptly got elevated to MTV's Buzz Bin; soon thereafter the album *Last Splash* passed the 800,000-sales mark. Fronted by the Deal sisters—Ohio natives, former lifeguards, cheerleaders, gymnasts and self-described "riot hags"—the Breeders features Josephine Wiggs on bass and Jim Macpherson on drums. Kim started the band with sister Kelley and Belly's Tanya Donelly (who left after the 1992 *Safari* EP) during a break from the Pixies. The Breeders' breezy grooves, experimental edge and ironic, spacey lyrics propel a form of power pop that makes much *(concluded on page 104)*

"Lick my legs/And I'm on fire/Lick my legs/And I'm desire"—P.J. Harvey, "Rid of Me" © "The highest paid piece of ass/You know it's not gonna last/Those magazines end up in the trash"—The Juliana Hatfield Three, "Supermodel" © "In Olympia/Where everyone's the same/We look the same/We talk the same/We even fuck the same"—Hole, "Rock Star" © "Now you shouldn't even get into/Who I'm giving skins to/It's none of your business"—Salt-N-Pepa, "None of Your Business" ©

Four of a kind: L7 (top left) jumped on the Lollapalooza '94 bus in support of their new disc, *Hungry for Stink*. Although her occosionolly neurotic lyrics deal with shyness and self-loothing, Juliona Hatfield (top right) still gets a kick from performing live. Ex–Throwing Muse Tanya Donelly (above) has a lot to smile about: Her full-fledged songwriting efforts on *Star* made her new band, Belly, a success. In the Eighties, Kim Gordon (left) of Sonic Youth wos the only role model for feedback feminists who play loud, abrasive music. Now she has started X-Girl Fashions so more women can buy into her look.

of grunge-and-grimace rock seem one-dimensional.

*P.J. Harvey:* Polly Jean Harvey (P.J. Harvey is the name of her band) left her home of Yeovil, a town of 600 in England, after she released two singles, *Sheela-na-gig* and *Dress*, at the age of 22. Harvey's earthy tunes employ ambiguous imagery and chainsaw guitar work to flesh out a world of sweat and tears, particularly on her second disc, *Rid of Me* (produced by Steve Albini of Nirvana fame). She refuses to deconstruct her lyrics, whether or not she's knocking the joys of menstruation in *Happy and Bleeding*, the proper stroke in *Rub Til It Bleeds* or feminism in *Man-Size*. "I don't spend time thinking about feminism as an issue," she says. "To me, that's backtracking. You can talk about things too much and nothing will be done." She, like Phair, also poses topless or in undies for pinup-style jacket photos. So far she's done things her way: She turned down a prime spot in Lollapalooza and gigs opening for Neil Young and the Cure but agreed to open a U2 show at Wembley Stadium.

*Juliana Hatfield:* By the time she was 26, Hatfield had already slogged her way through six CDs (two solo, including last year's *Become What You Are*, and four with the Blake Babies). Lately, she's become more commercial, playing the MTV-style helpless woman. Hatfield complains about being savaged by the press, but struggling artists wish they had her PR person, because Hatfield is everywhere. Hailing from a wealthy suburb of Boston, she's noted for *Hey Babe*, a CD that dwells on her erotic obsessions (some say with Lemonhead Evan Dando). She's also made some curious statements. In 1992 she told a reporter that she was a virgin. She also claims she has yet to see a female guitarist other than Bonnie Raitt who can play. Guess she hasn't caught Polly Jean Harvey or the Spinanes' Rebecca Gates.

*Hoez With Attitude:* Sex and dicks and stuff dripping down legs. Welcome to hoe house music. Despite some decent production by Eazy-E of N.W.A., it's hard to take the Hoez seriously on their second CD, *Az Much Ass Azz U Want*. The obscenity of the lyrics, though, can send listeners scanning for tawdry moments. For sheer eroticism, no sex vid beats the power of the title track. When the Hoez were accused of demeaning black women—particularly by Senator Carol Moseley-Braun (D.–Ill.)—they proved adept at justifying their steamy lyrics (and pointed out that they worked on Moseley-Braun's campaign). Kim Kenner, a.k.a. Baby Girl, claims they have appropriated the word hoez—much as riot grrrls use "slut"—and redefined it in their own image: Strong, sexy, successful women who just happen to make appearances at strip joints and pose naked inside their CD booklet.

*Hole:* Even before she got hit with that Yoko Ono rap, Courtney Love was the bad sister of indie rock. The peripatetic punkstress left quite a trail: Born in San Francisco to bohemian parents (her dad wrote a book on the Grateful Dead), she grew up in Oregon, hit Minneapolis for an early lineup of Babes in Toyland, bummed around with Faith No More, landed a prescient part in *Sid and Nancy*, formed Hole in Los Angeles with guitarist Eric Erlandson and then married Kurt Cobain and became famous. Becoming famous may have pissed off her hardcore competitors more than did the release of Hole's first CD, the copycat, screechy-scrawly *Pretty on the Inside* (coproduced by Kim Gordon). Then came the fight with Axl Rose backstage at the 1992 MTV Awards, the *Vanity Fair* article that said she used heroin while pregnant and her quote in *Out*: "I've slept with about 15 women." *Live Through This* is an excellent disc that shows her mainstream roots—an appreciation for Chrissie Hynde and Stevie Nicks. Until the suicide of her husband and the drug death of Hole's bassist, Kristen Pfaff, Love's visibility fueled interest in other female rockers. What happens when she comes out of mourning is anybody's guess.

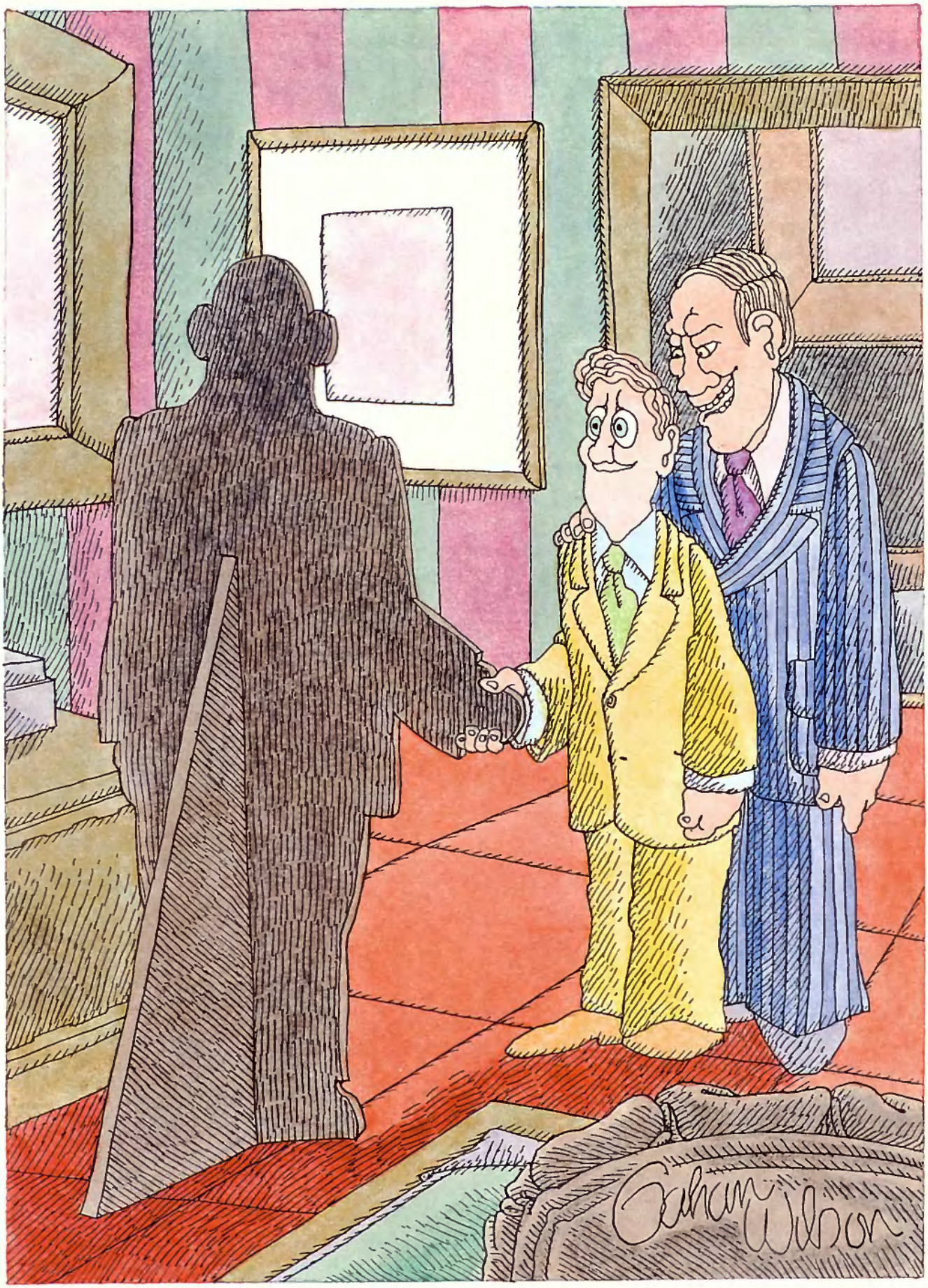
*Liz Phair:* Her current success has left Oberlin College grads scratching their heads in attempts to picture their former classmate. At a time when most musicians play as much for the scene as they do for the music, Phair is unique. She never played live until she finished her album; at home in Chicago she recorded some songs, passed cassettes around and was signed by Matador. *Exile in Guyville* was taped, but the order of the songs was changed after she heard the Stones' *Exile on Main Street* for the first time. The title is also a dig at the testosterone-charged, small-venue proving grounds of macho rockers. In her songs, Phair grapples with problems of womanhood and the rotten side of love and romance. Her tortured-sexpot image—from the flash of nipple she shows on her CD cover to the pinup-style inside shots of a model who could be her twin—is even more of a clever ruse. "Men are a lot more freaked out by my work than women are," she says. "Men are not aware that these graphic takes on sex are things that nice women from good families are thinking. It unsettles them."

*L7:* "We're taking our music to the people and if we get to do some shopping along the way, that's really cool," L7's singer Suzi Gardner explained two years ago. "If we get laid, that's the cherry on the whipped cream." Babes in Toyland, 7 Year Bitch and L7 were the first successful all-girl bands in the early Nineties to develop a monster metal sound. They actually scored a mainstream hit in *Pretend We're Dead* and were applauded for their involvement in the Rock for Choice concerts. Their live act can get raunchy: At 1992's Reading Festival in England, guitarist Donita Sparks responded to heckling by spinning a small missile on a string and tossing it at the audience. "Eat my used tampon," she cried.

*Salt-N-Pepa:* As Salt-N-Pepa, Cheryl James and Sandra Denton are the biggest-selling female rappers—bigger than Yo-Yo and Queen Latifah. Eight years ago, they scored a hit with the single *Push It*, which was nominated for a Grammy. In videos, they offer plenty of cleavage and wriggling behinds while their lyrics point to female empowerment and poke fun at the cartoonish posing of male rappers. (Salt-N-Pepa are PG-13 compared with the X-rated Hoez.) Their earlier hit *Let's Talk About Sex* established them as social critics. On their latest CD, *Very Necessary*, they follow through with a message about AIDS. Their best mark of independence may be the success of their single *Shoop*, which they released over the objections of longtime producer Hurby "Luv Bug" Azor (whom they met in Queens when they worked at Sears with another future star, comedian Martin Lawrence).

*7 Year Bitch:* Four Gothic vampires from Seattle who rode grunge's flannel shirttails to prominence and haven't done much since. Shortly before the release of their CD *Sick 'em*, guitarist Stefanie Sargent died of a heroin overdose. They're anything but polished and that's OK with them. "Women are doing their own thing," says singer Selene Vigil, "and don't feel they have to be Barbie dolls or have a rock-slut image." Because the band is mediocre at best, many in the industry point to it as evidence that women don't have to be exceptional to get a recording contract.

*The Spinanes:* This duo of guitarist Rebecca Gates and drummer Scott Plouf sports the buttondown, thrift-shop intellectual look—it's a facade that sets up the sucker punch of Gates' furious strumming. Their clean-cut demeanor and big, noisy sound has earned them the tag of nice-core. It's punk with a diploma. Earlier this year they shot to number one on the college charts with their first full disc for the Sub Pop label, *Manos*. At one show Gates warned, "Here comes the world, so fucking understand and suck it."



*"And someday, when you're a little further up the corporate ladder, maybe we'll let you meet J.R. himself!"*

I HATE Los Angeles," growls 23-year-old Donna Perry, who at this moment seems less like a mild-mannered Miss November than a blonde, supercharged Mario Andretti as she careens among the freeway lanes in her sporty red Mitsubishi 3000GT. Leaving the city behind, she is headed home to the San Fernando Valley for a golfing expedition—miniature golf, that is. We head for the Arroyo Seco course for a friendly round and a nostalgic return to her roots. "I loved it here," she recalls as we whisk past her childhood home and three of her former schools. "It is more family oriented—like where I live now. I love families." Sure enough, a clan of her own is on the horizon. "People say I got married too young," Donna says of her merger a year and a half ago with Mike, a guitarist in a band called Bad Seed. "But I want to have kids before I'm

# DRIVING MISS PERRY

## on freeway and fairway, miss november shows her form

Although it was her first time on o genuine golf course, Donno Perry enjoyed hitting the fairways and trops for her photo shoot. A noturol othlete—whose 5'11" frome ond spiking skills attracted USC's volleyboll recruiters—Donno is now o convert to legitimote links. "They soy the sond trop is the hordest shot," she boosts obout her predicoment ot right. "But I got the ball out every time."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

26. My folks are senior citizens. You get along better with your kids if you're younger when you have them." We arrive at the course and Donna strides toward the first hole, her hair tied into a swinging ponytail. Dressed in a gray T-shirt and jeans shorts, she guides me from green to green, revealing the secrets and difficulties of each hole. "Here's the wishing well," she whispers, as if this one has special meaning. She lines up the ball carefully, gives it a good whack and then—wait a minute—the ball rolls through the well and past the hole and comes right back to her. "That's strange," Donna says, tapping the ball, and this time coming closer to her mark. "The next hole is the

"I went to a PGA match here in L.A.," says Donna, posing above with, from left, Payne Stewart, Jack Nicklaus and Ben Crenshaw. "Jack was my favorite. A fan saw him giving me an autograph and said, 'You didn't give me one.' Nicklaus said, 'That's because you ain't pretty.'"

"This pictorial is about me saying I'm proud of myself," asserts Donna, who, by remarkable coincidence, is the second Miss November in her family. Her grandmother by marriage was PLAYBOY's *The Shapely Miss Staley* in our November 1958 issue. "At the time, it was not considered the thing to do. But today I can say: Here I am. I'm not ashamed. I look good and I'm proud."

Donno's first childhood memory was seeing the Disney movie *Old Yeller*. "I kept saying 'big yellow dog.' Those were my first words." Disney films still have a speciol ploce in Donna's heart. She has seen *Aladdin* ten times. "I wish I could have met Walt Disney. When I watch *Fantasia*, I think thot man must hove been on ocid. No one in his right mind would think of those things. I meon, elephonts that fly?"

anthill. It's a hard one." She's not kidding; it takes her ten tries to complete the hole.

In the years since she moved from this suburb, Donna has enjoyed a successful career in front of the camera. "People have always told me I should be a model, but at first I didn't succeed. Agencies kept saying I was too tall or too commercial. So I tried and tried again." Eventually, she landed her current agent and now has loads of work, including walk-on parts on *Baywatch*, in *Wayne's World* and on *90210* ("But I got cut out of that one"). Despite her success, Donna is eager to dispel the myth that modeling is all fun and glitz. "It's so nonglamourous," she insists. "It's the hardest thing. Being a secretary is probably much easier. As a model, you have to be perfect all the time. It's really hard on your ego and your self-esteem."

We arrive at the castle, the second-to-last stop on the course. She aims, putts and—yikes—it happens again: The ball shoots past the hole and inevitably finds its way back to Donna's feet. Can you blame it? She laughs as she lines up the shot again, and this time sinks the ball for a birdie. "I did it!" she cries. "Just call it luck." We prefer to think of it as natural talent, Donna.

—D.B. ATCHESON

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Donna Perry

BUST: 34c WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'11" WEIGHT: 135

BIRTH DATE: 03-02-71 BIRTHPLACE: Glendale, California

AMBITIONS: To be successful in life, not necessarily rich but happy.

TURN-ONS: Beautiful voices, tropical islands, roses and my Rottweilers, people true to themselves.

TURNOFFS: People with "Hollywood" egos, Sunday drivers, Grunge and "Poop Patrol."

MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT: Having my bikini top undone by a guy friend on the beach.

MY DREAM CAR: There are so many. I guess my ultimate car would be a Ferrari F 40.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER: Sushi, Sake and the low rumble of Harley-Davidsons.

DISNEY CHARACTER I RELATE TO: Bambi. When he was young he was insecure and naive but as he got older he became strong and secure.

I always wanted to be a Cowboy.

Don't laugh. I liked my hair.

Modeling in Paris OO-LA-LA!

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Scott showed little aptitude for the law and even less for public speaking, but neither handicap prevented him from pursuing a career as a defense attorney. Finally, the day came for him to argue his first capital murder case and he asked a colleague in his firm to attend the trial.

Halfway through his closing argument, Scott sent a note to the other attorney: "What are the chances of my client being acquitted?"

"Keep talking," the response read. "The longer you talk, the longer he lives."

ABSOLUTELY THE LAST BOBBITT JOKE: What's the difference between John and Lorena Bobbitt? She's crazy and he's just nuts.

Cindy Crawford and a guy were stranded on a deserted island. After several weeks without rescue, nature took its inevitable course and the two began to make love. Months later, they were still marooned and they were still making love.

One day, Cindy asked her companion if there was anything special she could do for him. "Well, yes, as a matter of fact," he said. "Would you mind putting on my trousers and shirt?"

"No, that's OK, I guess," she replied, stepping into his pants.

"And my jacket and tie?"

"Well, all right," she agreed.

"And could you pull your hair under this baseball cap?"

"Sure," she replied, getting into the game.

"OK, do you feel like a guy now?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"A regular guy?"

"Yeah, yeah. Now what can I do for you?" she asked impatiently.

He tapped her shoulder, leaned toward her ear and whispered, "Just between you and me, dude, I'm fucking Cindy Crawford."

What do you call a gay lumberjack? Spruce.

The night before an election, two Chicago campaign workers were in a cemetery copying names from headstones into the voter registry. They stopped when they came to the name Wladyslaw Wladjlevsky Zhivkvicz. "I ain't gonna write that," one said. "We have enough names anyway."

"Copy it, Sam," insisted the other. "This is America and that guy's got as much right to vote as anyone else in this graveyard."

While auditioning for a job, a pianist played one of his own compositions. "That's beautiful," the lounge owner enthused. "What do you call it?"

"Rip Off Her Clothes and Screw Her Doggy Style," the pianist replied. The owner told the musician to play another piece, which was equally beautiful. When asked the title, the pianist replied, "Shove Your Dick in Her Mouth and Whistle a Happy Melody."

"Look, I love your music," the owner said, "but I'll hire you only if you keep your song titles to yourself."

The pianist agreed and began work that night. After his first set, he got up to go to the men's room. On his way back, a customer stopped him. "Excuse me, do you know your fly's unzipped and your cock is hanging out?"

"Know it?" the pianist exclaimed. "I wrote it, man!"

What does Bill Clinton tell Hillary after sex? "Honey, I'll be home in 20 minutes."

A rabbi and a priest were enjoying a stroll together when suddenly a sea lion shuffled past them, followed by a young woman clad only in earmuffs. A moment later, a rhino thundered by, hotly pursued by two cops pushing a wheelbarrow full of mice. Before the clergymen could react, six Hare Krishnas ran by, each balancing five pepperoni pizzas on his head.

When the dust had settled, the priest turned to the rabbi and opened his mouth to speak.

The rabbi stopped him with an upraised hand. "I think," he said, "that I've already heard this one."

Rumor is you went home with a great-looking guy last night," Carol said.

"Yeah," Pam said, nodding. "For a guy on a road-repair crew, he was pretty hot."

"He was a road builder?"

"Well, he must have been," Pam said with a shrug. "He wore an orange vest and I had to do all the work."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What do men and linoleum have in common? If they're laid properly the first time, you can walk all over them for 20 years.

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

*"Hell, I'm turning off Main Street, getting ready to go through the park, and, wham, it hits me—how come I'm the only guy in this city who still has a milkman?"*

# THE SCARIEST CRIMINAL IN AMERICA

## HE MAIMS AND KILLS HIS DEFENSELESS VICTIMS, THEN TAUNTS THE FBI. WHO IS THE BOMBER THEY CAN'T CATCH?

ARTICLE BY MICHAEL REYNOLDS

IT IS FIVE minutes before noon on December 11, 1985. Hugh Scrutton, 38 years old and single, opens the back door of his computer rental store in Sacramento and steps out into a bright day, where his death waits just a few feet away in a crumpled paper bag. Sunlight glints off the chrome of cars and pickups parked in the big asphalt lot that opens to the west. A 15-mile-per-hour wind blows south off the eastern hip of California's Coastal Range and rattles the bag. Scrutton steps past it, then turns.

There are two Dumpsters right by the door, he thinks. Why do people do this? Jesus, just drop the damn thing in.

Scrutton bends down and reaches for the bag with his right hand. There is no time to consider what happens next. There is a flash, a huge orange and white blast. The world is on fire. Scrutton is deafened by the explosion. He looks to his right hand. It is a mangled knot of tissue and bone dangling by a tether of skin and fat.

He reels on legs shaking in a pool of the blood



ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

that streams from his chest. He faces two of his employees now standing in the open doorway.

"Oh, my God! Help me."

Scrutton takes two faltering steps before his left foot slides in the blood and he topples backward to the asphalt. The detonation has rocketed a piece of metal pipe straight up into Scrutton's chest. The shrapnel now resting on his liver is the size of a credit card. There is a scorched hole just above his right nipple big enough to put your hand into. Hugh Scrutton bleeds out his life with his eyes wide to the high blue sky.

Sacramento County homicide detective Bob Bell got the call from his supervisor, Lieutenant Ray Biondi, shortly after noon.

They met in the parking lot behind Scrutton's store, which was marked by a sign reading RENTECH COMPUTER RENTAL. The rear entrances to other businesses in the L-shaped mall also had signs—SUPERB SALADS, THE SOFTWARE CENTER, IMS/HASLER—and metal doors with cement stoops that went down to ground level. There were a handful of vehicles parked behind RenTech, including Scrutton's yellow Karmann-Ghia. Bell had another homicide investigator take down all the license numbers, then turned back to the scene.

Two large, congealing puddles pooled around Scrutton's body. Bell let his eyes travel outward from the blast point. Wood splinters, battery components, wire and metal fragments littered the area. The gray metal door of RenTech and a blue BFI Dumpster were splattered with blood. On a nearby drainpipe, the spatters extended to a height of ten feet. The door and walls were gouged by debris from the explosion. A piece of shrapnel had torn a large hole through the wall to the right of the door.

"We were figuring that Scrutton had something in his past," Bell recalls almost nine years later. "This guy had an enemy somewhere. With a bombing it is usually one of three things: politics, money or passion. It is unusual to have a bombing murder. It got even more unusual when these dark blue suits showed up at the crime scene. All of a sudden, better-dressed law enforcement was there. The feds. FBI.

"They didn't inform us of what we were dealing with. We found out the next day. Our arson-and-bomb guy, Sergeant Ron Howell, was examining all the bits and pieces, laying them all out, photographing and tagging the evidence. He called his FBI counterpart in San Francisco, who asked Ron: 'Does this have any initials on it?' And Ron said, 'Yep. FC.' That's when we learned this was Unabom."

Unabom is an acronym, the kind federal law enforcement is so fond of attaching to its major cases. It stands for University Airline Bombings. FC is the signature the bomber (or bombers) engraves, punches or cuts into the metal pieces of his devices. It's hard to figure out what it means. It could be Fuck Computers, Fear Computers, Fight Control, Free Condoms. Pick a card, any card.

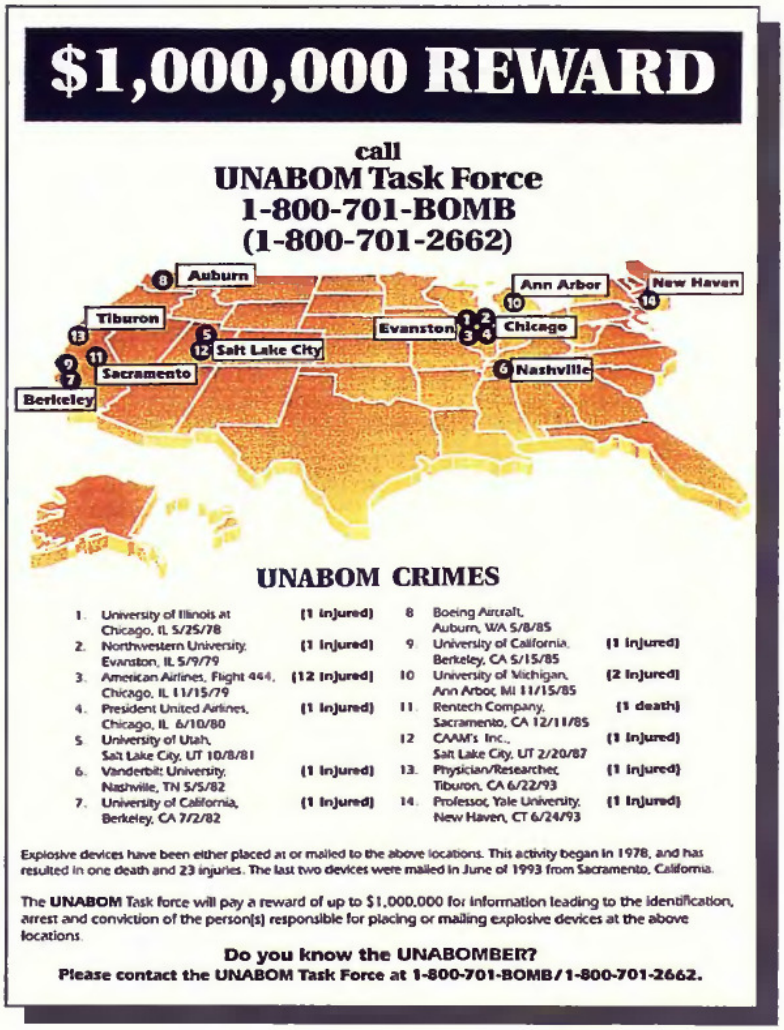
Unabom is an exclusive club with an expanding membership. The victims number 24, including Hugh Scrutton. Hundreds of law enforcement agents at local, state and federal levels have worked the case. As Unabom enters its 17th year it remains a huge, terrifying and costly mystery, ranking alongside such grisly unsolved cases as the Green River killings and the Zodiac murders. It's not likely that the killing and maiming will stop until FC is caught or dies.

A $1 million reward was offered by the FBI, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms, the Postal Service and anonymous private sources. The only equivalent or larger awards were for Panama's Manuel Noriega (President Bush offered $1 million) and the World Trade Center and Pam Am flight 103 bombers ($2 million). Despite the temptation of this cash haul, despite hundreds of thousands of investigative hours, despite the federal government's resources, 5000 leads, 200 suspects and two eyewitnesses, the case has not been solved. The Unabom investigators are no closer to this phantom bomber than they were when he began his bombings.

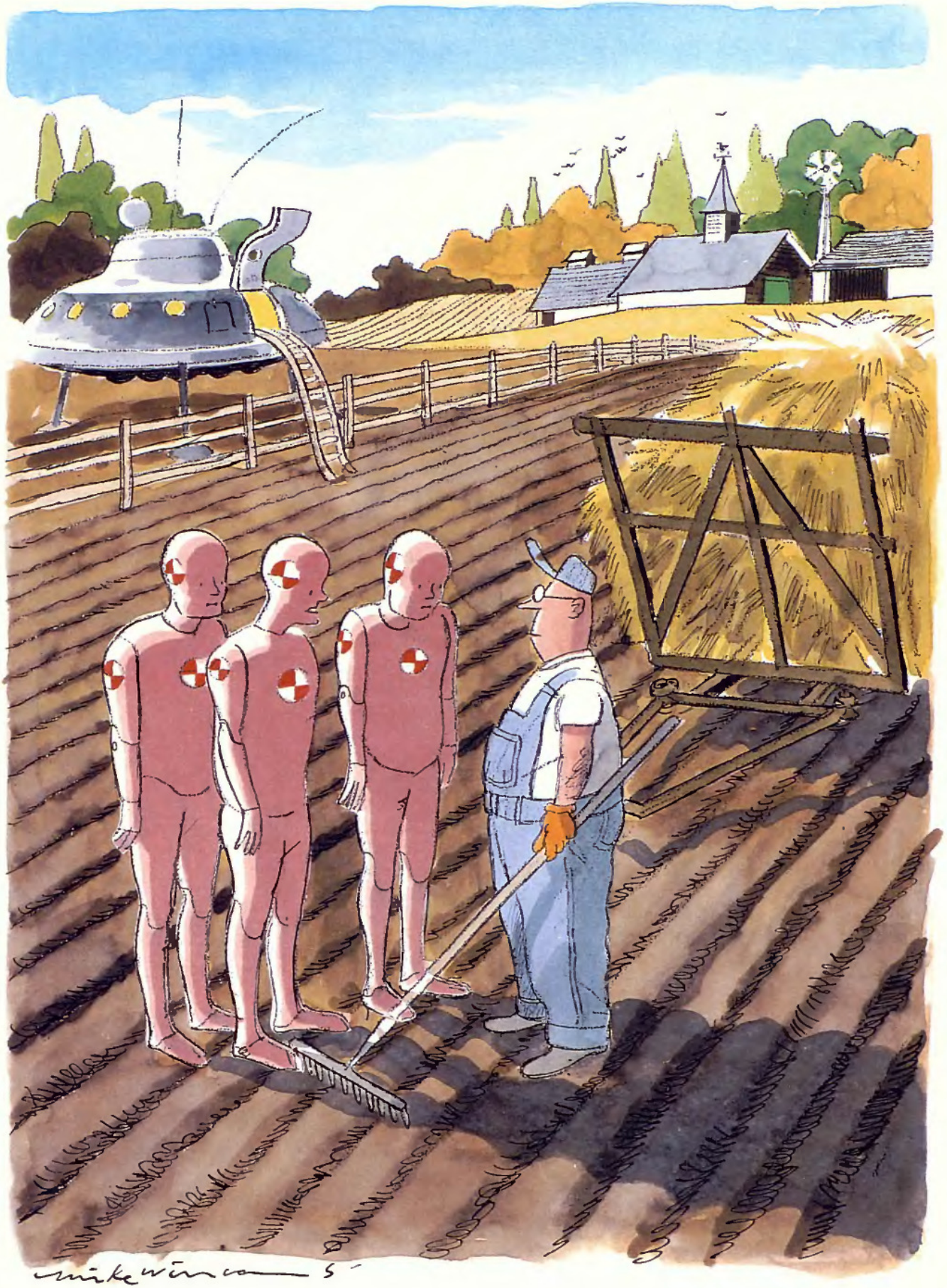
Headquarters of the Unabom task force are on the 12th floor of the Federal Building in San Francisco. A display in the reception area recounts another unsolved FBI case—the only escape from Alcatraz, made by three patient, imaginative and daring inmates in the late Forties.

This multiagency team is composed of personnel from ATF and Postal, as well as the bureau, which heads the task force of 30 full-time investigators who work in small offices at the southwest corner of the floor.

Postal Inspector Tony Muljat has been on the Unabom case nine years, longer than *(continued on page 128)*


$1,000,000 REWARD
call
UNABOM Task Force
1-800-701-BOMB
(1-800-701-2662)
Auburn
Ann Arbor
New Haven
Tiburon
Evanston
Chicago
Salt Lake City
Sacramento
Nashville
Berkeley
UNABOM CRIMES
1. University of Illinois at Chicago, IL 5/25/78 (1 injured)
2. Northwestern University, Evanston, IL 5/9/79 (1 injured)
3. American Airlines, Flight 444, Chicago, IL 11/15/79 (12 injured)
4. President United Airlines, Chicago, IL 6/10/80 (1 injured)
5. University of Utah, Salt Lake City, UT 10/8/81
6. Vanderbilt University, Nashville, TN 5/5/82 (1 injured)
7. University of California, Berkeley, CA 7/2/82 (1 injured)
8. Boeing Aircraft, Auburn, WA 5/8/85
9. University of California, Berkeley, CA 5/15/85 (1 injured)
10. University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI 11/15/85 (2 injured)
11. Rentech Company, Sacramento, CA 12/11/85 (1 death)
12. CAAM's Inc., Salt Lake City, UT 2/20/87 (1 injured)
13. Physician/Researcher, Tiburon, CA 6/22/93 (1 injured)
14. Professor, Yale University, New Haven, CT 6/24/93 (1 injured)
Explosive devices have been either placed at or mailed to the above locations. This activity began in 1978, and has resulted in one death and 23 injuries. The last two devices were mailed in June of 1993 from Sacramento, California.
The UNABOM Task force will pay a reward of up to $1,000,000 for information leading to the identification, arrest and conviction of the person(s) responsible for placing or mailing explosive devices at the above locations.
Do you know the UNABOMBER?
Please contact the UNABOM Task Force at 1-800-701-BOMB/1-800-701-2662.

To catch a bomber: The extraordinary million-dollar reward was offered in October 1993 by a consortium of law enforcement agencies and private groups. So far, 4000 calls have been received by the task force. The only known sighting occurred in Salt Lake City in 1987. The bomber was described as a white male with a ruddy complexion and blondish hair.



*"We have heard disturbing rumors that you have been using our people in some of your scientific experiments."*

# SOVIET CHIC

## IN THE NEW RUSSIA, EVERYTHING FROM MIG EJECTOR SEATS TO DOOMSDAY CLOCKS IS FOR SALE

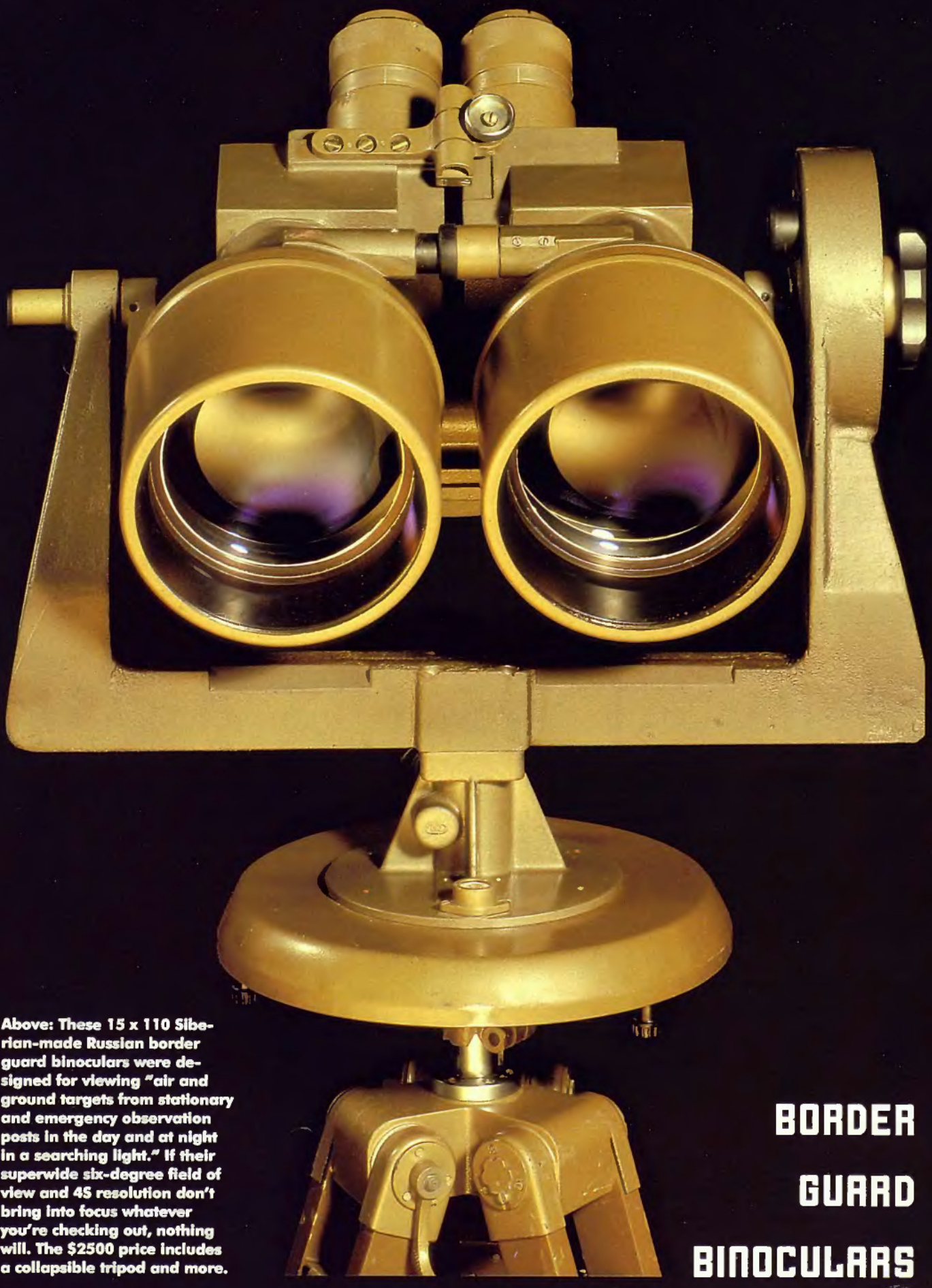
DOOMSDAY CLOCK

**Above: Yes, it's a genuine Soviet doomsday clock that can survive 10gs of gravitational force and temperatures ranging from minus 76 to plus 140 degrees Fahrenheit. The second hand is a three-day launch indicator, $699 including a lifetime warranty. Below: Built to Soviet "mil spec," the MiG 29 cockpit clock features two inset faces. The upper face is a flight-time indicator; the bottom face is a stopwatch. And if your office is as cold as the Baltic in January, a heating mechanism will keep the clock ticking, $250.**

TALK ABOUT ironic. As Russia struggles to jump-start its economy, some of the first products the country is exporting to the U.S. are items that were designed during the Cold War to bomb us into oblivion. Think of it as their capitalist wake-up call. The same Soviet defense contractors who were living high on the politburo payroll now sell armaments piecemeal in an effort to stay in business. And, of course, Americans are snapping up the stuff faster than you can say perestroika. Tank, submarine and MiG clocks with 14- to 25-jewel movements and Lucite bases have become popular desk accessories. There are also vases sculpted from the lenses of spy satellites. Urban voyeurs can pick up a pair of superstrength binoculars originally designed for Russian border guards (they weigh about 40 pounds and come with miscellaneous lenses and a steel shipping box). But the ultimate in Soviet chic has to be the MiG ejector-seat chair pictured on page 126. Ideal for corporate commandos with big budgets, the 200-pound, $5000 chair comes equipped with seat belts—always useful during downsizing.

MIG 29 COCKPIT CLOCK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO



**Above: These 15 x 110 Siberian-made Russian border guard binoculars were designed for viewing "air and ground targets from stationary and emergency observation posts in the day and at night in a searching light." If their superwide six-degree field of view and 4S resolution don't bring into focus whatever you're checking out, nothing will. The $2500 price includes a collapsible tripod and more.**

# BORDER GUARD BINOCULARS

Left: Who would have thought five years ago that today anyone with $5000 could start his day in a MiG ejector-seat desk chair? According to the importer, the IBD Group, "only the cushioned seating surface, the leather armrests and the chair stand have been modified for additional comfort. Everything else remains untouched, as you would have found it in the aircraft." (Not to worry, comrade, the ejector portion of the seat has, of course, been deactivated.) Overall dimensions are 57" x 28" x 36". If you have a butt that's tougher than the Kremlin, you can buy the ejector seat without the modifications for $3850. Shipping is additional. That's capitalism.

# MIG EJECTOR SEAT

Left: Designed for Soyuz space capsules, this 2¼" x 2½" timepiece operates on a five-day jeweled movement, with inset stopwatch and flight-time indicator. It is fitted with perimeter lighting, luminous hands and face and what probably was its most popular feature—an internal heating mechanism, about $800. Right: First developed in the Sixties, the T-72 combat tank clock with a 14-jewel movement and seven-day wind is designed to take rough treatment and not lose a minute, $120. Below: Tom Clancy, eat your heart out. This Typhoon-class submarine clock is similar to the MiG 29 model and includes a waterproof flange and gasket around the housing, $229. (The above clocks come with Lucite bases.)

## SOYUZ SPACE CAPSULE CLOCK

## T-72 COMBAT TANK CLOCK

## TYPHOON-CLASS CLOCK

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

# SCARIEST CRIMINAL *(continued from page 122)*

*"He put the novel on his desk and flipped open the cover. The main force of the blast went straight up."*

anyone else on the task force. Muljat is the physical embodiment of the classic detective: a middle-aged guy with thick white hair, an engaging manner and eyes that look as if they've seen it all. He wears polished, tasseled loafers, a blue blazer and gray slacks.

"The clearance of cases in mail bombings is easily 90 percent," Muljat says. "But in this case we don't know the reason or the motive. It's all speculative. The possible motives have included——"

Muljat begins ticking suspects off on his large fingers, one by one.

"Is it a professor from a college or university? Is it a graduate student who applied for a position with the university and never received it? Did he have a problem with an airline company?

"Right now I think he's trying to play a game with law enforcement. He's certainly been fortunate not to have been found out. I don't think he's sharing with anybody. If he were I think the million-dollar reward would spark some interest. And obviously that's not the case."

Muljat flips his hands open as if he were tossing confetti. "Hell, he's calling all the shots. He knows it, and that makes it that much more difficult. He's improved with age. I've never heard of somebody like this before."

The Unabom case is unique in U.S. criminal history. No serial bomber has operated for so long without an apparent motive. The only comparable case is that of George Metesky, a 54-year-old New Yorker who terrorized that city during the Fifties. Metesky's bombs exploded in Grand Central Station, Radio City Music Hall, Macy's and a few other places. But no one was killed by the mild-mannered Metesky, a bachelor who lived with his elder sisters. Metesky explained his reasons for the bombings in a letter: He blamed a utility company for causing his tuberculosis. Police checked employment records at Consolidated Edison and discovered that Metesky had been knocked down by an escape of hot gas in 1931 and had been denied a disability claim. Eventually he was arrested and confessed to the crimes.

FC is much more mysterious, ingenious and deadly than George Metesky. According to serial murder experts, he is one of a kind.

It began on May 25, 1978, when a University of Illinois campus policeman found a parcel in the Engineering Department's parking lot on the Chicago Circle campus. The package, wrapped in brown paper, was addressed to E.J. Smith, an electrical engineering professor at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York. The cop noted the sender's name and address—Buckley Crisp, Northwestern University Technological Institute—and forwarded the package to Northwestern University in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago. Upon receiving it, Crisp was baffled. He gave the parcel to Northwestern's police department, where an officer attempted to open the package. It went off. The cop suffered minor injuries.

Chicago police later discovered the bomb to be a crude device that used match heads as an explosive. They dismissed it as a nasty prank by a student.

A year later there were two more bombings. On May 9, 1979 an engineering student at Northwestern University's Technological Institute noticed what appeared to be some kind of testing device leaning against a wall outside a classroom. When he picked it up, it exploded. The student escaped with slight injuries.

On November 15 American Airlines flight 444, en route from Chicago to Washington, D.C., made an emergency landing after a device went off in the cargo compartment that contained the mail. Instead of exploding, it merely burned. Twelve passengers were treated for smoke inhalation. The device carried a Chicago postmark. Evidence from the ATF and FBI labs indicated that both bombs were made by the person who constructed the 1978 bomb. Given the materials used in their construction—odds and ends of pipe, metal and wood—ATF dubbed its perpetrator the Junkyard Bomber.

Seven months passed. On a hot summer afternoon in Lake Forest, Illinois, Percy Wood, president of United Airlines, went to collect his mail from the box at the end of the drive. Among the letters was a small package with a Chicago postmark.

Inside the package was a typed letter atop a new novel. Its blue cover was illustrated with a trawler passing in front of an iceberg. Once inside his house, Wood, who had just celebrated his 60th birthday, glanced at the letter. "I am sending you this book. I think you will find it of great social significance."

He put the novel on his desk and flipped open the cover. The main force of the blast went straight up, ripping apart Wood's left hand. The bomb had been placed in a hollowed-out rectangle cut into the pages of the book. While bagging the evidence from the crime scene, federal agents found the end cap to the pipe itself. On it, two letters were clearly etched: FC.

The Wood incident was a display of the bomber's cunning. The method of delivery—a polite letter enjoining Wood to read the enclosed book—demonstrated a chilling sense of humor, a penchant for mystery. It also showed the lengths to which FC would go to ensure that his bombs would be triggered. And it made it clear that FC's targets were people. But why Wood?

After investigators had eliminated those who had personal or business relations with Wood, suspicion fell on disgruntled former employees, angered passengers or anyone who had a gripe with United Airlines—or with any other airline.

But other possibilities would later emerge. Aside from the obvious connection between the bomb on American Airlines flight 444 and his position with United, Wood's background suggested links to other FC bombings. Wood was an engineer—as was the target of the first bomb. He attended Stanford and received an engineering degree from the Boeing School of Aeronautics. FC would later mail one of his devices to a division of Boeing.

More than a year passed before FC was heard from again. This time he had relocated to Salt Lake City. On October 8, 1981 a maintenance man spotted a strange box in the hallway of the University of Utah's business administration building. Because a rash of bombings had recently occurred in the Salt Lake City area, the worker notified police. Upon rendering the bomb safe, investigators discovered the initials FC.

The next device was mailed from Provo, Utah. It arrived in the office of Patrick Fischer, a computer science professor at Vanderbilt University in Nashville. The package had been forwarded from Pennsylvania State University, where Fischer had taught two years earlier. Fischer's secretary, Janet Smith, unwrapped the paper to find a wooden box. When she opened it, she was thrown back from her desk by the explosion. Among the blast debris: the initials FC.

On July 2, 1982 Dr. Diogenes Angelakos, an engineering professor at the University of California, saw what appeared to be a student project—a

*(continued on page 146)*

*"Not today, Professor Michaels—I've got the curse."*

*fashion by* HOLLIS WAYNE

# OVER THE TOP COATS

**this winter, cut the chill in style with military looks that command attention**

When picking a coat, check for military details such as double-breasted closures, metal buttons and elegant longer lengths. Far left: A wool six-button double-breasted extra-long coat, $590, worn over a ribbed tweed sweater, $220, and cadet-striped trousers, $230, all by John Bartlett; plus boots by Kenneth Cole, $149. Left: A wool-and-cashmere three-button single-breasted topcoat, $950, teams well with a three-piece suit, $995, a dress shirt, $155, and a plaid tie, $85, all by Calvin Klein; plus shoes from To Boot by Adam Derrick, $160.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

Classic colors such as camel, navy and gray look equally sharp dressed up or down. Above: A wool six-button double-breasted military-style coat with metal buttons, $2700, worn over a funnel-neck sweater, $275, both by Gianni Versace; and trousers by Byblos, $215. Right: A wool, angora and cashmere double-breasted topcoat with peaked lapels and besom pockets, $1000, and a cotton dress shirt, $195, both by Donna Karan; paired with a wool double-breasted suit by Hugo Boss, $885; and a plaid silk tie by Joseph Abboud, $80.

Where & How to Buy on page 156.

MEN'S GROOMING BY ANTHONY DICKEY
FOR PIERRE MICHEL, THE PLAZA, NEW YORK CITY

CAP'N CRUNCH

# QUENTIN TARANTINO

*As we learned from his impressive 1992 directorial debut, "Reservoir Dogs," Quentin Tarantino has a gift for creating human-scale thugs. What's spellbinding about his gun-waving sharpies is that their conversations have an everyday ring, as do their frequent screwups. The fun couple in "True Romance," which was directed by Tony Scott from a script by Tarantino, seem to make nothing but wrong moves. Tarantino's latest movie, the award-winning "Pulp Fiction"—which he wrote, directed and acted in—is a quirky, blood-spattered ensemble film populated by earnest-talking sociopaths.*

*As it happens, 31-year-old Tarantino is the regular guy his fans would want him to be. He loves Big Gulps, wears stretched-out T-shirts and seems uninterested in the showbiz gewgaws he can now afford. The dank, toy-packed bachelor cave that is Tarantino's one-bedroom Hollywood apartment contains no chirping fax machine. When he wants to read "Variety," he swipes his neighbor's.*

*We sent writer Margy Rochlin to speak with Tarantino. She reports: "Quentin is friendly, quick-witted and unlikely to censor himself. We met at Barney's Beanery, where, over cheeseburgers and beer, he lived up to his reputation as sweet-natured and long-winded. At no point did he sing—or even hum—'Stuck in the middle with you.'"*

**1.**

PLAYBOY: You make quintessential guy movies. Do you have any secret nonguy hobbies?

**the darling of postmodern film noir explains the roots of violence, how madonna set him straight and why his ride of choice is a geo metro**

TARANTINO: It's more a matter of guy things that I don't do. I don't hang around pool halls. I don't play poker. And I don't go to sporting events. To me, torture would be watching sports on television. If I go to Dodger Stadium, that's OK, because the game is secondary to the beer and the environment. One thing I don't understand is that average American moviegoers cannot watch a movie for three hours, yet they'll watch a stupid, boring, horrific football game for four hours. Now, that is boredom at its most colossal. I have a lot of little theories, and one of them is that nobody really likes sports. But men feel they should like sports, so they act as if they do. I also feel that way about the Who. I don't think anybody really likes that band. Everyone thinks they're supposed to like the Who, so they just pretend. They're afraid to say that the emperor has no clothes.

**2.**

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between Los Angeles Italians and New York Italians?

TARANTINO: There really is no such thing as a Los Angeles Italian. In New York there are Italian neighborhoods. In Los Angeles there aren't. There's no ethnicity here. You just are who you are. Of course, most of that Italian stuff is learned from movies like *Mean Streets* anyway. It's that whole attitude, that "Hey! Yo, yo, yo, mah friend. I'm feelin' fine." You know, that classic Italian car-coat-cigarette-Bogarting thing. But can I tell the genuine-article Italian from the poseur Italian? No. [*Laughs*] To me they all seem like poseurs.

**3.**

PLAYBOY: There are people who derive their identity mainly from their automobiles. Just how hip does a man's car make him?

TARANTINO: Well, I'm not into cars. A car is something that simply takes you from one place to another. The red Chevy Malibu that John Travolta drives in *Pulp Fiction* is mine. I could give a shit about it. It's actually a big pain in the ass. I keep it in storage so I don't have to deal with it. I was trying to sell it on the set. It's in mint condition and everyone was always creaming over it. But they sort of assumed that something must be horribly wrong with the car because I cared so little about it. And I was like, "No! I just don't want it. I hate it, actually. Pay me what I paid for it and it's yours." I'd much rather drive around in my little Geo Metro.

**4.**

PLAYBOY: Here's a list of modern conveniences. Please identify them as guy or nonguy. Microwaves. Fax machines. Stair Masters. Bike shorts.

TARANTINO: Microwaves are definitely guy. Bachelors don't want to spend their time cooking because for some reason you don't enjoy the taste of your own food. So to spend an hour doing it just doesn't seem right. I mean, you're probably going to end up eating while standing in the kitchen anyway.

Fax machines aren't something I would break down as a guy or nonguy thing. They're more about class lines: over minimum wage or under minimum wage.

Stair Masters are definitely nonguy; Lifecycles are closer to a guy thing. Mostly, guys want to pump iron.

If you want to talk real guy-guy, I would say that bike shorts are nonguy. I mean, a lot of guys in Los Angeles wear them, but how many wear them in Detroit? I don't think too many. [*Thoughtful pause*] Can I tell you another definitely nonguy thing? When you're dancing and you put your hands way above your head—that's very nonguy. There's a kind of homosexual line that exists right above your shoulders. You can dance like this [*waves his fists at rib-cage level*] all day. But the minute you start going like this [*waves his hands above his head*], that's very nonguy.

**5.**

PLAYBOY: *Reservoir Dogs* opens with a hoodlum postulating about Madonna's *Like a Virgin*, which, to him, is about "this cooze who's a regular fuck machine. I'm talking morning, day, night, afternoon . . . dick, dick, dick, dick." What was the pop star's assessment of your take on her lyrics?

TARANTINO: After she saw the movie, she wanted to meet me. So I met her at Maverick, her film company. She told me that that wasn't where she was coming from. [*Laughs*] But I think she really got a kick about the fact that I thought that, because she signed my *Erotica* album, "To Quentin—It's about love, not dick. Madonna."

**6.**

PLAYBOY: Certain scenes in your films are not for the squeamish. When you're watching a movie, what makes you cringe?

TARANTINO: Actually, a lot of things. I mean, somebody's head could be blown off with a shotgun and that would not affect me. A decapitation can be enjoyed as *(continued on page 166)*



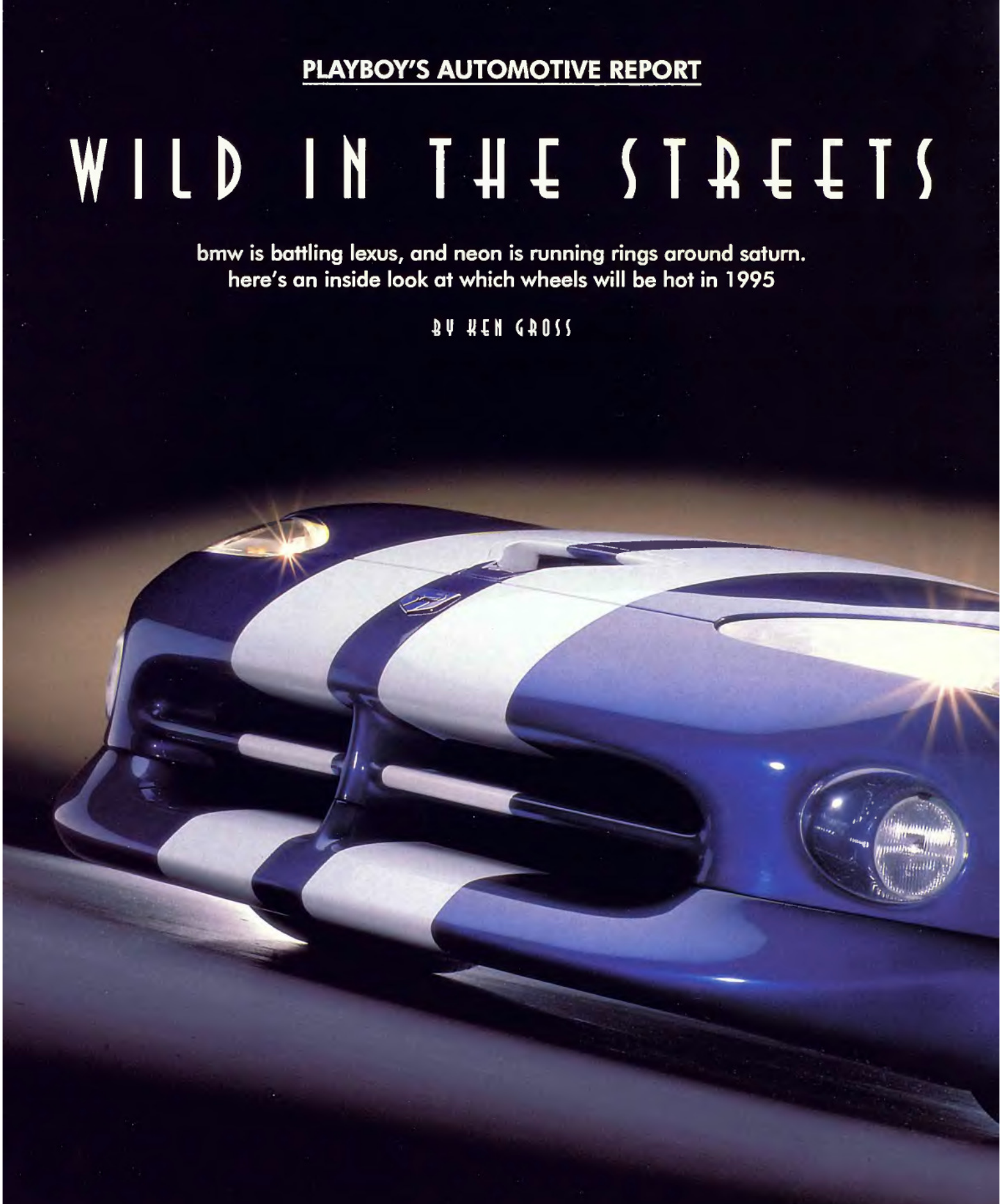
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GRECCO

PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

# WILD IN THE STREETS

## bmw is battling lexus, and neon is running rings around saturn. here's an inside look at which wheels will be hot in 1995

BY KEN GROSS



If you thought the Dodge Viper roadster was the ultimate in wild wheels, check out the GTS version pictured here—and keep your wallet handy or marry rich quick. Sometime in 1996, Dodge will release this snake—a 400-hp V10 coupe inspired by the famous 1966 Pete Brock–designed Shelby Cobra Daytona coupe. (It even sports the same blue-and-white Le Mans–striped exterior.) The price hasn't been announced, but if Dodge can sell the GTS for under $75,000, Ferrari, Porsche and Mercedes-Benz won't be happy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

THE NEXT TIME someone tells you that domestic automakers have lost their spirit, offer this photo of the Viper GTS. Dodge's 400-horsepower coupe symbolizes the excitement that's currently driving Detroit. In fact, 1994 is the payoff year for a domestic revival that has been in the works since 1989. Today's car companies, both here and in Europe, are leaner. Styling, production and manufacturing have been fully integrated, so new models are designed better, built better and ready for market faster. The value of the yen has risen steadily compared with the dollar, forcing price increases that protect profitability but chip away at Japan's market share. As new-car prices rise, the nature of ownership is changing. Leasing is becoming more common. A Lexus LS 400 sedan that cost $35,000 in 1989, for example, now retails for $51,200. But despite the price increase, a new LS 400 can be leased for less today than it could in 1989. Not surprisingly, more than half of all luxury cars are leased, thanks to low interest rates. There's a lot more happening for model year 1995, and we've been on the road noting trends, previewing new wheels and talking with industry executives. Here's what we've learned. General Motors' product program is finally firing on all cylinders. Improved Chevrolet Lumina sedans will challenge Ford Tauruses. Chevy has

also launched a new Monte Carlo coupe with an aerodynamic shape designed specifically for NASCAR racing. Although a dramatic-looking Pontiac Sunfire convertible prototype toured the auto-show circuit earlier this year, insiders admit the production version, due this fall, won't be nearly as impressive. Buick's Riviera coupe and Oldsmobile's Aurora sedan share the same modern platform with a unit body that's as rigid as the one on an E-class Mercedes-Benz. The result: new levels of silence and smoothness. The Riviera (which, to our taste, has too soft a suspension) comes in a choice of two V6s, including a 225-hp supercharged version. The more stiffly suspended front-wheel-drive Aurora sport sedan retails for only $31,370. That's about $18,000 cheaper than a comparable Japanese model, even if you buy the Aurora with a four-liter, 250-hp Northstar V8 engine and luxury options such as a custom-designed Bose sound system.

Cadillac has restyled the De Ville into a rounder four-door that packs a 270-hp Northstar V8 if you opt for the Concours version. The company also plans to import an Opel-based 24-valve V6 luxury entry, the 210-hp Cadillac LSE, for sale in early 1996.

Saturn may be running out of gas. While sales continue at reasonable levels, no step-up program has been approved, so there won't be a bigger model to which Saturn owners can aspire. Plans for a convertible were dropped. Adding to the marque's woes, the Plymouth–Dodge Neon is a hot seller. At midyear, production still couldn't meet demand.

Chrysler hopes to keep its string of hits intact with two all-new midsize sedans, the Dodge Stratus and the Chrysler Cirrus. Chrysler president Bob Lutz instructed his designers and engineers to produce "a BMW at half the price." By all accounts, they've done it. Spacious interiors, state-of-the-art suspension and dramatic styling lead the list of features. Stratus and Cirrus replace the K-car trio of Plymouth Acclaim, Dodge Spirit and Chrysler LeBaron. (Choose the optional 2.5-liter V6 by Mitsubishi over the standard overhead-cam four-cylinder engine.) While there's no Eagle version, a Plymouth-badged variant is in the works. Just launched: the Dodge Avenger, a sports coupe that replaces the Daytona. Look for a Chrysler version, the Sebring, at year's end.

At Ford, the aging Tempo and Mercury Topaz have just been replaced by an all-new Ford Contour and the Mercury Mystique. Don't be deceived by their bland exteriors; these cars are serious contenders for best-in-class honors. Co-developed by Ford USA and its overseas affiliates, the two are billed as Ford's first successful "world cars." Two distinctively different engines are available: a basic twin-cam, 125-hp four, and a high-revving, 170-hp four-cam V6, as well as new five-speed manual and four-speed automatic transmissions. The handling on both is impressive. They'll be up against tough competition (Chrysler's Stratus and Cirrus and Chevy's new Cavalier), but if Ford gets its pricing right, we predict that it will have two big hits. Looking ahead: Ford plans a major 1996 redesign for the Taurus and the Mercury Sable. While Lincoln has previewed a sleek Continental show car with doors that open electronically without external handles, don't expect that feature to be on the model being introduced next spring. Do look for a new four-cam V8.

### EUROPE GETS ITS ACT TOGETHER

German car manufacturers have been bolstered by increased sales here. Porsche is enjoying an upswing, thanks to its sexy new 270-hp 911 Carrera ($60,000). Volkswagen's redesigned Passat sedan hit the streets this summer, along with a 172-hp V6-powered GTI. Watch out, Ford Probe. VW offers plenty of affordable punch in its lineup. The 2.8-liter V6 Jetta remains a well-kept secret. At $21,000, this pocket rocket can out-accelerate cars costing $10,000 more.

BMW has moved ahead of Mercedes and is neck and neck with Lexus thanks to an impressive run of well-positioned models. The Bavarians began with a $68,100, 840Ci V8 coupe and followed with a great-handling six-cylinder M3 sports two-door for $35,800. BMW has just introduced an all-new, top-of-the-line 7-series sedan featuring a sealed-for-life, five-speed automatic transmission that senses the driver's patterns and adjusts shift points accordingly. And in 1995, BMW's Compact hatchback—a truncated, rear-wheel-drive car that's nine inches shorter than a 3-series coupe—will arrive in the States. Price: about $20,000.

Mercedes-Benz' small C-class sedans have been a hit; a Penske-Mercedes race car won the Indy 500. Mercedes may import a small car designed with input from Swatch, the Swiss watchmaker known for its funky styles. M-B's face-lifted, attractively repriced big S-class sedans are here just in time to battle BMW's new 7-series and the freshly restyled XJ6 sedan from Jaguar. Despite Ford's help, Jag remains several years away from a totally revised product line. In 1998 all-new Jags will include an aerodynamic, full-size sedan, an F-type sports car and a compact four-door reminiscent of its Sixties classic 3.8 Mark II.

The only German automaker that hasn't made a comeback in the States is Audi, which explains why it has just launched a major repositioning campaign. In addition to planning a restyled model 100 called the A6, Audi will import its all-aluminum A8 sedan (formerly the V8 Quattro) in 1996. The price will be around $50,000.

Sweden's carmakers are quietly building market share again. Saab's new 900 Turbo ($28,990) proves to be an agile, fully equipped sports coupe. Volvo's 850 front-wheel-drive wagon continues to sell well. Look for a greatly improved 960 sedan and station wagon—both with independent rear suspension—from Volvo. Safety pioneer Volvo recently previewed air bags that protect passengers from side impacts. They will be available in the 850 series starting in 1995.

### JAPAN: THE SUN ALSO RISES

Most Japanese automakers are still hard-hit by the strong yen and by America's return to domestic marques such as Pontiac, which was selling more cars than both Toyota and Honda at midyear. Of course, there are exceptions. Toyota's Camry is doing well, but the future of its big, bland, Camry-based Avalon sedan remains uncertain. Nissan's conservatively restyled, 190-hp Maxima sedan handles extremely well thanks to its new twist-beam rear axle. Nissan's 240SX coupe is a capable car, but more horsepower would be welcomed. Honda's Accord has slipped behind the Ford Taurus in the race for top-selling sedan. Its sales should improve with a V6 engine that is due in November.

Mazda's Millenia four-door was to have been the entry-level car in an all-new luxury division named Amati. Facing tough competition from Lexus and Infiniti, Mazda shelved the division but went ahead with this particular model. The Millenia S boasts a powerful 2.3-liter, Miller-cycle V6 that develops 210 hp with the help of a supercharger called a Lysholm compressor. Mitsubishi's turbocharged Eclipse GSX is a street sleeper. With 210 hp from two liters, all-wheel drive, a sexy shape and a great stereo, the Eclipse sets the new standard for small street coupes. (This same car is sold by Jeep–Eagle dealers as the Eagle Talon—usually for less. Eagle is still struggling to convince people that it sells cars, too.) To fight falling sales, Acura plans a model between its Integra and Vigor. The new sedan will be the first Acura designed, developed and built in the United States. A subtly redesigned Lexus LS 400 bows later this month—just in time

*(continued on page 164)*

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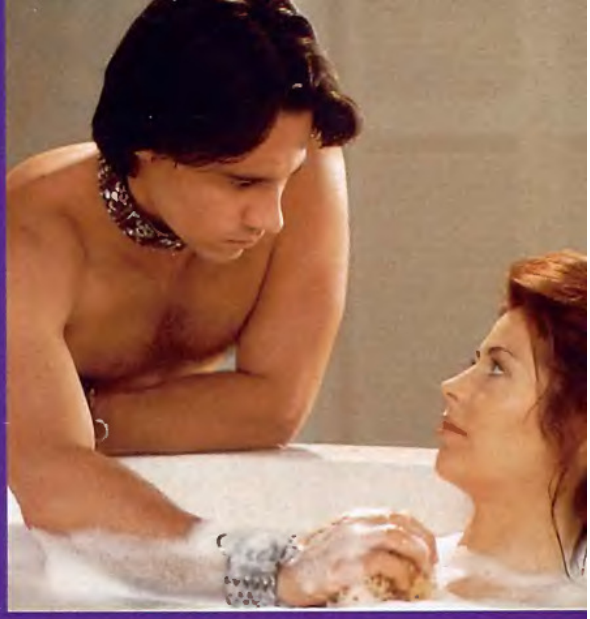
## THE YEAR'S MOVIES HEAT UP WITH KINKY PASSION, GENDER-BENDING AND EQUAL RIGHTS TO BARE ALL

text by **BRUCE WILLIAMSON** **Put 1994 down on the books as the year that the sexes finally achieved equality on-screen: Men and women now share the right to let it all hang out. Moviegoers have become accustomed to the sight of unclad female bodies, but only a few audacious filmmakers have ventured to debrief their male stars. Oh, there were earlier hints of a change—last year Harvey Keitel, Jaye Davidson and Sylvester Stallone (in *The Piano*, *The Crying Game* and *Demolition Man*, respectively) bared what were once known as their privates. But in 1994 full exposure for actors as well as actresses became a genuine trend. Bruce Willis' frontal nudity in *Color of Night* was the talk of the Cannes Film Festival (as were his underwater exploits with an equally nude Jane March). One might expect a flash of flesh in a film called *Naked in New York*, and Eric Stoltz, featured in its dream sequence, obliges. So does James Woods, playing a drunken rancher who strips to the buff in *Curse of the Starving Class*. The same may be said** *(text concluded on page 146)*

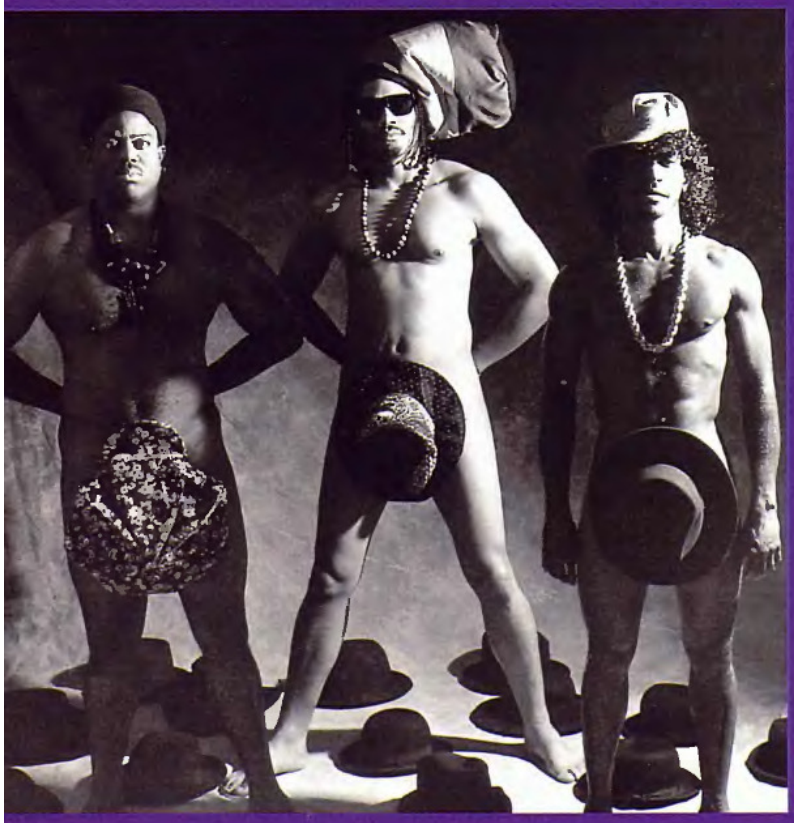
# Sex in Cinema 1994

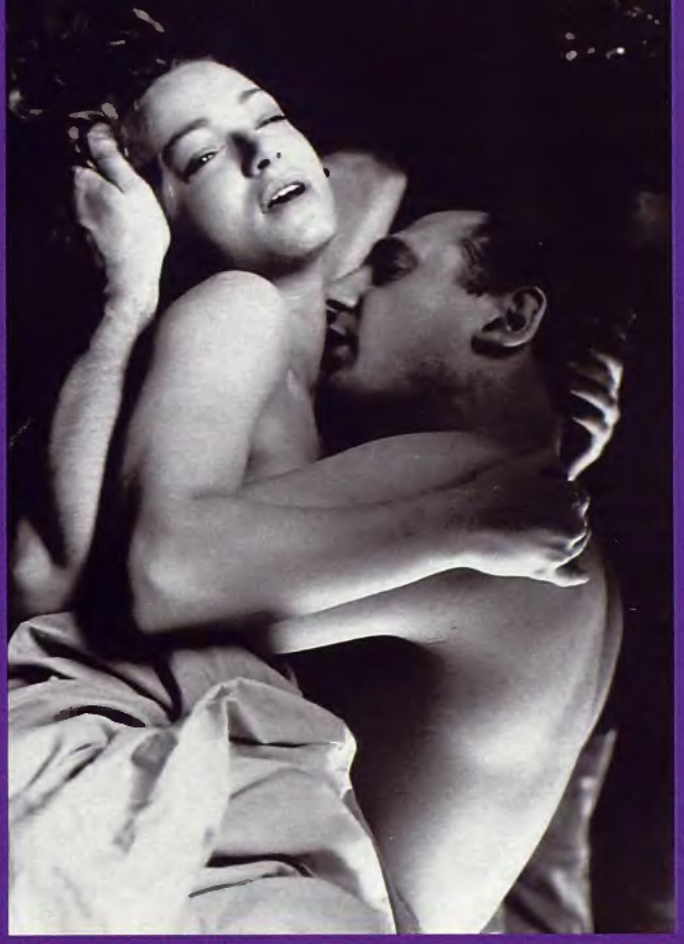


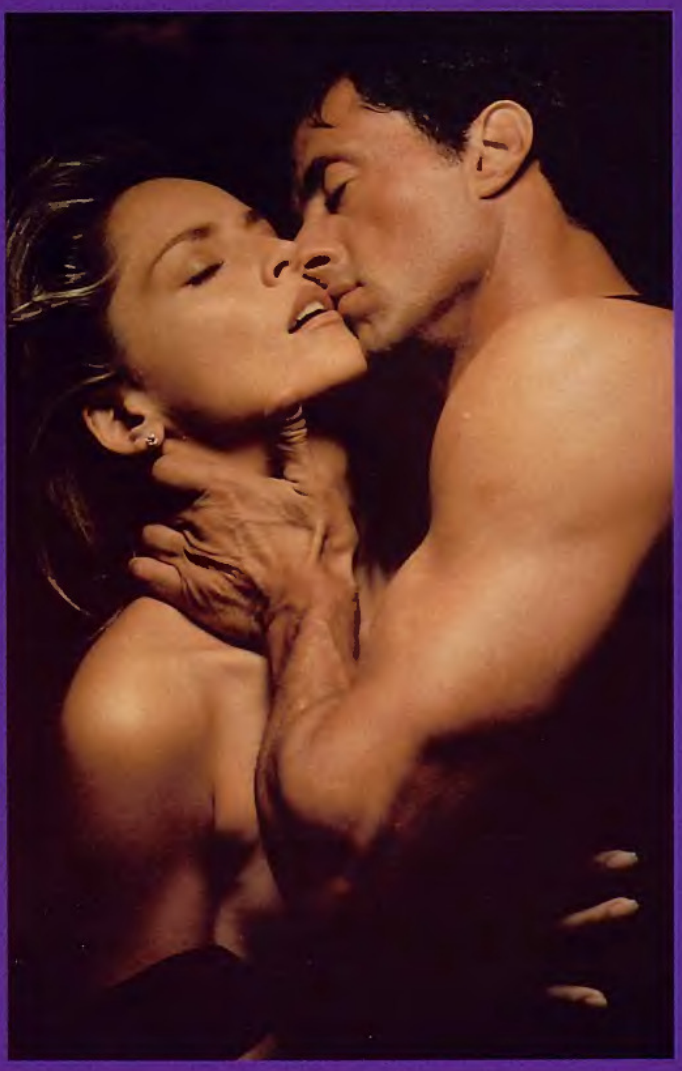
**COMING CLEAN** How's this for a water sport? Bruce Willis and Jane March heat up a pool, a shower and (above) a bathtub—not to mention a bed and a dinner table—in *Color of Night*, released, surprisingly enough, by Disney's Hollywood Pictures.

**THE WAYS OF ALL FLESH** Unorthodox sexuality marks *Exit to Eden*, from Anne Rice's tale of an S&M resort where dominatrix Dana Delany has Paul Mercurio in a lather (top right); Roman Polanski's *Bitter Moon*, in which kinky duo Emmanuelle Seigner and Peter Coyote (center right) set up some proper Brits; and *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein* (at right, Kenneth Branagh, as Dr. Frankenstein, nuzzles his betrothed, Helena Bonham Carter).

**HAT TRICKS** Winking at convention, filmmakers who were still shy about frontal male nudity applied headgear to Norbert Weisser (with Camryn Manheim and Bridget Fonda, above) in *The Road to Wellville;* Woody Harrelson in *The Cowboy Way* (left); and (below) Mark Christopher Lawrence, Rusty Cundieff and Larry B. Scott in a promotional shot for *Fear of a Black Hat*, a spoof of a fictional gangsta rap group called Niggaz With Hats.



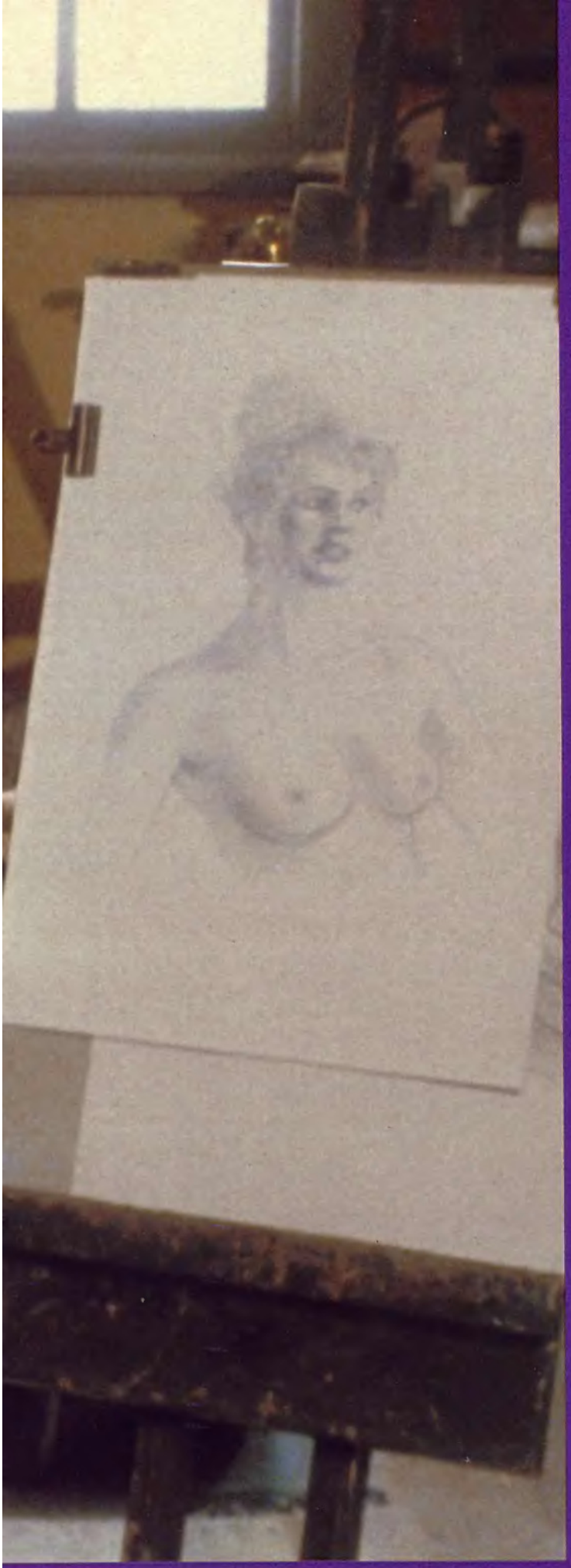




**MATING GAMES** Despite its status as a runaway Oscar winner, *Schindler's List* found disfavor with bluenoses here and abroad because of its nudity and sex scenes featuring Liam Neeson, as Oskar Schindler, and the several women, such as Beatrice Macola (near left), with whom he conducted adulterous liaisons. In *Backbeat*, the story of the Beatles before their ascent to stardom, bassist Stuart Sutcliffe, portrayed by Stephen Dorff, falls for photographer Astrid Kirchherr, played by Sheryl Lee (above left). Trouble is, so does John Lennon (or is it Stu he craves?). Kim Basinger and Alec Baldwin (above right) are an on-the-lam couple in the steamy—too steamy, it's reported, for preview audiences, prompting cuts—remake of *The Getaway* (the 1972 movie in which Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw turned their on-screen romance into an offscreen affair and subsequent marriage). *Twogether*, with Nick Cassavetes and Brenda Bakke (below), is the saga of a young couple who marry in haste, split as quickly, then gradually discover each other. It's Sharon Stone's sexy telephone voice that intrigues Sylvester Stallone, an explosives expert blasting through Miami's Cuban underworld in *The Specialist*. As evidenced below left, they connect.

## ABROAD-MINDED

Sexual liberation is alive and well in Italy's *Dellamorte Dellamore*, in which Anna Falchi and Rupert Everett romp over graves (far left); Britain's *Naked*, with David Thewlis and Katrin Cartlidge (above); the Italo-Brazilian co-production *Forever*, with Ben Gazzara and Eva Grimaldi (right); and three new sizzlers from Spain: *The Ages of Lulu*, starring Francesca Neri (above right), and *Huevos de Oro* (*Golden Balls*, below), both by Bigas (*Jamón Jamón*) Luna, plus the latest hot offering from Pedro Almodóvar, *Kika*, in which Victoria Abril (near left) is the mistress of trash television.



**AWESOME AUSSIES** The eye-popping *Sirens*, which showcases PLAYBOY cover girl Elle Macpherson (seen at left and above with Portia de Rossi and Kate Fischer), is based on actual characters. Neophyte clergyman Anthony Campion (Hugh Grant, top) and his wife are sent to reason with artist Norman Lindsay (Sam Neill), whose nude paintings outrage Australian church authorities. Exposure to Lindsay and his models (among them a supposedly blind Mark Gerber, above center) proves liberating.

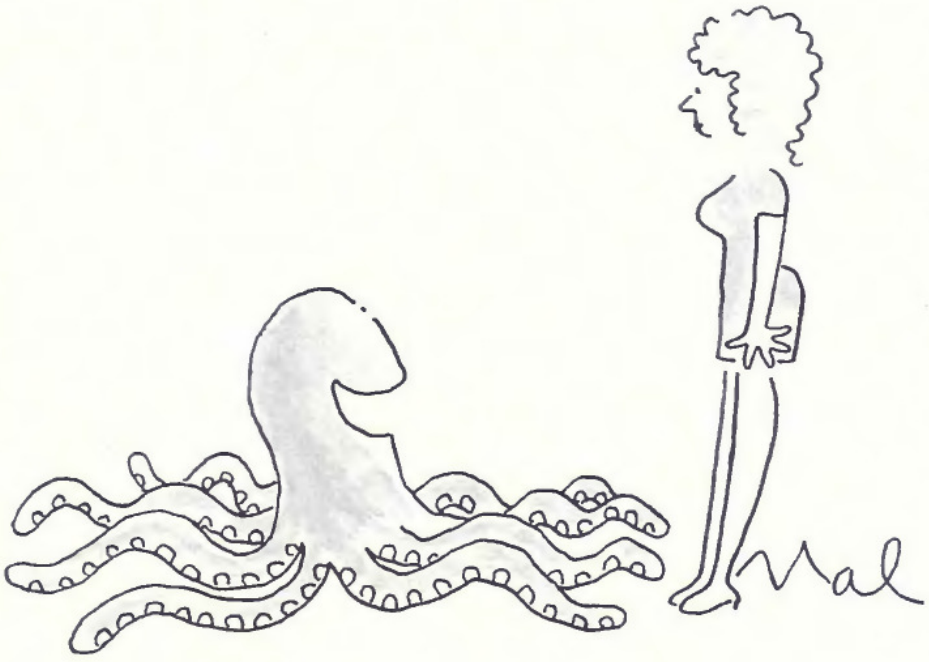
for the daring actors in *Sirens* and *Desperate Remedies*, erotic features from Australia and New Zealand. As usual, the Motion Picture Association of America's ratings mavens fell off the bandwagon. Although they tolerated the scene from *Six Degrees of Separation* in which a male hustler cavorts in the nude, the MPAA raters balked at a shot from the movie's trailer: Michelangelo's naked Adam on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. By the time an embarrassed MPAA backed off from its attempt to censor one of the world's artistic treasures, the trailer had already been re-edited.

Bare-and-equal sexual liberation does not stop with dropping trou. In the movies, the man of the Nineties sheds his inhibitions in more ways than one, making cross-dressing and gay themes appear not only accessible but downright popular. *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert* showcases England's handsome veteran Terence Stamp as a transsexual performer who journeys across Australia's outback with a pair of drag queens. Similarly, Hollywood's own Patrick Swayze, Wesley Snipes and John Leguizamo hit the road in drag as beauty contestants in the upcoming *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*. Johnny Depp portrays the title role in Tim Burton's *Ed Wood*, a biography of the cross-dressing director whose bad movies (including *Glen or Glenda?*, the sappy tale of a transvestite's trauma) are bottom-of-the-barrel classics. Also among the guys dressed as dolls: Adrian Pasdar in *Just Like a Woman*, Jorge Sanz in Spain's Oscar-winning *Belle Epoque* and Robin Williams in *Mrs. Doubtfire*.

Homosexuality—a theme in *Belle Epoque*, *Naked in New York*, the overtly lesbian *Go Fish* and France's *Savage Nights*—will also be dealt with in upcoming film versions of several plays: Paul Rudnick's *Jeffrey*, Larry Kramer's *The Normal Heart* (Barbra Streisand directing) and the Pulitzer Prize–winning *Angels in America*, slated for Robert Altman.

Altman will be making additional contributions to screen sex. His *Prêt-à-Porter*, a multistar vehicle about the Paris fashion world, reportedly climaxes with a startling shot of naked models parading down the runway to vociferous cheers. Also bucking the early-1994 trend toward family-style fare are such fall and winter releases as *The Specialist*, teaming Sharon Stone and Sly Stallone in a steamy shower scene, and the movie version of Michael Crichton's novel *Disclosure*, with Michael Douglas leveling sexual harassment charges against Demi Moore. There is skin to spare in *Exit to Eden*, the Garry Marshall comedy about an island catering to its clients' sadomasochistic fantasies. Alan Parker's *The Road to Wellville*, with Anthony Hopkins as Dr. John Kellogg, the breakfast-food visionary who ran a health spa in Michigan decades ago, spoofs the American preoccupation with fitness and sexual potency.

As the sexual agenda advanced, there were a couple of welcome blasts from the past. Newly packaged versions of *Midnight Cowboy* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*, complete with footage that had been scissored from their original releases, updated those classics. It just goes to show: It's never too late for progress.



*"And best of all, I can arouse all of your erogenous zones at once!"*

# SCARIEST CRIMINAL

*(continued from page 128)*

metal cylinder studded with gauges and dials—resting against the wall of the coffee-break room in Cory Hall. Dr. Angelakos lifted the apparatus and it tore apart his hand and arm. When he was finally released from the hospital he was no longer able to perform simple functions—cooking, cleaning, changing the bed linen for his dying wife. FC, meanwhile, had left a tantalizing clue, a scorched scrap of paper that read: "Wu—It works! I told you it would. R.V."

On May 16, 1985 a wooden box arrived at the Boeing plant in Auburn, Washington. It was addressed to the Fabrication Division. Postmark: May 8, Oakland, California. It was shunted around the plant for several weeks before it finally came to rest on a shelf. It remained there until a workman took it down and tried to open it. The workman pried open one corner and didn't like what he saw inside. The bomb squad arrived, rendered the device safe and found the initials. The batteries in the bomb had weakened during the month it had sat on the shelf. FC had been thwarted by industrial inefficiency. It was only the second time one of his bombs had failed to explode.

Patrick Webb, a 20-year-veteran FBI bomb specialist, heads the Bureau's Counterterrorism Squad in San Francisco, where he has been based since 1974. He has investigated more than 100 bombing crime scenes and staged another 200 at training schools over the past two decades.

"You have to be careful with FC's devices," Webb says. "The mail bombs are pretty secure. But with the placed devices, he has to arm them and make them live. So there's some risk in carrying these things and placing them so that they will function. You have to be paranoid and cautious to do this. I wouldn't want to carry them around with the batteries hooked up. You would have a hard time making it up those stairs in Berkeley with a live bomb. Your balls would have to be big. It's a dangerous game."

Webb believes the bomber has experimented over the years, perhaps reading publications that cater to survivalists, neofascists and assorted Weather Underground wanna-bes. His reading list might have included *The Poor Man's James Bond (volumes I–II)*, *The Anarchist Cookbook* and *Improvised Munitions Black Book*.

"He may select features out of these publications. He takes a little from menu A and a little from menu B. He puts them together and has his device.

"But the creative part was making it look so innocent. I'm thinking here of

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# Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

Hauser. The notebook. . . ."

May 15, 1985. Seven days after the Boeing device was mailed from Oakland, John Hauser, a graduate student at UC–Berkeley, walked into Cory Hall. At that time, Hauser was a captain in the Air Force and had been invited to apply for a slot as a NASA astronaut. He describes what it's like to open a bomb:

"I was working in a research lab on the second floor of Cory Hall," recalls Hauser from his home in Boulder, where he is an engineering professor at the University of Colorado. "The room was maybe ten feet across, 20 feet long. There were a few tables with computers on them.

"A friend of mine came in and we were talking. It was around lunchtime. After he left I saw a little plastic box on the table behind me. There was a three-ring notebook sitting on top of it."

The research laboratory was reserved for graduate students. No more than ten students would normally have access to the room.

"So I thought, Is this Joe's or is it Mike's?" Hauser continues. "I lifted the notebook and noticed that it had a rubber band around it, attaching it to the handle of this plastic box. I noticed the paper looked for the most part blank and that the latch on the box was sort of undone."

Hauser is remarkably composed as he recalls the moment that shattered his life. "I went to open the box with my right hand. At that point something detonated the bomb.

"The explosion threw my arm back 90 degrees," says Hauser. "My first thought was: Why did they do that? It was such a shock. I grabbed my arm. Looking around, I could see some of the batteries on the floor. Things were really torn up. I stayed up on my feet. The blast made the heavy steel table look like a washbasin."

Hauser recalls the sensations that passed through him at that moment. "It felt like all the nerves in my right arm were on fire. You know how your arm feels when you bang your elbow on something? Take that and put it in every nerve of your arm."

Today Hauser's fingers, what's left of them, are almost totally absent sensation. The thumb is useless. A three-by-two-inch portion of his right arm is missing. "They removed one piece of metal that was two inches long and a quarter of an inch wide, a piece of the pipe that had drilled its way down to my elbow.

"I wore my Air Force Academy ring on my right hand." Hauser holds up his partial digit. "The bomb shot that plus my finger into a plaster wall with such force that it made an imprint. On the wall you could see the curvature of the stone and actually discern the word ACADEMY."

There was nothing personal to this one. It was a site-specific bomb that was left for whoever became too curious. Hauser was just unlucky. But FC knew it had to be somebody in the graduate school of engineering. Seven of his bombs were mailed to specific persons and seven were left at specific sites. He didn't pick these individuals and places out of a hat. One fact is clear: FC does not care if his victims are maimed, blinded or killed.

Dr. James McConnell should know. McConnell was the author of a standard college psychology text, a specialist in biochemistry and behavior modification and a professor at the University of Michigan. On November 15, 1985, six months to the day after Hauser was ripped apart, Dr. McConnell was at his home in Ann Arbor with a graduate assistant. The two men were going through the day's mail. One large manila envelope with a Salt Lake City postmark came with a cover letter requesting that McConnell please review "this thesis, which should be of interest." After reading the letter, McConnell's assistant opened the envelope. The blast injured both his arms and his abdomen. McConnell was not injured.

Twenty-six days later, Hugh Scrutton stepped out of his store in Sacramento and picked up the fatal paper bag.

FC was quiet for a year after Scrutton's murder. He appeared in Salt Lake City in February 1987 at the rear of Caams, Inc., another computer store in yet another strip mall.

He apparently walked up to the back entrance of Caams, Inc. holding the

*"Mother, how many times have I asked you not to call me on this phone?"*

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device—two two-by-fours glued together and studded with bent nails. It looked like a piece of construction trash. FC set it down carefully in the parking space right behind the Caams door. When he straightened he was looking right into the eyes of a woman on the other side of a window. She sat at her desk and stared at him. FC then turned and walked away without the slightest trace of nervousness. The woman didn't think about the encounter until the bomb went off 45 minutes later when the owner of Caams kicked the armed debris out of his parking spot. The blast injured his foot and calf.

After learning of the incident, federal investigators arrived and interviewed the woman. She described a white male, 25 to 30 years old, nearly six feet tall with blond or sun-bleached hair and a ruddy complexion. He had a thin mustache and wore a hooded jacket and tinted glasses. He appeared calm, even after she made eye contact with him.

Almost immediately after the explosion and interview, a sketch of FC was broadcast. Car rental outlets and motels throughout the Salt Lake area were checked, and police were placed on alert. But no one turned up anything. It was as if FC had disappeared.

Six years went by with no word or bomb from FC. A few agents believed it was only a matter of time before he resurfaced; most speculated that their bomber was either dead, out of the country, in prison on an unrelated charge or in a mental institution.

For the FBI and the ATF 1993 was a hellish year. It began with the Branch Davidian siege in February and moved on to the World Trade Center bombing. Unabom was a low priority—until June.

*"Sorry to bust in like this, gentlemen, but commercial fishing is prohibited by the Department of Parks."*

On Tuesday, June 22, 1993, Dr. Charles Epstein, a world-renowned geneticist and professor at the University of California–San Francisco, pulled the strip tab on a padded mailer while he was seated at his kitchen table. It was a violent explosion. Neighbors heard it. Epstein recalls a flash and a bang. The blast threw him back three feet against the wall. Several of the fingers of his right hand were torn off, and his right arm was broken.

FBI Special Agent Webb was crossing the Golden Gate Bridge on his way to his daughter's recital when he got the call. "I got to Epstein's probably a half hour after it went off. Five in the afternoon. It had blown out the windows in the kitchen and tipped over a table that was six feet across and three inches thick. Just rolled it right over. Blood all over the place. Epstein was able to get out to the street, where a carpet cleaning crew was packing to go. They wrapped his wounds in towels and then called the paramedics.

"He also suffered penetration through his abdomen and a loss of hearing. He used to play the cello very well, I was told. That's over."

On Thursday, June 24, Dr. David Gelernter, a computer scientist at Yale and the author of a computer language called LINDA, opened a similar package in his New Haven office. After it exploded Dr. Gelernter stumbled from his office, down the stairs and into the street. He staggered to the university clinic a block away, blood gushing from his chest and right arm.

That same day *The New York Times* received a letter that read, in part: "We are an anarchist group calling ourselves FC. A newsworthy event will happen about the time you receive this letter. Ask the FBI about FC. They have heard of us. We will give information about our goals at some future time."

A nine-digit number was on the letter to "ensure the authenticity of any future communications from us."

The number turned out to be a Social Security ID issued to a man who had recently been paroled from a California prison and who was residing in the northern part of the state. Unabom investigators were unable to make a direct connection between the former inmate and the bombs. It seemed to be another dead end. "Although more than one individual could be involved," says Terry Turchie, current head of the Unabom task force, "all indications are that it is a single person."

The best—and only—evidence comes from FC's bombs. He avoids sophisticated technology and fashions his bombs without electronic switches, heat sensors or motion detectors. He doesn't use timers.

"As for triggering," Webb explains,

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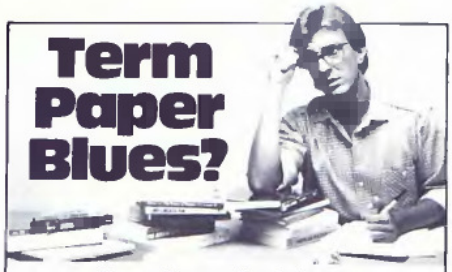
# ON THE NET

BY KEITH ROBINSON

HOW ABOUT A NICE GAME OF SOLITAIRE?
NOT TONIGHT, MY ELECTRONIC FRIEND! I BOUGHT A MODEM!
I JUST INSTALL THIS AND PLUG IT INTO THE PHONE JACK, AND I'LL BE ON THE NET, COMMUNICATING WITH REAL PEOPLE ON COMPUTERS AROUND THE WORLD!
CLICK
THIS IS SPACE CADET. ANY TREKKIES ONLINE?
THIS IS FLYCASTER. ANY FISHERMEN ONLINE?
THIS IS SEXY SARA. ANY REAL MEN ONLINE?
WHOA!
HELLO SEXY SARA. THIS IS NET SURFER. WHAT DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?
WELL, ALL I HAVE ON IS THE COMPUTER. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO?
KISS YOUR TOES.. MM
OH!
I'M MOVING UP. NOW I'M KISSING THE BACK OF YOUR KNEE.
OOoooOH!
NOW I'M KISSING THE INSIDE OF YOUR THIGH!
TAKE ME! TAKE ME NOW!
HERE I AM!
OH YES! YESSSS! OH... OHHH!!!
OH YEAH! OH YEAH! ooWOOOO OOOOOOO!
WHEW! THAT'S INTERACTIVE!

ONE WEEK LATER
YES?
CYBER POLICE, MR. "NET SURFER." YOU'RE WANTED DOWNTOWN FOR QUESTIONING.
WE'RE INVESTIGATING A POSSIBLE CYBER ASSAULT ON A "MS. POPTART" LAST NIGHT.
WHAT!? YOU THINK I...? WE WERE JUST HAVING FUN ON THE NET!
YOU TYPED "I'M PULLING DOWN YOUR PANTIES." DID SHE GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO TYPE THAT?
WHAT? UH... I DON'T REMEMBER. HEY, THEY WEREN'T REAL PANTIES, THEY WERE CYBER PANTIES!
THE INCIDENT HAS LEFT HER UNABLE TO INTERACT ELECTRONICALLY.
AS YOUR ATTORNEY, I THINK WE CAN GET THIS REDUCED TO MISDEMEANOR CYBERSEXUAL HARASSMENT — BUT WITH ONE CONDITION.
WHAT'S THAT?
THAT YOU AGREE TO HAVE YOUR MODEM LINE SEVERED.
URK!
SNIP
HOW ABOUT A NICE GAME OF SOLITAIRE?
OH, SHUT UP.
NKR

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"you have to do something to make it go off. Something that pops or swings or pulls."

Like a mousetrap snapping shut. Two wires suddenly come together, which ignites the nitro stew in the pipe.

"Nitro-based explosives will break up the pipe," says Webb. "Smokeless powder will just rip it along the seam and flatten it. Black powder will blow out the end caps. Potassium chlorate and sugar will never cause it to break up. $C_4$? You end up barely finding the pieces. These are high-intensity explosions at 21,000 feet per second. When molten metal cools it gets real sharp on the edges. His bombs are somewhere in the middle."

FC crafts his weapons with care and patience. Evidence shows that he spends considerable time taking them apart and putting them back together. Over and over again. They must seem almost alive in his hands as he slides the wood, metal and springs between his fingers, sharpens and polishes slivers of steel, cases his pipes with handwrought aluminum. He ensures that they will be opened or touched in just the right way and disguises them so that they will fit into their environment easily. All this time and attention and skill is devoted to one goal: to kill and maim.

Mary Ellen O'Toole is a profiler with the FBI's National Center for the Analysis of Violent Crime. An agent for 13 years, she currently works with the task force, updating the profile she helped develop last fall with fellow profilers Jim Wright and Joe Chisholm.

"The motivation for the bombings when he started may not be what's motivating him now." Agent O'Toole speaks with a soft, deliberate cadence. "As time goes on with any series of violent crimes, the person gets better at what he does.

"I think we all agree this guy has some unique characteristics. When he's finally identified, one of the most compelling features will likely be his apparent normalcy to those who thought that they knew him.

"He is patient, very much in control and deliberate in his planning. Control is important to this person. You see, those who know him would probably describe him in the same way.

"This is not somebody who would seek to call attention to himself. He would internalize rather than externalize his emotions. But there would be someone close to him who either suspects or is actually aware of his activities. It's that person who we hope comes forward."

"I think initially he had a cause for doing it," says Tony Muljat pensively. "But right now? I think it's him against the world, the world being law enforcement. He's going to see who can outdo whom. He works sporadically. Between 1982 and 1985, nothing. In 1986, nothing. Between 1987 and 1993, nothing."

He lets his wide shoulders fall against the back of his chair. "I can see him moving away from academic targets. I think he will broaden his horizons and go into a lot of different areas.

"We've had 4000 to 5000 leads and we've followed them all. We've developed possible suspects and they've all washed out. Nobody's talking because nobody knows. He fits the environment wherever he may be. He doesn't stick out. But if I ever come across this person, I'll know it. I feel that inside."

Back in Sacramento, Bob Bell also obsesses on FC. The fact remains that of all the bomber's victims, Bell's case was the homicide. He takes it personally. It's not the feds' victim, it's Bell's. The case works him as keenly as it did when he stood over Hugh Scrutton's body nine years ago.

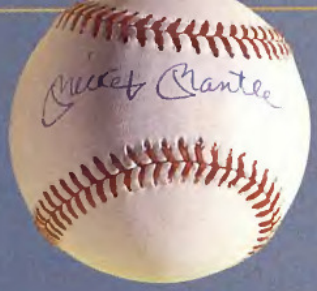
"We've looked at the calendar a thousand times. We've looked at academic calendars. We've looked at moon charts. There are hundreds of theories. We have no idea what triggers him. If we understood his motive we would understand his trigger mechanism. The profile is just obvious stuff. You don't need a profile to know two motives are power and control. He's been playing with us for all these years, specifically with the FBI. He's been having a ball."

Bell slows down to reflect. "I'm a homicide detective. When we have possible suspects, we talk with them one-on-one. That's the way you find things out. But the FBI likes to put suspects under surveillance. They will watch somebody for six months without talking to them. We don't work like that, and they don't do homicides. I always wondered, had the initials been released and a lot of the details, what would've been his activity? Maybe he would be getting his message out sooner. And maybe we would've gotten to him.

"I've seen all the devices," Bell explains, "the Scrutton device and all the others since 1980. He constructs devices that enhance the power of the bomb and of metal. There are several layers of metal on the pipe. According to the bomb experts, the explosive material he uses is nitro-based, very powerful. These bombs are designed to kill. It's just luck that a fragment hasn't killed somebody besides Scrutton."

Bell then offers a metaphor. "He did undergraduate work until RenTech. Then he graduated with the death of Hugh Scrutton. Now he's doing postgraduate work.

"But," Bell says, "the fact of the matter is, he will continue to place devices. He is going to kill again. There's no doubt about it. We don't know when, but it will happen. He's not going to stop now."



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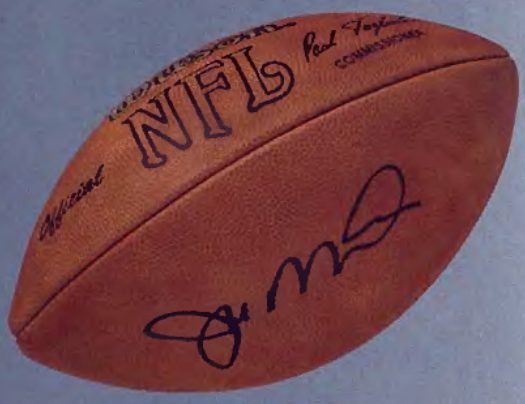


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**STYLE**

Page 22: "Bully Woollies": **Topcoat** by *Vestimento*, at Ultimo, 114 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-787-0906. **Coat** by *Salvatore Ferragamo*, at Salvatore Ferragamo, 725 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-759-7990. **Polo coat** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Jacket** by *Emporio Armani*, at Emporio Armani stores. **Stadium coat** by *EZ by Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Ermenegildo Zegna, 743 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-421-4488. "Fancy Footwear": **Oxfords:** By *Kenneth Cole*, for locations, 800-487-4389. By *Salvatore Ferragamo*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Lace-ups** and **slip-ons** by *To Boot by Adam Derrick*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. **Loafers** by *Susan Bennis Warren Edwards*, at Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, 22 W. 57th St., NYC, 212-582-0680. **Slip-ons:** By *Philippe Model*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. By *Bally*, at all Bally stores, 800-825-5030. **Loafers** by *Cole-Haan*, at all Cole-Haan stores. "Hot Shopping: New York's East Village": X-Large Store, 212-477-0012. Alphabets, 212-475-7250. Style Swami, 212-254-1249. Swish, 212-673-8629. Jules, 212-477-5560. "Clothes Line": **Suits** by Brioni, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300 and Brioni Boutique, 55 E. 52nd St., NYC, 212-355-1940. **Shoes** by *Bally*, for information, 800-825-5030. **Overcoat** by *Aquascutum*, 680 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-975-0520. **Ties** by *Yohji Yamamoto*, 103 Grand Ave., NYC, 800-803-4443 (in NY, 212-966-9066). "Lip Service": **Lip balm:** By *Chap Stick*, *Blistex* and *Vaseline*, at drugstores, supermarkets and mass merchandisers. By *Kiehl's*, for locations, 800-KIEHLSL. By *Polo Sport Skin Care Collection*, at Polo Sport, 888 Madison Ave., NYC, 212-434-8000.

**WIRED**

Page 30: "Doom's Day": **Computer games** by *Id Software*, for information, 800-ID-GAMES. "Wild Things": **Computer peripheral** by *APC*, available where computers are sold. For information, 800-800-4272.

**SOVIET CHIC**

Pages 124–127: **Clocks** and **binoculars** are distributed by Sunset Cliff Merchandising Corp., 800-225-9407. **MiG ejector chair** from the IBD Group, 313-741-4248.

**OVER THE TOP COATS**

Page 130: **Longshoreman coat** by *John Bartlett*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. **Turtleneck** by *John Bartlett*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., NYC, 212-333-4040 and I. Magnin, 135 Stockton St., San Francisco, 415-362-2100. **Trousers** by *John Bartlett*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Boots** by *Kenneth Cole*, at Bloomingdale's. **Topcoat, suit, shirt** and **tie** by *Calvin Klein*, at Calvin Klein, 199 Boylston St., Chestnut Hill, MA, 617-527-8975 and South Coast Plaza, Costa Mesa, CA, 714-557-3100. **Shoes** by *To Boot by Adam Derrick*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. Page 131: **Military-style coat** and **sweater** by *Gianni Versace*, at Gianni Versace, 816 Madison Ave., NYC, 212-744-5572. **Trousers** by *Byblos*, at Ron Herman/Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-3342 and Allure, 1509 Walnut St., Philadelphia, 215-561-4242. **Topcoat** by *Donna Karan*, at select Barneys New York stores. **Suit** by *Hugo Boss*, at Hugo Boss Shop, 1201 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, DC, 202-887-5081. **Shirt** by *Donna Karan*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-4000. **Tie** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200.

**ON THE SCENE**

Page 177: **Snowboards:** By *Pyramid Snowboards*, 206-633-3331. By *Division 23*, at Eastern Board, 508-348-1119, Pacific Drive, 619-270-3361 and B.C. Sun and Surf, 303-972-1300. By *Black Flys*, 714-646-3381.

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## CLOSING TIME

*(continued from page 80)*

that there was nothing psychosomatic about the excellent health Yossarian was enjoying, and that the hair on his head was genuine too.

"Although," added the chief psychiatrist, clearing his throat, "I am honorbound to flag you as a very good candidate for late-life depression."

"Late-life depression?" Yossarian savored the term. "About when would that be?"

"About now. What do you do that you really enjoy?"

"Not much, I'm afraid. I run after women, but not too hard. I make more money than I need."

"Do you enjoy that?"

"No. I've got no ambition and there's not much left I want to get done."

"No golf, bridge, tennis? Art or antique collecting?"

"That's all out of the question."

"The prognosis is not good."

"I've always known that."

"The way it looks to us now, Mr. Yossarian," said the chief medical director, speaking for the whole institution, with Leon Shumacher's head, three-quarters bald, hanging over his shoulder, "you might live forever."

He had nothing to worry about, it seemed, but inflation and deflation, higher interest rates and lower interest rates, the budget deficit, the threat of war and the dangers of peace, the unfavorable balance of trade and a favorable balance of trade, the new president and the old chaplain, and a stronger dollar and a weaker dollar, along with friction, entropy, radiation and gravity.

But he worried too about his new pal nurse Melissa MacIntosh because she had no money saved. Her parents had none either, and if she lived long enough, she would have to live on only her Social Security benefits and a pittance of a retirement pension from the hospital, provided she continued working there for the next 20 or 30 years, which seemed out of the question, unless she met and married before then some fine gentleman of means who was as appealing to her then as Yossarian was to her now, which seemed to him entirely out of the question also. Few men could talk dirty to her so charmingly. More than once he contemplated her with a pang: She was too innocent to abandon to the heartless dynamics of financial circumstance, too sweet, unsuspecting and unselfish.

"What you absolutely must do," he said one day after she had begged him to advise whether she and her roommate should open individual retirement accounts—Yossarian advised that he could not see what fucking practical use an individual retirement account was going to be in the long run to anybody but the

banks soliciting them—"is marry someone like me now, a man with some money saved who knows something about insurance policies and legacies and has been married only one time before."

"Would you be too old for me?" she asked in a fright.

"You would be too young for me. Do it soon, do it today. Even a doctor might work. Before you know it you'll be as old as I am and you won't have a thing."

He worried too about the reckless sentimentality of extending concern to a person who needed it.

That was not the American way.

The last thing he needed was another dependent. Or two, for she spoke with pride of an eye-catching, fun-loving roommate in her cramped apartment, a woman named Angela Moore who was taller than she and freer, a natural blonde Australian with her brighter-blonde hair and a larger bosom, who wore stiletto heels and used white lipstick and white eye makeup and who worked as sales representative for a novelty manufacturer to which she submitted ribald ideas for new products that rendered tongue-tied and incredulous the two elderly Jewish family men who owned the company as partners, and made them blush. She liked the effect she knew she made in the costly midtown bars to which she often went after work to meet the convivial business executives to go dancing with after dinner and then discard without pity at the downstairs doorway of the apartment house when her evening ended. She hardly ever met any she liked enough to want to stay longer with because she hardly ever let herself drink enough to get drunk. The private phone number she gave out was of the city morgue, a fact Melissa MacIntosh related to him in such joyful praise of her confident and exuberant conduct that Yossarian knew he would fall in love with this woman at first sight provided that he never laid eyes on her, and would remain deeply in love until he saw her the second time. But the tall blonde somewhere near 40 with the white makeup and black stockings with climbing serpentine patterns had no rich parents or money saved either, and Yossarian wondered to himself:

What was wrong with this lousy earth, anyway?

It seemed to him reasonable that everyone toward whom he bore no grudge should have enough money assured to face a future without fear, and he hung his head in his noble reverie of compassion and wanted to take this outstanding, full-bosomed waif of a roommate into his arms to dry her tears and assuage all her anxieties and unzip her dress as he stroked her backside.

He began to grow so troubled about Melissa MacIntosh's good heart and precarious economic future that he began to worry about his own future as well and decided to demand the oncologist back for some tip-top guarantees about a major killer and to hear him discourse further perhaps on the supremacy of biology in human activities and the tyranny of the genes in regulating societies and history.

"You're crazy," said Leon.

"Then get me the psychiatrist too."

"You don't have cancer. Why do you want him?"

"To do him a good deed, dope. Don't you believe in good deeds? The poor little fuck is just about the gloomiest bastard I've ever laid eyes on. How many patients do you think he sees in a week to whom he can bring good news? That guy's disasters are among the few around me I might be able to avert."

"They aren't mine," said the joyless oncologist, upon whose small features a foreboding aspect seemed to have settled as naturally as the blackness of night and the gray skies of winter. "You'd be surprised, though, how many people come to believe they really are my fault. Even colleagues don't like me. Not many people want to talk to me. It may be the reason that I'm quiet. I don't get enough practice."

"I like that spirit," said Yossarian, who could not see that he had much. "Does it buck you up to know that sooner or later you are likely to play an important role in my life?"

"Only a little." His name was Dennis Teemer. "And where would you want me to begin?"

"Wherever you want to that is without pain or discomfort," Yossarian answered cheerily.

"You don't have a symptom anywhere that might suggest a closer investigation."

"Why wait for symptoms?" queried Yossarian, talking down to his specialist. "Is it not conceivable that since we concluded our last explorations something may have originated that is blooming as the two of us sit here procrastinating complacently?"

Dennis Teemer went along with a shimmer of animation. "I guess I have more fun with you than I do with most of my other patients, don't I?"

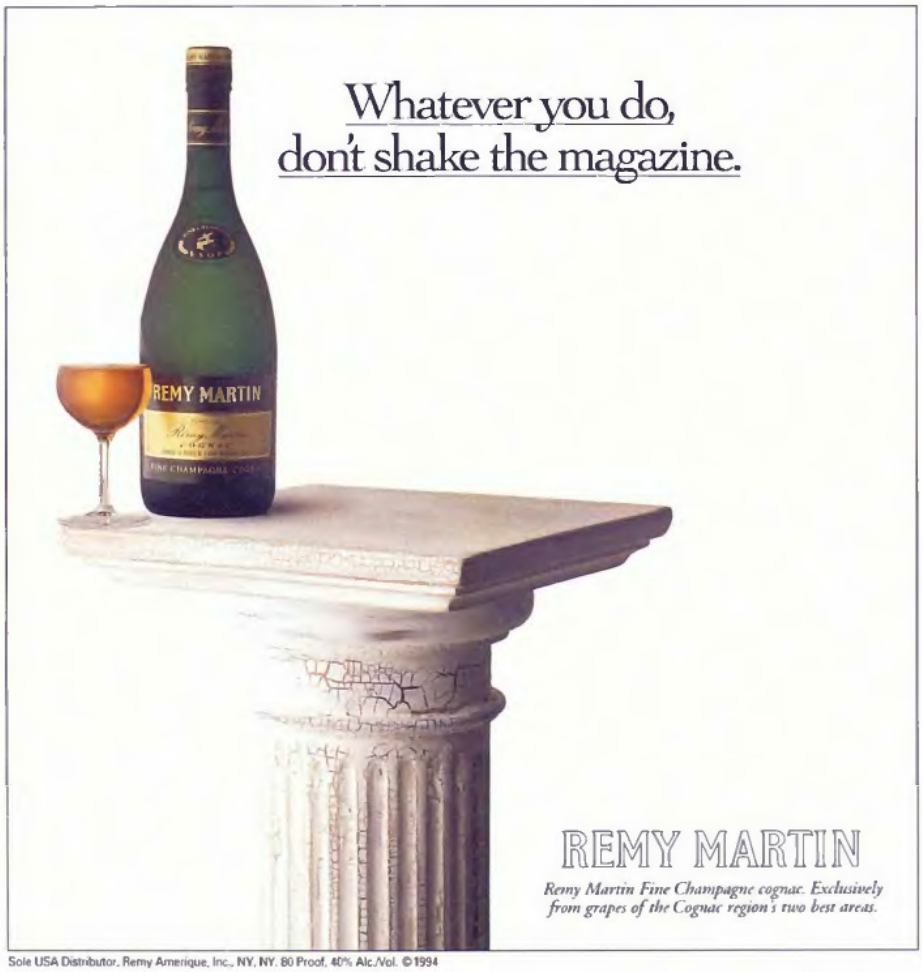
"I told Leon that."

"But that may be because you're not really my patient," said Dr. Teemer. "What you conjecture is conceivable, of course. But it is no more likely to be happening to you than to anybody else."

"And what difference does that make to me?" countered Yossarian. "It is not much solace to know we all are susceptible. Leon thinks I'll feel better knowing I'm no worse off than he is. Let's get started."

"Suppose we begin with another chest X ray?"

"God, no!" cried Yossarian in mock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alarm. "That might just get one started! You know how I feel about X rays and asbestos."

"And tobacco too. Should I give you a statistic I think you'll relish? Did you know that more Americans die each year of diseases related to smoking than were killed in all of the years of World War Two?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose we might as well go ahead. Should I hammer your knee to test your reflexes?"

"For what?"

"For free."

"Can't we at least do a biopsy?"

"Of what?"

"Of anything that is accessible and simple."

"If you will find that reassuring."

"I will sleep easier."

"We can scrape another mole or another one of your liver spots. Or should we test the prostate again? The prostate is not uncommon."

"Mine is unique," Yossarian disagreed. "It's the only one that's mine. Let's do the mole. Shumacher has a prostate my age. Let me know when you find something wrong with his."

"I can tell you now," said Yossarian's favorite oncologist, "that it will give me great pleasure to inform you that the results are negative."

"I can tell you now," said Yossarian, "that I will be happy to hear it."

Yossarian yearned to go deeper with this depressed man into the depressing nature of the pathologies in the depressing world of his work and the depressing nature of the universe in which they had each been successful in surviving thus far and which was growing more unreliable daily—there were holes in the ozone, they were running out of room for the disposal of garbage, burning the garbage contaminates the air, they were running out of air—but Yossarian was afraid he would find that conversation depressing.

All of this cost money, of course.

"Of course," said Yossarian.

"Where is it coming from?" Leon Shumacher wondered out loud, with a palpable snarl of envy.

"I'm old enough for Medicare now."

"Medicare won't cover a fraction of this."

"And the rest is coming from a terrific plan I have."

"I wish I had a plan like that," Leon said, sulking.

It came, explained Yossarian, from the company for which he worked, where he was on the books in a semiexecutive capacity as a semiretired semiconsultant and could remain for a lifetime provided he never tried to get much done.

"I wish I had a job like that. What the hell does it mean?" Leon mimicked in sneering derision. "Yossarian, John. Occupation: semiretired semiconsultant. What the hell are our epidemiologists supposed to make of that one?"

"It's been another one of my careers. I work part of the time for all of my fee and no one listens to more than half the things I say. I would call that a semiretired semiconsultant, wouldn't you? We are M&M Enterprises and Associates. I am one of the associates. The other people are enterprising. I associate, they enterprise."

"What do they really do?"

"Whatever makes money and isn't dishonestly criminal, I suppose," Yossarian answered.

"Is one word of this true?"

"I have no way of knowing. They can lie to me as well as to everyone else. We keep secrets from one another. I'm not making it up. You can check. Tie me back up to that heart machine and see if it skips a beat when I tell a lie."

"Will it do that?" Leon asked with surprise.

"I don't see why it wouldn't."

"What do you do there?"

"I object."

"Don't get so touchy."

"I'm answering your question," Yossarian informed him pleasantly. "I object to matters that are not up to my ethical standards. Sometimes I work very hard at objecting. Then they go ahead or don't. I am the conscience of the company, a moral presence, and that's another one of the things I've been doing since I dropped by there more than 20 years ago for illegal help in keeping my children out of the Vietnam war. How'd you keep yours out?"

"Medical school. Of course, they both switched to business administration as soon as the danger was past. By the way, my grapevine tells me you still seem to be having a pretty hot time with one of our favorite floor nurses."

"Better than I'm having with you and your associates."

"She's a very nice girl and a very good nurse."

"I think I've noticed."

"Attractive, too."

"I've seen that also."

"We have a number of fine specialists here who tell me frankly they'd like to get into her pants."

"That's crude, Leon, really crude, and you ought to be ashamed," Yossarian rebuked him with disgust. "It's a most obscene way of saying you'd all like to fuck her."

•

Toward the end of Yossarian's second week in the hospital they hatched the plot that drove him out.

They drove him out with the man from Belgium in the room adjacent to

his. The man from Belgium was a financial wise man with the European Union. He was a very sick financial wise man who spoke little English, which did not matter much because he had just had part of his throat removed and could not speak at all. He understood hardly any either, which mattered greatly to the nurses and several doctors, who were unable to address him in ways that had meaning. All day and much of the night he had at his bedside his waxen and diminutive Belgian wife in unpressed fashionable clothes, who smoked cigarettes continually and understood no English either and jabbered away at the nurses ceaselessly and hysterically, flying into alarms of shrieking terror each time he groaned or choked or slept or awoke. He had come to this country to be made well, and the doctors had taken out his larynx because he certainly would have died had they left it in. Now it was not so certain he would live. Christ, thought Yossarian, how can he stand it?

Christ, thought Yossarian, how can I?

Yossarian was symptom-suggestible and knew it. Within a day his voice turned husky.

"What's the matter with you?" nurse MacIntosh snapped with concern the next morning after she had reported for work, put on her makeup, straightened the seams of her seamless stockings and then come into the room looking her niftiest to make sure he was all right. "You don't sound the same. Why aren't you eating?"

"I know. I'm hoarse. I'm not hungry right now. I don't know why I'm so hoarse."

He had no fever or physical discomfort and there was no visible evidence of inflammation anywhere in his ears, nose or throat, said the ear, nose and throat man who was summoned.

The next day his throat was sore. He felt a lump there too and had difficulty swallowing his food, though there was still no sign of infection or obstruction, and he knew as surely as he knew anything else that he too would soon lose his larynx to a malignancy if he did not get the hell away from that hospital fast.

Nurse Melissa MacIntosh looked heartbroken. It was nothing personal, he assured her. He promised gallantly to take her out soon to dinner at a good restaurant, and to Paris and Florence, and Munich too, perhaps, and window-shop for lacy lingerie with her, if they found they hit it off. She said she would miss him. He replied with perfection that he would not give her the chance, wondering, even as he gazed sincerely into her earnest blue eyes and warmly pressed her hand goodbye, whether he would ever even remember to want to see her again.


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 *(continued from page 100)*

*"Courtney and Kat worked as strippers. Both understand the dynamic with the horny guys in the audience."*

queens: Some of their most rabid fans are men. And that's what separates them from Joni Mitchell or Joan Armatrading. Joan Armatrading shows attract some beautiful women, but the few clever guys there are superfluous. Many women simply make out with each other. But, hey, when Babes in Toyland played Lollapalooza, there were provocatively pierced teenage love thangs aplenty, looking around for like-minded guys. And the most compelling figure was their idol, Kat Bjelland of Babes. (Babes as in "in the woods," not as in "chicks," as she loves to point out; get it wrong and she will call you a prick.) Garbed in an undersized kinderwhore dress—the demented-little-girl look she and on-again-off-again friend Courtney Love each accuse the other of stealing—guitarist and lead singer Kat introduced the band in a sweet voice and then ripped into a shriek to start *Bruise Violet*. Like a gorgeous cracked-out cheerleader, Kat played hard and hard to get. The sightly and sonic combination of the flashes of Kat's panties and Lori Barbero's tribal drumming inspired some macho moshing. As Butt-head said of the song's video, "Whoa! These chicks rock!"

Courtney and Kat worked as strippers when they were younger, less famous and in need of cash. Whether or not they admit it, both women seem to understand the physical dynamic between a woman on a stage and the anonymous, horny guys in the audience. And they use it to their advantage, just as Liz Phair manipulates the contradictions between her collegiate look and candid lyrics. Or take the electric guitar, the traditional phallic prop of male rockers. In the hands of virtuoso Polly Jean Harvey, the guitar remains a symbol; as she warps, twists and wrings sound from her Strat, you can't help but admire the strength and facility of her hands. It adds to her sex appeal, even when she's singing about a dry vagina.

The ironic love songs of today's supercharged chanteuses entice the male listener. There's just the slightest hint of romance—it's like electric pillow talk or a lovers' quarrel turned up to 11 on the volume knob. It starts each guy in the crowd to thinking, Sure she's mad at men—but she ain't pissed at me. It's those other bums who fucked her over. Even when Courtney Love—in all her low-rent, tousled beauty—complains of adolescent rejection in *Teenage Whore*, she arouses the pride and desire of each guy in the audience: I'll make her happy. I bet I can give her what she needs. Salt-N-Pepa seduce in a more overt way, by describing what they're capable of as lovers and what you're missing. When Salt brags, "You have no beef/Cause when the bugle is blown/It's all tongue and no teeth," she has every guy reaching for his instrument. The thing is, all she wants us to do is reach for our wallets and buy CDs.

•

It's as if for years we've listened in mono and then, suddenly, a few women turned up the speakers on the left. Even at the local club level, female musicians are taking to the stage. Many of the new bands, such as New York favorites Barbie Complex and Die Monster Die, are sexually integrated—it's shrewd marketing to enhance the gate. Those bands that make it big are equipped with


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# IF YOU LIKE LIZ PHAIR * BY SHANE DU BOW

**Several years ago Shane Du Bow worked as an intern in our Chicago office. It wasn't the first time he had toiled in the presence of greatness. Turns out he used to date Liz Phair. When her first CD came out and we really listened to the words, the idea of a relationship with Phair raised more questions than the songs answered. So we tracked Du Bow down and made him give us the scoop.**

It was my tape deck. Forget the riot grrrls and all the power feminism. Behind the success of every rock babe there's a guy, and the guy behind Liz Phair was me. I was the one who loaned her the crucial—dare I say indispensable?—piece of stereo equipment she used to dub the demos she sent to the radio stations that gave her the airplay that led to the record deal and the release of her debut album, *Exile in Guyville*, which then brought her a fuckload of cash—no, make that two fuckloads—and the praise of rock critics from New York to Seattle. Note, however, where it all started: my tape deck.

My mother tells me there was a time when rock babes wrote love songs to their boyfriends—the Carly Simon–Joni Mitchell routine. You can even imagine those boyfriends bragging about it at the bar. Of course, if you've listened to Liz' debut, you know this is no longer the case. Actually, you'd think she had never met anyone who's kind or sensitive or humble. Someone like me.

Well, for the record, none of those unnamed *Guyville* Romeos resembles yours truly. I am not the lame-o who fucked and ran in *Fuck and Run*, nor the Neanderthal who bullied the stereo in *Help Me, Mary*. Fact is, I gave Liz my stereo. We Guyville guys just ain't that bad.

I, for one, taught Ms. "I take full advantage of every guy I meet" such survival skills as how to play Let's Get Lost. We were in college. I'd pick her up. We'd drop the top, redline the tach and bomb through the night. The game was to ignore all signs, take turns choosing directions, lose our minds and our way amid the Ohio farmland and then pull over. The way I remember it, everything was goofy and late-night. Liz never mentioned anything about being my—or anyone else's—"blow job queen," never referred to my lips as "perfect suck-me size." I only heard that stuff on the album. Just my luck—she saves the fun stuff for the paying public.

All I know is that after graduation we stayed in touch. She came to my mom's second wedding. She named her own folder on my hard drive. When an early *Spin* review called her a prodigy of privilege, she had me ghostwrite a saucy retort. And guess which dizzy music rag, after receiving said correspondence, named *Exile* its album of the year?

Sure, Liz seems self-sufficient—that's the Nineties rock-babe shtick. But take her lyrics, best known perhaps for their profanity. Where the fuck do you think she got that fucking stuff? Or take her second album, *Whip-Smart*. The fifth song on it, I happened to notice last trip to the CD store, is called *Shane*, which, I happened to notice last time I signed something, is also my name. Now, everyone knows it's the title of the fifth song on the second album that makes or breaks a rock star's career. If Liz rode my coattails any harder, she'd be a water skier.

All this neediness, it gets to be a drag. This *Shane* song, it's about a night we spent together in Chicago. She was an unemployed slacker. I was a way-cool writer with an incredibly important assignment to report on the club scene. Out of pity, I invited Liz to tag along. When I wrote "we watched," I was referring to Liz and me. I gave her that, the plural pronoun, her first fame. Now she's exploited it, that night, my name, to catapult herself to the top of the rock heap. Ingrate.

Sure, she leaves backstage passes for me. Sure, she asked me to help with a spot on MTV. But did she invite me to read my fiction as an encore? Did she ever show her gratitude through her wallet?

Note to all men: If ever your girlfriend grabs a guitar and a four-track, copyright your name and lock up your diary. It's too late for me. That's why I've now retaliated and written my own little ditty, a glossy commercial kind of thing. Real catchy number called *If You Like Liz Phair, You'll Just Love Shane Du Bow.* Any day now I'm going to be huge.

heavy-metal howls, salacious raps and enough feedback to power a small town. They wear their parental advisory stickers with pride.

When Nirvana came to New York for the last time a few months before Kurt Cobain's suicide, Kim Deal's crackling and lighthearted band, the Breeders, opened for them. It symbolized, in retrospect, the passing of the ax from Cobain to the Deal sisters. Nirvana was on automatic: Tight and loud, it put out a trademark heavy sound with brontosaurus beats. Cobain seemed detached, unemotional and uninspired; he sat on a stool for much of the show, hunched over his mike with his hair obscuring his face. Fans moshed because they were supposed to. The gig lacked the joyful energy that had driven the Breeders an hour earlier. The closest to female angst singer Kim Deal got was on *Divine Hammer*—a quest for satisfaction that she describes as "just like a big fuck." When she finds that sacred tool (after all, her body is a temple), she's going to bang it all day.

•

Although Phair's band hits chest-squeezing decibels only three or four times, the Phairophiles are psyched. It's a glasses-friendly environment; there's no real mosh pit. In fact, if you tossed your specs 50 feet away, you could retrieve them from the floor unbroken. It's a crowd of serious New York scenesters who have a few years on Phair. They're the kind of music nuts who used to hang out in Hoboken listening to unassuming minimalist stuff by such now-defunct bands as the Feelies or the dBs (who actually reached back to the clangy garage sound of the early Rolling Stones and Velvet Underground). Phair is a part of this unassuming branch of side-street rock. Musically, she's derivative, but she's polished enough to refute last year's word-of-mouth rep for being stiff and dull in concert. It's her lyrics that count and the guys in the audience know them all.

There's a yabbo up front who can't quite control himself. In between songs he's whooping and wailing like Phair holds his heart in a box. Phair is not amused. In fact, she appears to be a bit repulsed by such slobbering adulation. In a pique of girlish disdain that contrasts nicely with her milk-and-honey looks, she glares down and says, "I don't think you should be yelling like that!" Then she kicks into the next song—just her voice, her electric guitar and her drummer. The two other guys in the band flank her in the shadows, rattling tambourines. It's a quintessential scene for the Nineties: Female rockers have taken center stage.

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# WILD IN THE STREETS

*(continued from page 136)*

to boost falling sales.

Subaru has restyled and enlarged its popular Legacy sedans and wagons. Choose front-wheel drive (and an optional traction-control system) or full-time all-wheel drive. Its slick-handling SVX sports coupe in a new front-wheel-drive version is offered for 1995 for less than $24,000.

### FUN IN THE SUN

Convertibles are back in a big way. Joining Chevy's Z28 Camaro (PLAYBOY's 1994 Car of the Year), Ford's Mustang and Pontiac's Firebird Formula is Saab's totally redesigned 900 and Audi's new 100 Cabriolet. What's more, BMW offers a four-cylinder 3-series ragtop priced under $30,000 and a six-cylinder model for $38,800. A convertible version of the M3, currently on sale in Europe, is rumored to be headed to the States.

At $19,975, Volkswagen's smartly restyled Golf Cabriolet is the best drop-top yet in its long series of affordable open-air 2+2's. Mitsubishi's 3000 GT features a limited-production folding hardtop, and a convertible Eclipse is on the drawing board. Also, there's a roadster revival coming from Germany. Mercedes-Benz has displayed its sleek SLK, a C-class-based two-seater that will debut in 1996. Porsche plans to introduce its Boxster sports roadster at the same time. The price: less than $40,000. Not to be outdone, BMW will build a roadster in South Carolina in mid-1996.

To celebrate the fifth anniversary of the MX-5 Miata, Mazda has introduced an M edition priced at $21,250 that is available only in Montego Blue with a tan vinyl top and a tan leather interior. But our preference is for the equally new R Package model that comes equipped with sport suspension, front and rear spoilers and a rear skirt. Under the hood of both the M and the R models is a new 128-hp, 1.8 liter dual-overhead-cam engine that gives the car more power, especially in passing situations. The R Package model is $1500 more than the Miata's base price of $16,650.

### CIVILIZED OFF-ROADERS

Sports utility vehicles are hotter than ever, with sales of more than 1.3 million predicted in 1994. Chevy's new S10 Blazer and GMC's new Jimmy have just been launched; new and bigger Tahoe and Yukon SUVs from the same manufacturers will follow next spring.

Ford is building special editions to widen the Explorer's already broad appeal. Unfortunately, a V8 version is still years away. The Jeep Cherokee and Grand Cherokee continue to set sales records. West Coasters will see the Korean-built Kia Sportage—another cleverly packaged, well-equipped, small-size SUV—late this year.

Luxury-car makers are betting on upscale SUVs, too. BMW has acquired Britain's Rover, setting itself up for the possibility of a sports utility with a BMW badge. Land Rover North America tripled its sales after introducing the Discovery, a $29,000 SUV targeted at young, active families and at singles who want to traverse the urban jungle in style. Also, a new Range Rover will bow this fall. Even Lexus is considering a sports utility. Recently seen at European auto shows, Toyota's compact RAV4 mini sports utility could challenge Suzuki's Samurai in the $12,000 to $14,000 range, opening a whole new market for Generation Xers; as yet, there has been no decision on whether it will be marketed here. And by 1997, Mercedes-Benz will offer a circa-$35,000 SUV to be built at a new plant in Alabama.

### WAR OF THE MINIVANS

It's been ten years since Chrysler introduced the minivan. Today, it's the company's principal source of income—generating an average of $6100 profit per vehicle on sales of about 570,000 last year. So far, Japan's efforts to unseat Chrysler have failed. The jointly developed Nissan Quest and Mercury Villager are hits, though volume is limited by plant capacity. Honda plans to introduce a minivan next January, but it will be built in Japan, where assembly line width limitations may curtail its popularity here. GM's doorstop-shaped minivans flopped. A recent face-lift hasn't helped much.

Ford's long-wheelbased, front-wheel-drive 1995 Windstar is the first minivan to contest Chrysler's hammerlock on the category. Chrysler's 1996 minivan will be launched in January 1995 at the Detroit Auto Show. We've learned that it has sliding doors on both sides and that Ford was too far along in production to match this feature. The Windstar will give Chrysler's minivans a battle, but we predict Lee Iacocca's best legacy will retain its leadership role.

### WHEN COST IS NO OBJECT

Makers of exotic cars have been busy. Ferrari launched its $225,000-plus, 187-mph 456 GT 2+2, and the 380-hp, 40-valve F 355 GT earlier this fall. Italian carmaker Bugatti (a revival of the historic name) will soon launch its EB110 two-seater. Its price: $335,000 (exclusive of taxes), which buys you a six-speed supercar that will hit 60 mph in 3.4 seconds and top out at more than 200 mph. All that power comes from a 12-cylinder, 60-valve, quad-turbo engine nestled into the midsection of a carbon-fiber composite chassis. The interior is just as exotic, with handcrafted leather seats and doors that open vertically. Bugatti also purchased Britain's Lotus from General

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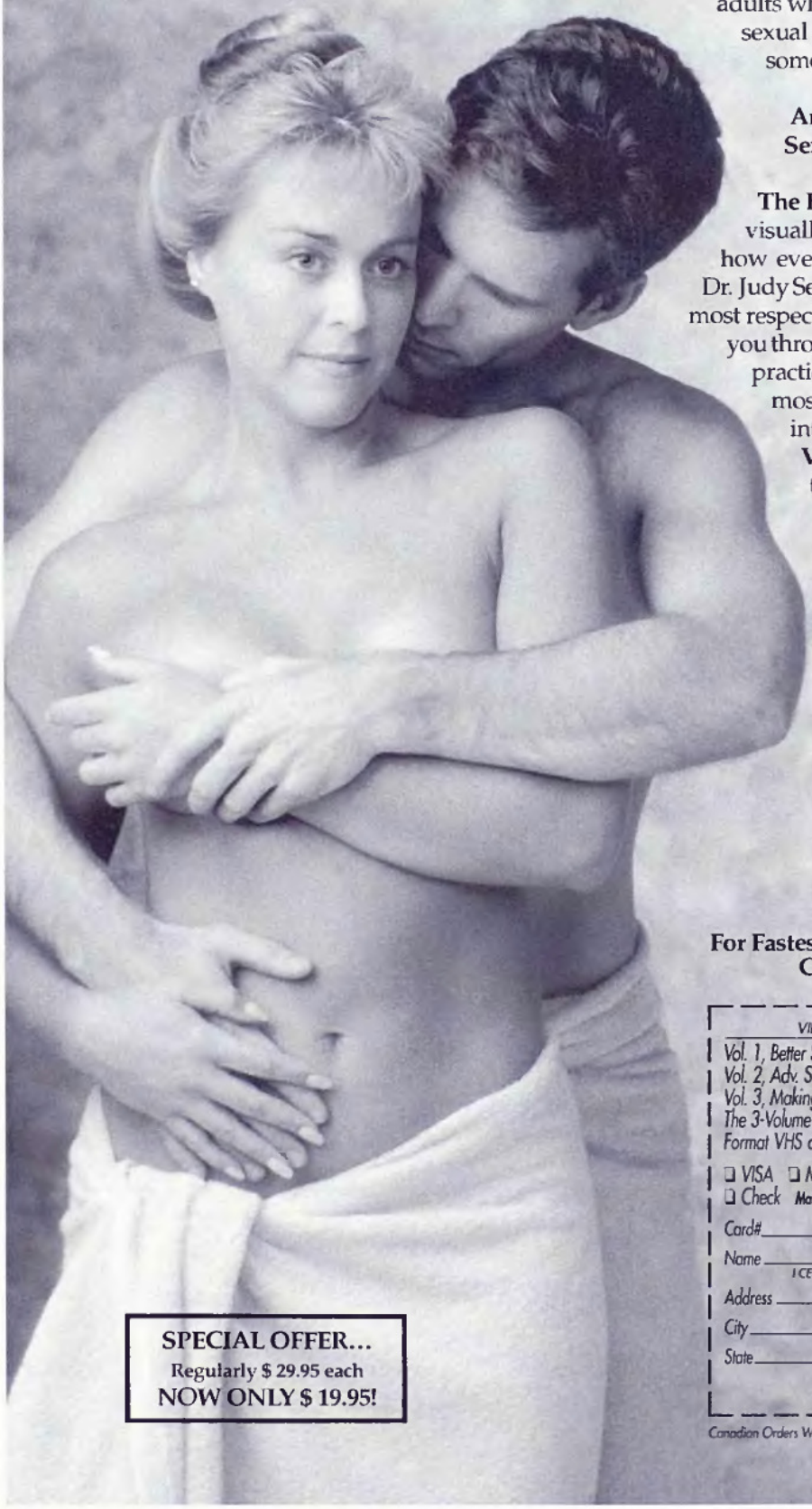

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Motors late last year. The 1997 model Lotus Esprit 2+2 will be V8 powered. There are no plans to revive the short-lived Elan roadster, but Lotus is reportedly developing a lightweight two-seater to compete with upcoming cars from Porsche, Mercedes-Benz and BMW.

Lamborghini celebrated its 30th anniversary just as Chrysler sold its stake in the company to Megatech, an Indonesian consortium. It's the same group that bought another exotic-car manufacturing company, Vector, in 1993. The $198,000 1995 Vector Avtech SC may have a Lamborghini V12 engine. Bolstered with new financing, Lamborghini USA is adding dealers and planning an ambitious new product program that will include the world's fastest off-road vehicle. The company will also supplement its $239,000 all-wheel-drive Diablo VT with a limited-edition (25) 492-hp Diablo SE. If you have to ask the price, you can't afford it. So, we'll tell you: It's $255,000.

### JUST DOWN THE ROAD

The advent of sophisticated computers has opened up a wealth of technology designed to increase driving pleasure, safety and longevity. Antilock brakes are almost universally available now. Electronic traction control systems enable rear- and front-wheel-drive cars to match the performance of four-wheel-drive models on wet or snowy roads.

Robert Bosch has announced an intuitive steering system that will appear on top-line German makes. Using steering and wheel sensors, the system senses where the driver wants to go and progressively applies brakes in individual wheels to ensure that the correct direction is maintained. Look for it by 1996.

On-board navigation systems are already being used in Germany. Oldsmobile is testing a system here that could be an option in 1995. Today's best and most sophisticated sound installations are designed by the leading audio companies in conjunction with car manufacturers. This way, the audio systems are designed from the vehicle's inception—something even the best car-stereo installers can't match. And chlorofluorocarbon-free, environmentally safe air-conditioning systems, water-based paint processes and recyclability of most parts prove that the auto industry is taking its environmental responsibility seriously.

As 1995 and even a few 1996 models appear in showrooms, one thing is certain: These cars are better built, more reliable and more fun to drive than ever before.

# QUENTIN TARANTINO

*(continued from page 133)*

just a cool special effect or for how it works in the piece. What affects me are real-life human things. If someone gets a paper cut on a movie set, I'm like [*shivers*], because I can relate to that. Being shot with an Uzi—that's harder to relate to.

**7.**

PLAYBOY: You once appeared as an Elvis impersonator on *The Golden Girls*. Do you consider that a high point or the nadir of your acting career?

TARANTINO: Well, it was kind of a high point because it was one of the few times that I actually got hired for a job. I was one of 12 Elvis impersonators, really just a glorified extra. For some reason they had us sing Don Ho's *Hawaiian Love Chant*. All the other Elvis impersonators wore Vegas-style jumpsuits. But I wore my own clothes, because I was, like, the Sun Records Elvis. I was the hillbilly cat Elvis. I was the real Elvis; everyone else was Elvis after he sold out.

**8.**

PLAYBOY: Describe the dramatic richness of the Mexican standoff.

TARANTINO: In movies, I never saw the Mexican standoff taken to what I consider to be the logical conclusion, which is when everyone fucking shoots everybody else because there is nowhere else to go. In most movies, they always have their guns on everybody and they go, "The cops are outside," and then it's defused in some way. Or somebody drops their gun or whatever. This doesn't seem to be the case in real life. What's cool about the Mexican standoff is that it's the end of the line. And what's really exciting to me, for the kind of crime story I like to do, is using that one second before the explosion as the point where there's a little bit of discussion. It has a reality to it. It takes the rubber band and stretches it as far as it can go.

**9.**

PLAYBOY: Describe, if you can, the purest example of the tension between men and women.

TARANTINO: Walking down the street, women experience tension all the time. They're walking down the street and some guy is walking behind them and all of a sudden there's this tension. Is this guy going to do something? What's going on here? They're feeling it. And guys feel it too. I feel it. And I'm like, Hey, I'm just walking down the street. I just happen to be going the same way. I'm walking behind this woman, and she's thinking I'm a rapist. And now I'm feeling guilty for being a rapist when I haven't fucking done anything. So now I'm feeling guilty and feeling a little angry

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because I'm minding my own business. Like, I'm sorry I'm walking behind you. And she's thinking, Why the fuck can't I just walk down the street? All of a sudden there's this tension and anger about nothing.

10.

PLAYBOY: If the offices of Hollywood are filled with yuppie wusses, does having the reputation of a tough guy give you an edge?

TARANTINO: From time to time people assume that I'm this hard-core New York case, which I'm not. I will say that I probably have different rules about life. I'll be hanging around executives, filmmakers, agents, whatever. They'll start talking really cattily about other artists, and they'll do it in front of me. And I always think, Do they think I'm fucking stupid? In other words, they might not talk about me that way at that moment—but tomorrow is another day. They'll just as easily rip on me as somebody else. That horrible attitude is the single worst thing about this business. People are so negative about everything. They're lucky to be in this business, which is one of the greatest. Especially because they're really not contributing anything. Enough good movies come out by the end of the year to justify their jobs. I mean, if at the end of the year you can say that you saw ten perfectly no-excuses good movies, well, that's a pretty goddamn good percentage.

11.

PLAYBOY: The women who are cool in your films like hamburgers, Sonny Chiba movies, Elvis Presley and Janis Joplin. What other things do cool women appreciate?

TARANTINO: If a girl likes to sit in the third row at the movies, that's great. I could be serious about that girl; it could be something that could last for a long time. Also, she shouldn't be a stickler when it comes to my personal hygiene. She has to cut me a little bit of slack. I'm not speaking about B.O. But people have a natural smell, and she has to like my smell. If she has a big problem with it, that's sort of the beginning of the end. A girlfriend, the one who was the love of my life, once told me, "I like your smell." To me, that was the most romantic thing.

12.

PLAYBOY: What do men learn about women from listening to girl groups?

TARANTINO: I love girl groups. [*Laughs*] But in the Sixties, pretty much all they ever sang about was their boyfriends: "He's so cool/he's so tough/I'm not too young to get married." The Go-Go's were terrific, and their songs seemed poignant and real. But even they were basically singing about their boyfriends, too. So I don't know if you actually get insight from girl groups. If you want to learn about how a woman feels, you might want to listen to someone like Suzanne Vega.

13.

PLAYBOY: Movies have the potential to instruct. Do you recoil from that opportunity or embrace it?

TARANTINO: Any time you try to get across a big idea, you're shooting yourself in the foot. First, you need to make a good movie. And in the process, if there's something in it that comes across, that's great. And it shouldn't be this big idea. It should be a small idea, from which everyone can get something different. I mean, if you're making a movie and your big idea is that war is bad, why do you even need to make a movie? If that's all you're trying to say, just say it. It's only two words: WAR IS BAD. Wait, wait. That's three words. Two words would be even better: WAR BAD. In some ways, that has even more power.

14.

PLAYBOY: Does the government have the right to tell citizens whether they can own guns?

TARANTINO: I don't own a gun. But if gun control were to happen in America, I would have no problem with it whatsoever. Gun control would probably do wonders here. The street violence in America is horrific. When you go to Europe, you actually feel like you take a vacation from the threat of violence. Not that people don't get killed and raped in Europe. But it seems like they don't in comparison with here. But I also feel there's a slight hypocrisy about gun control. America was founded on people grabbing guns and just taking it. We are basically a nation of warriors. We're very easily pumped up. For good reasons, sometimes.

15.

PLAYBOY: What's the best thing about breakfast cereal?

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TARANTINO: Breakfast cereal is one of my favorite foods because it's so easy to fix and it tastes so incredibly great. Cap'n Crunch is, of course, the crème de la crème. Most cereals, unfortunately, do not have a long life; they're around for about a year and then they go. But the best of the newfangled cereals, far and away, was Bill and Ted's Excellent Cereal. It was fantastic. It was like a particularly terrific Lucky Charms.

**16.**

PLAYBOY: Skinny ties, white shirts, black suits and sunglasses. How do you feel about the appropriation of the *Reservoir Dogs* look?

TARANTINO: I think it's great. If an action movie is doing its job, you should want to dress like the hero. After I saw Chow Yun-Fat in John Woo's *A Better Tomorrow, Part II*, I immediately bought a long coat and glasses and walked around with a toothpick in my mouth. Any time a character is really cool in a movie, you should want to dress like him or drink the beer he drinks. I thought Kevin Costner was so fucking cool in *Bull Durham* that I drank Miller High Life for a while.

**17.**

PLAYBOY: Where does real-life violence come from?

TARANTINO: It comes out of nowhere. You can be sitting there laughing, and all of a sudden you're in reverse. A girl takes off her high heel, clocks a guy on the head and splits his skull open.

Once, I was waiting for a bus at midnight on Western and Santa Monica, where a lot of hookers hang out. So a black transvestite hooker is standing next to me and suddenly this van pulls up and a Mexican kid jumps out with a baseball bat and comes up behind her. It was surreal. I couldn't even say anything. So the transvestite sensed something, turned around and saw that the kid was ready to hit her. She said [*menacingly*], "Don't do it, I'm vice," which was a terrific response. I was awed by that response. Meanwhile, the Mexican kid has the bat over his head and he's thinking about it. And she's saying, "Don't fucking do it——" And then—boom—he hits her anyway. The hooker starts fighting back a little, and all of a sudden six other guys come out of the van. At that point I took off and she took off. Now that's real-life violence.

**18.**

PLAYBOY: After *Reservoir Dogs* failed to win anything at the 1992 Sundance Film Festival, you swore you would never again attend an awards ceremony unless you knew you would win. Was it not winning, or what it felt like to lose in public, that prompted this vow?

TARANTINO: Ultimately, I don't care. I mean, if I read it in the newspaper and I don't see my name, my response is, "Damn." But when you put on a tuxedo and endure the evening and you don't get called, it hurts your feelings. By showing up with that tuxedo on, I'm saying, "Your decision means something to me," when it really doesn't. When I went to the Sundance ceremony and didn't win anything for a movie I was really happy with, it made me feel bad. At that point, I decided that I was never going to give anybody permission to hurt my feelings that way again.

**19.**

PLAYBOY: You were hired to do a rewrite of *It's Pat*. As one now familiar with the perspiring androgyne from *Saturday Night Live*, is Pat a he or a she?

TARANTINO: The androgyny aspect is only a part of Pat's appeal. What I love about the character is that Pat is so fucking obnoxious. To tell the truth, I don't know what Pat is. But I know what I want Pat to be: I want Pat to be a girl. There was only one sketch that Julia [Sweeney, the actress who plays Pat] did on *Saturday Night Live* that gave a clue to what Pat is. It was the sketch that Pat did with Harvey Keitel. They're stranded on a deserted island and they have sex—and Harvey still doesn't know what Pat is. And the thing is, they kissed in it. At one point they were thinking of taking the kiss out of the sketch. But Harvey, being Harvey, demanded they keep it in, that there'd be no integrity without the kiss. So that was the first time we'd seen Pat in an intimate situation—a smooch. There is a certain way that you hold your head, the way you come in for a kiss. And sitting there, watching it, I thought that Pat didn't kiss like a guy. Pat kissed like a girl.

**20.**

PLAYBOY: Give us an example of when self-confidence has served you better than modesty would have.

TARANTINO: I was a film geek. Film geeks don't have a whole lot of tangible things to show for their passion and commitment to film. They just watch movies all the time. What they do have to show is a high regard for their own opinion. They've learned to break down a movie. They understand what they like and don't like about a film. And they feel that they're right. It's not open to discussion. When I got involved in the movie industry I was shocked at how little faith or trust people have in their own opinions. They read a script and they like it—then they hand it to three of their friends to see what they think about it. I couldn't believe it. There's an old expression that goes something like, He with the most point of view wins. [*Laughs*] When I walk into a room, I always have the most point of view.

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WF-20

# Paul Reiser (continued from page 98)

*"'In this business, you get used to a level of rejection that to somebody outside would be staggering.'"*

urging, Carlin stuck around and they fed him lox and whitefish.

"I gotta get going," Carlin said after eating. "I gotta go uptown."

"Where ya going?" said Sam.

"Well," stammered Carlin, "I gotta go uptown. To buy a camera."

This was all the opening Sam needed. "Don't go uptown," he insisted. "I'll take you downtown to my guy." They piled into the car and drove downtown, where Sam marched into a camera shop and announced, "Take care of this guy. He's a big star."

"We left him there buying cameras," Paul says. "Six months later, my sister saw him again and said, 'I don't know if you remember, but we did an interview and then you went downtown——'

"And he goes, 'Yeah, man, that was the weirdest interview. All I remember is that I was on my way uptown to score some coke, and the next thing I know I get lassoed into buying a camera.'"

When Paul tells this story, it sounds as if he's still in awe of his dad's salesmanship. "My father," he says, "made George Carlin buy a camera."

•

Reiser's movie career may have been almost accidental, but the films kept coming. Martin Brest saw *Diner* and cast Reiser in *Beverly Hills Cop*. Jim Cameron saw that movie and cast him in *Aliens*.

*"That's what makes you such a legend in the theater, darling—your impeccable sense of timing."*

But Reiser still thought of stand-up as his priority and didn't have a career plan—"you make the best of what's available"—so he also fell into substandard projects.

Take *Sunset Limousine*, a TV movie dumb enough to make *My Two Dads* look like a logical career move. "I didn't particularly want to do it," he says. "I thought it would be fun to work with John Ritter, but it wasn't a great part or a great movie. So I said no. And they came back with more money, and I said, 'No, I'm not trying to raise the price. I just don't want to do it.' And three or four times they came back with more money, until I went, 'Oh, look at this: I'm negotiating.' And I thought, Wow, that's pretty powerful. When you truly are willing to say no, look what can happen. And they ended up coming back with so much money that I went, 'Gee, OK. Fuck yeah.'"

Later, he won his first lead, in *Bachelor Party*. The rest of the film was cast around him. He'd go to the Twentieth Century Fox lot, run through love scenes with hopeful starlets such as Tawny Kitaen, then go home and mutter, "Another tough day at the studio." But one week into production, the top brass watched the dailies and decided to fire Reiser. In his place, they cast a young actor named Tom Hanks.

Reiser likes to shrug off such things: "In this business," he says, "you get used to a level of rejection that to somebody outside would be staggering." But even then, his friends insist, he wasn't devastated. "I had lunch with Paul the day he got back to town, and I was expecting him to be a puddle," says Larry Miller. "But he was very centered, he knew it was the kind of thing that happens, and he was great. I thought that showed extraordinarily clear thinking and real serenity."

Meanwhile, between the movies and stand-up gigs, Reiser developed a pilot with Gary David Goldberg, who'd been a fan of Reiser's. "He's a keen observer of ordinary people," says Goldberg. "The laughs in his act and on his show are laughs of recognition. They are deep and long-lasting." They developed a pilot that hit close to home: It was about a young man from New York who takes over his father's business. But it didn't sell. "I liked the script a lot," remembers Goldberg. "I guess I liked it more than NBC did. But everybody liked Paul, so they went ahead and put him in that other show."

That other show was *My Two Dads*, which bore little resemblance to the kind of humor Reiser had been doing onstage, or the quick wit that had led his comedian friends to dub him "the fastest gun on the East Side." Reluctantly, he says, he discarded his own show. "It was

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a very painful process," he says, "because I sort of bet against myself. And I never quite shook that during the whole *My Two Dads* experience. I thought, Maybe had I not done this, I could have been doing my show."

He talks cautiously, afraid to be too critical of the show but unable to be too laudatory. "I always liken it to manufacturing a product that you don't use yourself," he says. "It's like I make garden hoses but don't have a garden. All right, that's not bad. I'm not manufacturing napalm."

After that show's three-season run, he was determined not to do a series unless it reflected his interests and passions. While he put together a new stand-up act and a cable TV special, he began thinking about examining the early years of a marriage. It's what he and Paula were going through, and it was the most successful part of his act.

"The only time I ever felt close to saying 'Fuck this whole thing' was right around then," he says. "We had written the pilot for *Mad About You* and it was terrific, and at the time the network had these phony reasons for stalling. 'Change page seven.' 'Wait a second. You like the show? Change page seven later.' They were just buying time to see what else they had. I knew, sight unseen, that it was better than the 20 things they might be thinking about. And I remember thinking, I don't have a better idea than this. I'm not the kind of guy who goes, 'I got a million of 'em.' I have one every once in a while."

Finally, NBC agreed to buy the show provided Reiser came up with an acceptable co-star. In early 1992 he brought them Helen Hunt. "We got to this office where we had to read for the network," he recalls. "If it went well, they were going to pick up the show. And while we were waiting, just out of nervous energy, I started walking around, kibitzing with this person and that person. I stuck my head into this woman's office and started playing with something on her desk, and she laughed and said, 'We've done this before, you know.' I said, 'When?' She said, 'I was the secretary to the casting director of *Diner*.'"

He walked out of the office with his green light from NBC. "I owe her something," he says of the woman who has been his good-luck charm twice. "I don't know what, but I owe her something."

•

The furniture is beige, and this time Reiser can't disown it. He's sitting in his office on the Culver Studios lot, where the mantel holds photos of his wife and of one of his heroes, John Lennon. Atop a television set in the corner are stacks of videotapes, many of them labeled SEINFELD.

The TV season has ended. In the next few weeks Reiser will finish his book and begin work on *Bye Bye Love*, a movie comedy about divorced men on which he'll team up again with writer-producer Goldberg. Then it's back to work on *Mad About You*.

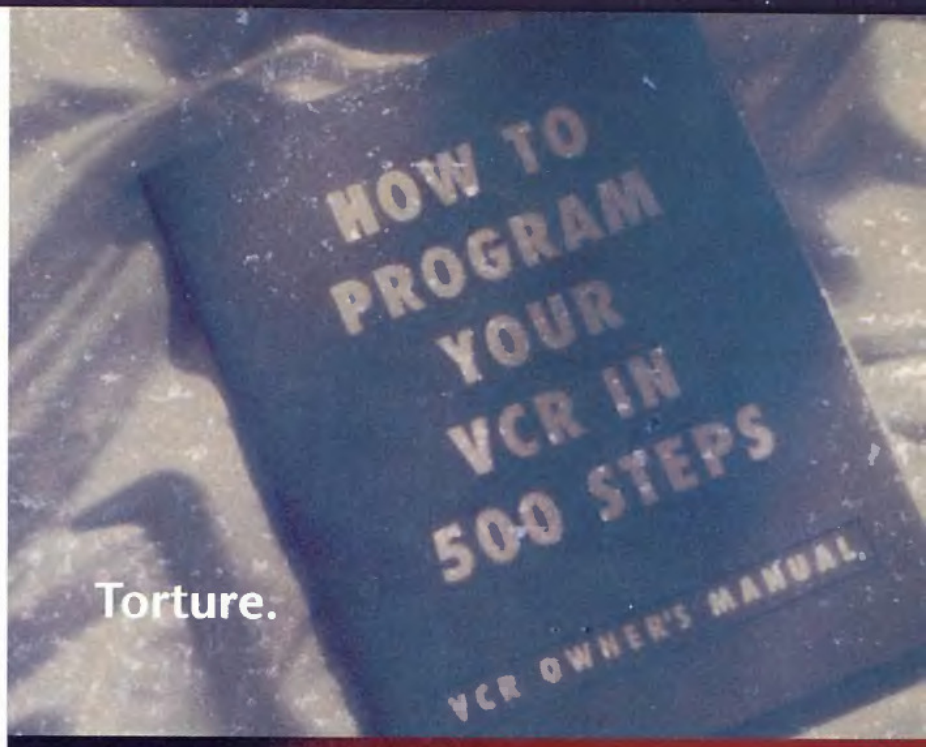
"My feeling about Paul," says Danny Jacobson, "is always that I would like to see him go a little deeper, bleed a little. Even though he's a good actor, he comes from comedy, and when you come from that you never want to do anything to jeopardize it. Still, as he gets to be more comfortable, you'll start to see more things than you've seen from him before."

Contractually, everyone's committed for five seasons. "I don't know how much more than five years we can do," says Reiser. "In one way, I would love to end the fifth year with the birth of a baby, and then go away." NBC, he adds, wanted a baby after the first season. "We're talking about it," he says, a bit reluctantly. "And it's funny, because I've generally found that the show follows my life by three to five years. The stuff that Paul and Jamie go through, the discussions they have, are things my wife and I went through five years ago. But having kids is something we've been discussing lately, so if Paul and Jamie decide to have kids they won't be following us at all."

Suddenly Reiser stops and chuckles. "I just noticed the tapes on top of the TV," he says. "You're going to look at those and think I sit around here all day watching *Seinfeld*."

Then he gets back to the matter at hand. "I've found," he says, "that any advance I make in life is reflected in my work, and vice versa. When I made that personal break and moved into the city, when I went into therapy, when I started growing in those areas, I found that my work blossomed. When I started going to acting class, my stand-up benefited. When I was doing better stand-up, my acting benefited. And to me it's all about, on one hand, expanding and moving forward and creating new things, but it's much more about stripping away and removing the obstacles. I always maintain that this show is not autobiographical, and it's not. But the closer I make it and the greater those frequencies line up, the more the better stuff gets freed."

Then Reiser sits back, stretches and looks around the small office. It's Friday afternoon. His work here is done for the year, his book is almost finished and *Bye Bye Love* won't start shooting for a couple of weeks. There's nothing to do but go home, grab Paula and head for Malibu. Say what you will, he feels right at home there.

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# ARTISTS ON BOARD

Guys want their boards to look as cool as they ride," says Gregg DiLeo of Division 23. For that reason, several snowboard companies are turning to the art world in search of graphic images that reflect the sport's counterculture style. DiLeo, for example, commissioned Jeff Tremaine to complete the funky man-and-fishbowl painting on the 156 board (below) after he spotted the artist's work in a gallery. Some companies feature cartoon characters such as Fat Albert on their boards. And others pay big bucks for images by well-known illustrators—including H.R. Giger, whose work has appeared on the big screen (he designed the creature in *Alien*) and is now on the slopes in the form of Pyramid's 163 G series freeride board.

JAMES IMBROGNO

**Image is everything when it comes to snowboarding, so you need to know what to wear (check out *New York Snow Job* un page 94) as well as what to ride. This season's killer boards include Pyramid's 163 G series freeride model (front left) with illustration by H.R. Giger, $400; the 156 freeride board (front right) with artwork by Jeff Tremaine, $430, and the 146 model (rear left) with graphics by DC Comics illustrator Gavin Wilson, $425, both by Division 23; plus Black Flys' Dana Nicholson 163 pro board (rear right) with artwork by Marcus Huebner, $425.**



Where & How to Buy on page 156.

## No Crumbs on This Cracker

When we last checked on Cracker and lead singer DAVID LOWERY, we were only making predictions. Now we're feeling smug: *Kerosene Hat* has gone gold and the band recently toured with Spin Doctors. These rednecks are for real.

## Lauren's Grace Under Lace

Actress LAUREN HAYES has been on screen in *America's Funniest People*, *Erotic Landscapes* and, her latest, *The Great Bikini Off-Road Adventure*. Expect a sequel.

## Easy Rider

LAUNA MOROSAN may be doing her motorcycle mama bit here, but you've seen her on *Married With Children*, *Quantum Leap* and *Cheers*. She's been Miss Coors and has done numerous calendars and posters. Launa makes this chrome shine.

## Street Songs

**TED HAWKINS was once famous only for singing in Venice Beach, California. He sang in the streets. Now he sings at festivals, on concert stages and on a major label album, *The Next Hundred Years*. Think of a voice that echoes both Sam Cooke and Otis Redding—then turn up the volume.**

## The Great Pretender

**After a four-year layoff, the Pretenders are back with a new album and a tour—and frontwoman CHRISSIE HYNDE is singing about motherhood. "Child-rearing has its moments," she says, "but there's nothing like living out of a suitcase." Punk mommy.**

## On the Right Tracks

**Maybe sitting on the railroad tracks isn't wise, but these are the CRASH TEST DUMMIES. *God Shuffled His Feet* has gone platinum, and the Dummies have headed off to tour in Europe until early December. They can come home again.**

## Cristin Holds Her Cover

**Model CRISTIN FITZPATRICK has done a commercial for Miller Lite and appeared in *Muscle & Fitness* magazine, but our readers will recognize her from *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*. Look for more of Cristin in *Playboy's Nudes*. We know how to pick 'em.**

## LEROY AND THE CITY OF LIGHT

In November 1993 we published *A Passion for Paris*, a collection of LeRoy Neiman paintings that beautifully capture his 50-year love affair with the City of Light. These and dozens of other Neiman works are included in *LeRoy Neiman: An American in Paris*, Harry N. Abrams' handsome new coffee-table book. Along with text that was written by Neiman, the book contains 139 illustrations, including black-and-white sketches of waiters and a magnificent color spread depicting an imaginary gastronomic gathering at Le Grand Véfour that includes Honoré de Balzac. The price: $49.50.

## DIVERS' PLEASURES

It may not have occurred to you that the diameter of a dive watch and a condom are almost identical, but that fact wasn't lost on the Adam & Eve company. So it has created the Protech II, a quartz scuba-style calendar watch with a secret compartment that houses a Gold Circle Coin condom. Think of it as both a watch and a lifesaver. The price: $39.95, postpaid, including three condoms, a one-year warranty and a gift box. Call 800-765-2326 to order.

## GETTING RUBBED THE RIGHT WAY

"The effect of the Quattro is similar to that of a professional rubdown," claims Ed Buchner, president of Vimed, Inc. And having experienced the Quattro Massager ourselves, we can attest that its four individually powered vibrating heads simulate a shiatsu massage when applied to the upper and lower back, thighs, calves, arms, neck and shoulders. (The Quattro has an adjustable speed control that allows for variable pummeling.) And if your tired tootsies need some tender loving care, the unit's flat design allows you to massage pressure points on the bottoms of your feet. The price: $129.95. Call 704-334-0000 for retail information.

## LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

You can spend $4000 for a three-hour, one-way British Airways flight from New York to London or $24, postpaid, for the videotape *How They Fly the Concorde* and save $3976. Filmmaker and 747 captain Paul Havis has captured never-before-seen footage of the plane in flight, not only from the cockpit but also from the vantage of another Concorde. And while the plane is traveling at twice the speed of sound, 60,000 feet above the earth, you'll also be treated to a peek at what's being served from the five-star menu and wine list. Call 800-993-0333 to order.

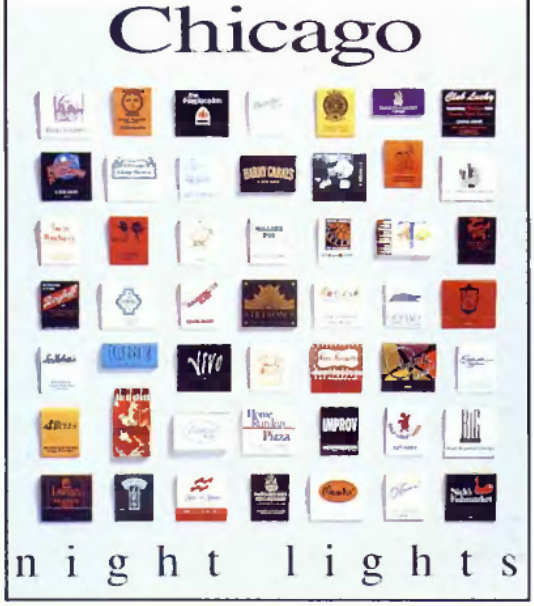
## WINES FOR THE BIDDING

Now that New York has opened wine auctions to the public, Manhattan's finest liquor merchants are putting some exceptional vintages on the block. A magnum of 1945 Chateau Petrus, for example, will be offered by Morrell & Co. at its auction on November 19 at the Union League Club, 38 East 37th Street. Estimated value: $4000 to $6000. There will also be great buys in lesser vintages. Call 800-96-WINES to order a $15 catalog with all the details.

DAN CLYNE

## GOT A LIGHT?

Image Ad Graphics in Virginia Beach, Virginia has a hot idea: 30″ x 24″ posters that are illustrated with matchbooks from the most exciting restaurants and night spots of cities here and abroad. Chicago is among the national destinations available, as are Berlin and other foreign cities. The price is $19.50 each, postpaid. Call 800-365-5200 to order—and ask about T-shirts and sweatshirts, too.




## THE BARBI TWINS TURN JAMES BOND

Those two bosomy beauties, the Barbi twins, have just returned to the newsstands in *Prelude to a Mission*, a James Bond comic-book parody. Yes, there's plenty of global intrigue—and not just in Shane and Sia—as the twins embark on a spy mission armed with a bagful of cosmetics and thong bikinis. *Prelude*'s 32 full-color pages are tastefully sexy—no "adults only" label required. The price: $2.95 on newsstands in early January or $5, postpaid, if you order it from Topps Comics, c/o Barbi Twins Comic Offer, P.O. Box 155, Avoca, Pennsylvania 18641.

## BEAR WITH US

As we all know, teddy bears aren't just for children. Donald Campbell took along his favorite bear, Mr. Whoppit, when he set a water speed record in 1958. And Alfonzo, a bear once owned by Princess Xenia of Russia, sold for £12,100 at a Christie's auction in London in 1989. It's all in *Teddy Bear Stories for Grown-ups*, a softcover book containing 23 stories compiled by Catherine Taylor. The tales range from mystery to humor to romance and "pay tribute to the special relationship that exists between a teddy bear and its owner." Call Fulcrum Publishing at 800-992-2908 to order a copy for $17.95, postpaid.

## A DRY MARTINI AND A PACKAGE OF PINS

"George Petty was to the American woman what Norman Rockwell was to the family" is how 21st Century Archives describes the popular pinup artist. And to celebrate his talent, 21st has created a set of 50 collectible trading cards that reproduce some of Petty's most famous works of art. (We will soon showcase Petty's work in a PLAYBOY portfolio.) To get the set—including the balloon dancer pictured here, which dates from the 1930s and the days of exotic dancer Sally Rand—send a check for $16.50, postpaid, to 21st Century Archives, P.O. Box 1927, Royal Oak, Michigan 48068.

# NEXT MONTH: GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE

JULIE'S RIGHT

DYNAMITE FICTION

LIFE WITHOUT PLAYBOY?

SUPERMODELS' YEAR

**DYNAMITE HANDS**—JOHNNY IS A SOLID FIGHTER, NOTHING SPECIAL, UNTIL ANGEL TEACHES HIM TO JUICE UP HIS PUNCHES—HARD-HITTING FICTION BY **THOM JONES**

**TORY SEX SCANDALS**—WHAT IS IT ABOUT THOSE BRITS WHO PREACH FAMILY VALUES BUT CAN'T KEEP THEIR PANTS ON? A SIZZLING REPORT ON THE HOTBED OF HYPOCRISY BY **PETER PRINGLE**

**TOM HANKS**—NOT SINCE SPENCER TRACY AND JIMMY STEWART HAS A HOLLYWOOD STAR HELD SUCH A GRIP ON OUR HEART. WHAT MAKES *FORREST* SO ENCHANTING? A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **ROGER EBERT**

**OBSESSION**—WHEN DOES LOVE CROSS THE LINE INTO MADNESS? O.J. SIMPSON IS ONLY THE LATEST TO BE ACCUSED OF TURNING REJECTION INTO FATAL RAGE—BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

**RIGHT YOU ARE**—PLAYBOY'S LATEST GIFT TO SHOWBIZ IS **JULIE LYNN CIALINI.** YOU MET HER AS MISS FEBRUARY 1994. NOW SHE'S FOLLOWING IN DIAN PARKINSON'S FOOTSTEPS ON *THE PRICE IS RIGHT*. COME ON DOWN!

**CASH AND CARREY**—HE'S THE MAN IN *THE MASK* WHOSE RUBBER FACE AND HYPED-UP HUMOR MADE HIM COMEDY'S HOTTEST TICKET. WILL THE REAL **JIM CARREY** PLEASE STAND UP?—ARTICLE BY **BERNARD WEINRAUB**

**LIFE WITHOUT PLAYBOY**—WOULD THE WORLD BE DIFFERENT IF BUNNIES HAD STAYED IN THE FOREST AND HEF WORE PAJAMAS ONLY TO BED? AN UPLIFTING REFLECTION ON THE POWER OF DREAMS—BY **BUCK HENRY**

**VINCENT BUGLIOSI**—THE PROSECUTOR WHO PUT AWAY CHARLES MANSON GIVES HIS VERDICT ON O.J., LAWYERS AND JUSTICE IN A TOUGH CROSS-EXAM BY **DAVID SHEFF**

**GARRY SHANDLING**—THE STAR OF THE *LARRY SANDERS SHOW* REVEALS HIS DARK SIDE, GIVES THE LOWDOWN ON JAY, JOHNNY AND DAVE, AND PROVES HE'S ONE MASTER CHATMEISTER IN A DROLL PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

**BO DEREK**—STILL A TEN, SHE LOOKS MORE RAVISHING THAN EVER IN A SPECIAL HOLIDAY PICTORIAL SHOT BY HER HUSBAND, PHOTOGRAPHER **JOHN DEREK**

**PLUS:** SUPERMODELS IN *SEX STARS*, PARTY FASHION, THOSE RIOTOUS HOLIDAY NEWSLETTERS, CHRISTMAS GIFTS, GREAT WINTER DRINKS AND SEX TRICKS TO BRING REAL JOY TO THE HOLIDAYS

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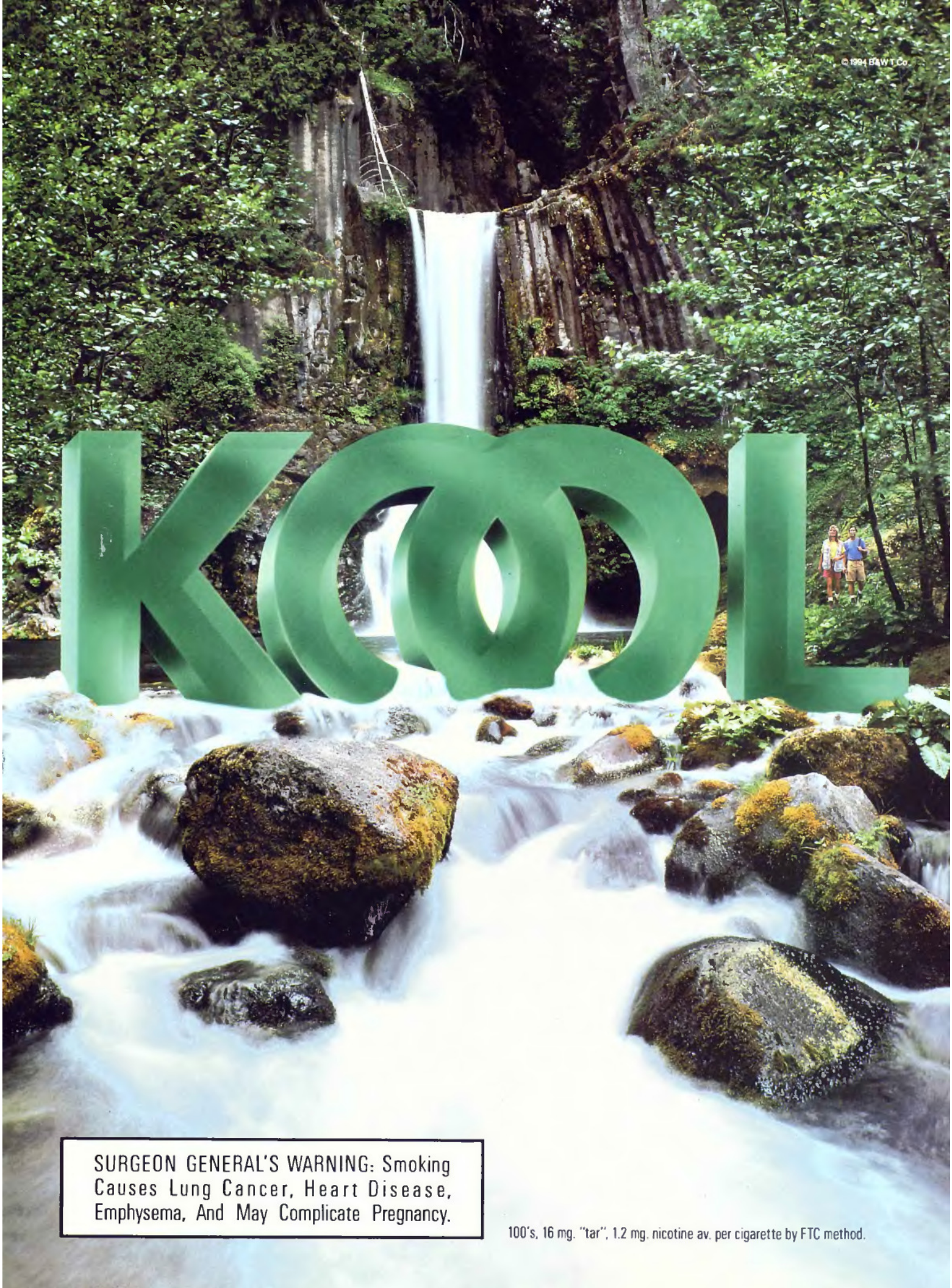


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